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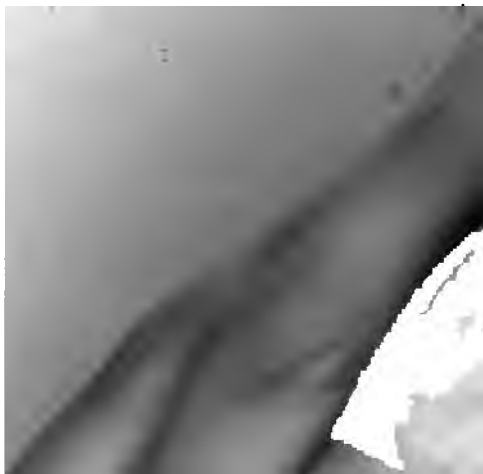
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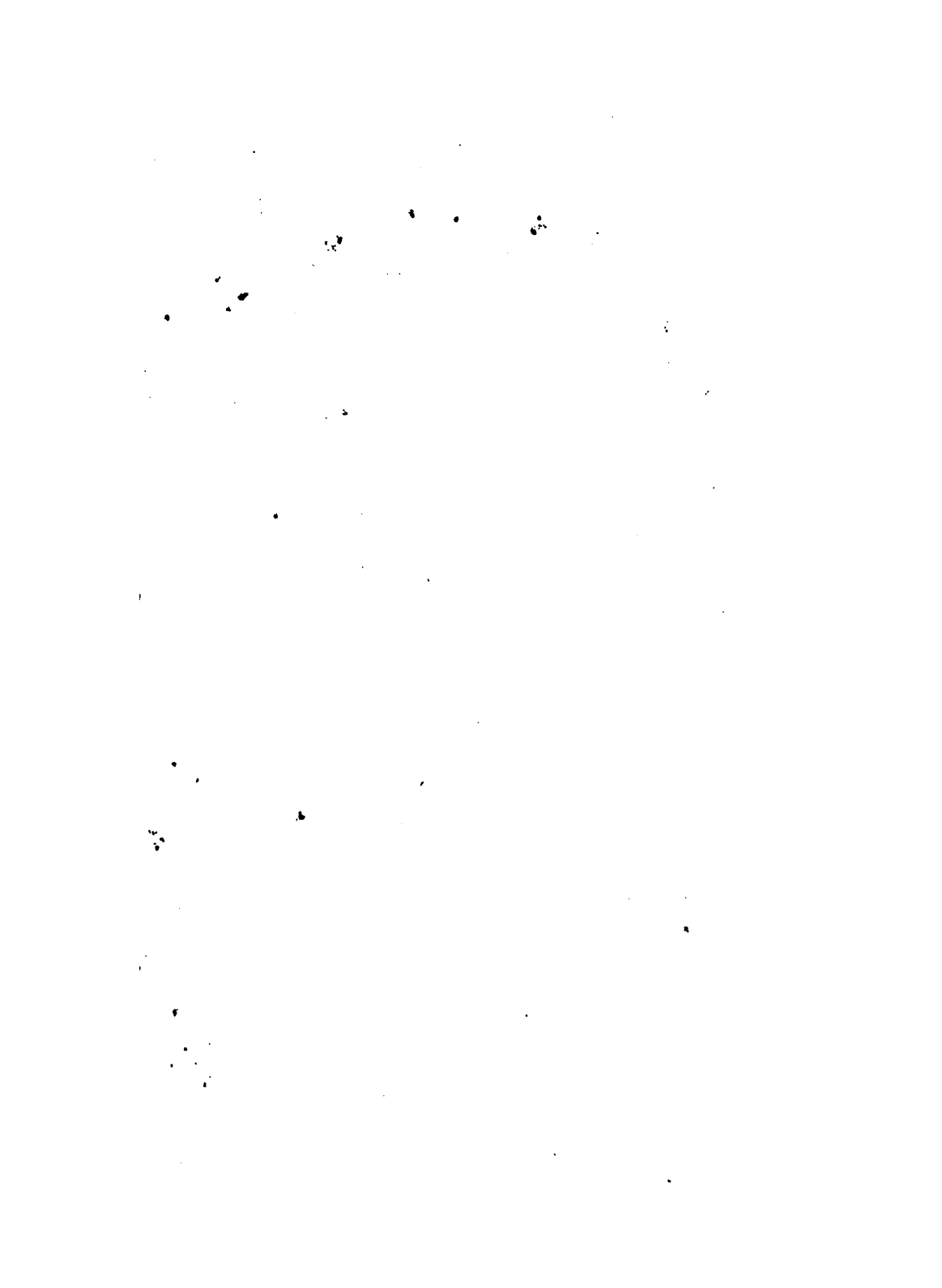




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**MY LOST LOVE,**

**ETC.**



# MY LOST LOVE,

ETC.

BY

JAMES CARGILL GUTHRIE,

AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE SCENES," ETC.

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET, & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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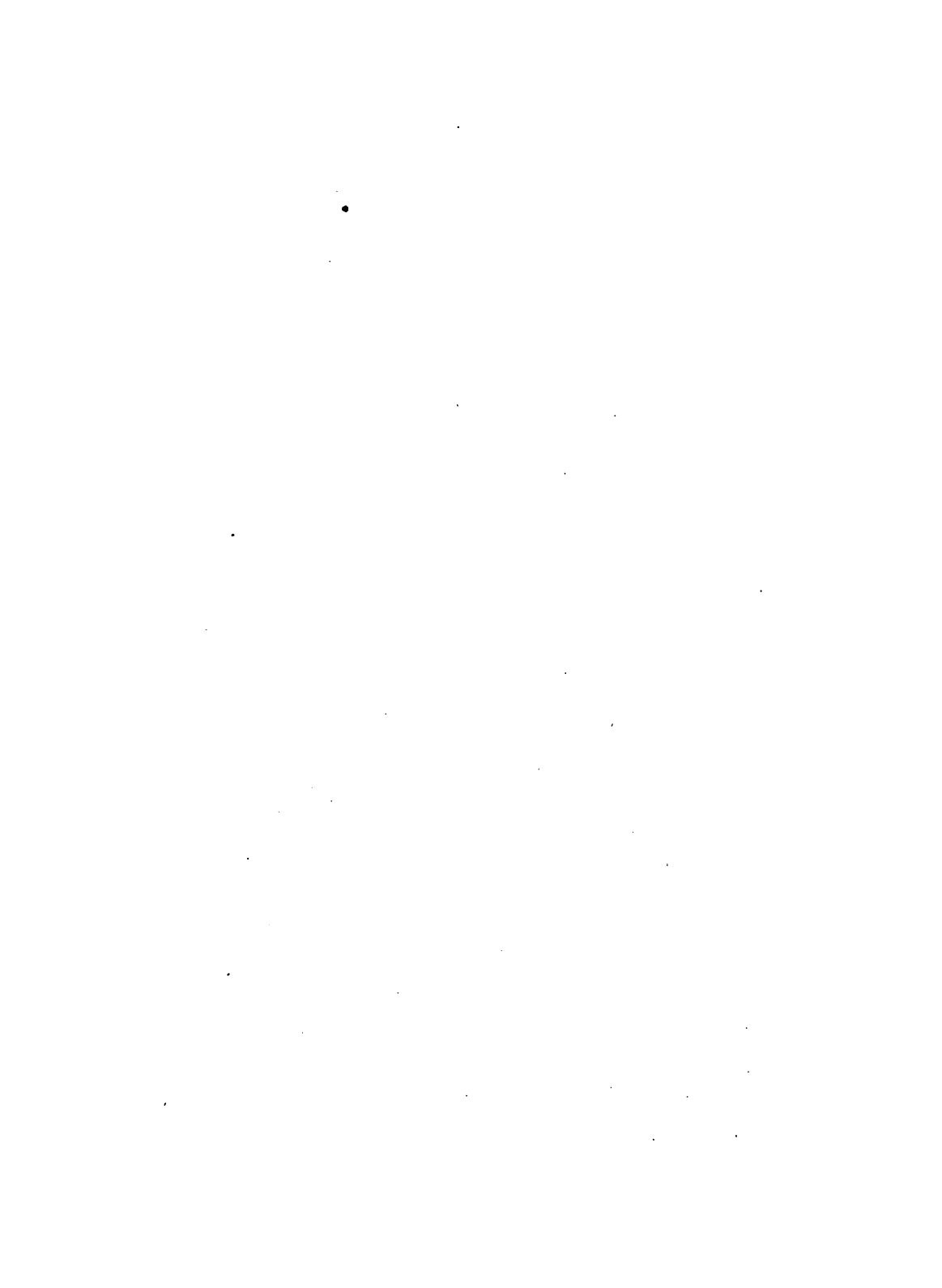
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## MY LOST LOVE.

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THE day, one long, sad, weary time of toil ;  
All jaded, vexed, I sate me listless down  
In shady arbour of my garden cool,  
In deep'ning twilight of a summer eve,  
Afar from all I loved, and held most dear ;  
Deep sadden'd, aimless, lone, soul, mind depress'd  
By hopes rude blasted, or deferred ; all stirred,  
Dark troubled with tumultuous thoughts ; no ray  
Of cheering light contrasting with the gloom  
Dark brooding o'er my restless spirit wild.

Yet all without was calm ; no zephyrs stirred  
With balmy breath the forest leaves, nor birds'  
Wild woodland music thrill'd the silent air,  
Nor bleat of sheep, nor rural sounds were heard ;—  
Just, faintly, came upon the list'ning ear  
The busy, dull, monotonous city hum ;  
Then, curfew chimes of sweet cathedral bells,

Which, blending with the minstrelsy of heav'n,  
Sublimed to mystic themes the troubled soul,  
Its powers rapt steeping in Elysian bliss.

A rolling mist, slow rising from the sea  
Like gossamer fleecy clouds, a dreamy haze  
Before my eyelids cast ; till bright the moon  
Upon her silver chariots career'd,  
Disclosing clear the far-surrounding Firth  
Alive with white-sail'd ships, and boats ; begirt  
With golden hills of glist'ring sand ; begemmed  
With richest jewels, pebbles sparkling bright ;  
Unfolding in the distance wooded hills  
Of dark, wild rugged outline ; lofty towers ;  
Tall tap'ring chimneys, spectre-like, and gaunt,  
O'erlooking grim the vast and busy town  
Ablaze with flick'ring lights in vale, on hill.

Beside a ruin'd castle old I sat,  
From which had moulder'd roof and parapet,  
The grey old feudal keep remaining, lone,  
Faint emblem of its ancient splendour : soft  
And musical, the silver-crested waves  
Toy'd, laughing, with the rugged rocks beneath,  
Then, sobbing, burst into a flood of tears ;

Lone, on the grass-crown'd ruins, with measur'd tread,  
The coastguard paced his solitary rounds ;  
Fond all along the tawny level sands,  
The amorous billows, breaking into foam  
'Mong tangled sea-weed white and purple shells,  
Melodious revelled in voluptuous love ;  
The feathery surf white breaking pensive soft  
Upon the treacherous sand-banks far beyond  
Like distant music mingling in our dreams ;  
While bright the Bell Rock's swift revolving lights,  
Alternate flashing on the Northern Sea,  
Seem'd mystic beacon-fires from spirit-land  
To lure the life-worn voyager to his rest.

A change came over me—exulting joy  
Tumultuous revelled in my heaving breast ;  
My pulse quick bounded with the throb of youth ;  
Grey hairs all golden grew again and grief  
Gave place to rapturous delight ; I felt  
Upon my crimson'd cheek the fragrant breath,  
I heard the voice of some loved Presence nigh ;  
And, turning, saw beside me on the rock,  
All young and beautiful with radiant joy,  
A form familiar ; and I drank the sounds

Which thrill'd luxuriously my inmost soul  
With love's young voice, e'en as in days of yore ;  
But such the sweet excess of joy, my tears  
The bright celestial vision so obscured,  
That not till her warm hands were claspt in mine,  
And lip met lip in rapturous embrace,  
Did I the thrilling truth full realize—  
I'd found my early, long-lost love again !

And thus, in fulness of my heart, I spoke—  
' My own, beloved ; I have dream'd a dream,  
And yet the scenes so life-like came and went,  
A panorama of the past to me  
More than the future, still it seems :—

I thought,

In one short day I'd lived a human life,  
Experiencing all the joys of youth,  
The cares and woes of age ; in every scene  
Of gladness, grief, a phantom haunting dread,  
E'er feeling sad in this great world alone ;  
For thou wert with me not, eluding strange  
My keen, unwearied search ; I feeling sweet  
Thy spirit hov'ring near, yet seeing thee not ;  
Within my soul the music of thy voice,

Yet hearing not thy silver notes without ;  
In grief, my head fond binding up in dreams,  
Withholding sympathy in real life ;  
In joy, thy gladness quick'ning sweet my pulse,  
Yet, sharing bodily with me not my fame :—  
Strange revelations come in dreams, my love,  
And I have not philosophy enough  
To shake their mystic influence off.

A dream ?

I waiting fond to greet at eventide  
My own beloved by our favourite walk,  
Soft reading some old poem : forth you came,  
Joy-wreath'd your face in rosy smiles : Alas !  
These smiles were lavish'd on another : Yes !  
Upon another's arm you proudly lean'd,  
Your lips fond kissed by other lips than mine !  
And then, all vivid as a moon-lit scene,  
You at the altar stood in robes of white,  
Lace-veil'd and beautiful, a golden ring  
Bright glist'ring on your finger ; and your hand,  
All trembling, willingly gave you—woes me !—  
Unto another, on whose arm you lean'd,  
Your lips soft prest to other lips than mine !  
Joy of my heart—was that a dream ?

And thus,  
While hanging on my breast, and looking up  
Little injured innocence, she answered me :—  
' Belovèd of my soul ! my heart, my all,  
To thee, by love, indissolubly bound ;  
Have not I vowed thee never to forsake  
While reason o'er my mind her sceptre wields,  
And conscience, sear'd and blunted not with crime,  
As God's vicegerent in my soul remains ;  
But boldly stand by thee in darkest day,  
As well as share thy triumphs and thy joy ;  
Uphold thy sinking spirit in the storm,  
Soft temper, bless the shoutings loud of fame—  
But superstition is akin to doubt,  
And dreams but mystify the fix'd decrees  
By which the Universe is ruled—shake off  
These wayward moods, these idle fancies crude  
Which cast a shadow on thy joyous soul ;  
Am I not still beside thee ; thine own love,  
Belovèd, evermore—Come, let us go !'

And we arose ; and yet so beautiful  
The moonlight sparkling on the spreading Firth,  
We fondly linger'd by the shelving brink

Of grass-crown'd rugged rocks, to list  
The lusty fishermen's loud jovial song,  
And measured dash of glancing oars, as round  
The jutting headland came the fishing boats,  
Departing from the village, outward bound  
To deep-sea midnight toil.

On, on they came,  
Their polish'd timbers amber brown ; their masts  
Tall, white, and tapering ; and their crews,  
Brave weather-beaten men, rough rosy boys,  
Close cased in blue pea-jackets ; wearing some  
The long south-wester ; others, picturesque,  
The bright Dutch red-cap ; all, in joyous mood—  
The headland weather'd—piling up the oars,  
And hoisting, with a musical ' Ahoy,'  
The bark-tann'd sails ; then, standing out to sea,  
Borne on by favouring wind and tide ; till, faint,  
On verge of eastern horizon, each craft  
Mysterious disappear'd.

' Ev'n such is life—  
Man goeth forth : Ah ! when shall he return ?'  
I whisper'd softly ; and with arms entwin'd,  
The golden sands we walk'd along ; the waves,

In mellow cadence, rippling at our feet ;  
The sea-mews sailing on the silver sea,  
Or wheeling overhead in plaintive song ;  
The moon careering 'mong the fleecy clouds ;  
All nature sharing our ecstatic joy.  
Oft would we stop, and in each other's eyes  
Rapt read the heaven of love rejoicing there,  
And drink in long, long draughts, from honied lips,  
Their nectar sweets—ambrosial food of gods !

Anon, 'mid golden sunshine glad we roam'd ;  
By Athole's castellated gates ; and through  
The wooded pass of Killiecrankie grand,  
Where Claverhouse, the bloody, fell ; and on  
To Bruar's mimic falls ; where, crude, our names  
Within the Hermitage we fondly carved—  
Mementoes ever of undying love :—  
And then, beneath the shade of ashes cool,  
Thick interlaced by silvery birches high,  
We wander'd upwards by the river side,  
The goldfinch and the linnet warbling sweet  
'Mong close embowering branches overhead ;  
The speckled trout glad leaping from the stream  
In airy circles high ; while myriads

Of happy insects, golden-wing'd and gay,  
In sportive masses all around deploy'd ;  
Our whispering voices mingling with the sound  
Of rushing waters as they murm'ring fell  
In foaming cascades o'er the rugged rocks.

But slow, soft, gradually around us rose  
A thick'ning haze, like rolling mountain mist ;  
Things paled as in the mystic moonlight ; sounds,  
More distant, indistinct became ; and all,  
More visionary, more unreal seem'd : Then, strange—  
We two had separated, sad, alone,  
On either side the stream, pursuing our way,  
Yet neither speaking, for a wizard spell  
Seemed mystic'ly upon us ;—up we climb'd  
In silence, far apart, in spirit near ;  
The distance ever widening, yet our souls  
More closely true united.

We had reach'd,  
On either side, the loftiest rock, o'er which  
Wild dash the waters of the upper fall ;  
By magnet influence to each other drawn  
Prepared the overhanging bridge to cross, my speech,  
In golden words, return'd—

About to meet—

‘Belovèd ! O belovèd !’ rapt I cried,  
And rush’d to her embrace—when, mouldering, fell,  
Between us, in the seething chasm below,  
In one swift instant dread, the bridge ; apart,  
For ever separate, in mute despair,  
Pale, statue-like we stood—a thrilling cry,  
A long, wild, wailing shout of agony  
Loud ringing in my ears—and I awoke !

’Twas but a dream ; yet O Jehovah—God !  
I thank Thee for the vision : brace it will  
My unstrung tensions ; bold, bravely nerve,  
For life’s great battle dread, my sinking heart :  
The sunshine overbalances the gloom,  
The pleasure greater than the pain ; to love,  
And be beloved, yet lose our early love,  
’Twere better far than never to have loved—  
Joys faded, in our memory bloom again ;  
The visions of the past flit o’er the soul  
To sanctify the present ; blending soft,  
The bitter and the sweet, a mellow’d joy,  
Heav’n-toned and sacred, deeply hallowing all.

The morning breaks ! the shadows flee away !  
The mountain tops aglow with burnish'd gold  
Glad welcome Phoebus in the eastern sky,  
The slanting rays of rosy light flit warm  
In mystic gossamer along the plain,  
The forests echoing with angelic song  
Each leaf soft tremulous with musical joy ;  
Above, the joyous lark on dewy wing  
With angels sings among the amber clouds ;  
Below, each bush and brake, each woodland, glen,  
Ring vocal with the twitter and the song  
Of happy birds unto their loving mates,  
All nature rising in majestic strength  
To a resurrection of Elysian bliss,  
A life of pure unclouded joy.

Alas !

My mate is gone ! the little bird that sang  
'Mong golden sunshine in my heart of joy,  
Will never sing any more ! all dark within,  
All dark without, no gushing splendour rich  
Of bright ethereal light, no anthems sung  
By rushing stream or happy bird, no sounds  
Harmonious blent in diapason full  
Of angel melody, can light or song,

Or joy or love, or peace, bring joyous back  
To this lone heart of mine.

A dream ! and yet  
Not all a dream : 'Mong sublunary things,  
Stern, cold, and sad ; amidst the world's mad joys,  
Wild, wailing, savage woes ; in day-dreams barb'd  
With sharp-edged life realities, I feel  
Her presence ever with me ; in the throng,  
'Midst voices as of many waters, Hers,  
The only voice I hear ; in solitude  
Her great heart's swift pulsations beating fond  
In unison with mine ; inspired by her,  
My harp restrung to sweetest music, wakes  
To angel-life anew, all revelling free  
In melody divine ; and every note,  
And every poem, each holy anthem, song,  
Each bursting rolling rapture of the soul,  
Each plaintive bleating of the tender heart,  
Each gushing tone sweet heralding the morn,  
Each low-breath'd prayer in watches of the night,  
A part become of her and me ; she high  
On eagle-wings of soaring fame with me,  
Glad mingling 'mong the hierarchy of heaven,

Encompass'd by an atmosphere of song,  
Seraphic, holy melody.

Gone, gone !

Can I do more to woo thee back again ?  
Come, love, come, all things are ready : list !  
Of the cedars of Lebanon I've built  
A palace for my belovèd, o'erlaid  
With Pervain's purest gold, all garnish'd bright  
With precious stones for beauty—carbuncles,  
And sapphires, emeralds, and amethysts,  
Beryls and jaspers, and agates ; with green,  
White, and scarlet hangings, bright silver rings,  
Gold-fasten'd to pillars of marble ; beds  
Of gold and silver, and scented woods, all  
Wreathen work for beauty ; with royal wine,  
Rich mountain honey from the honeycomb,  
In vessels of burnish'd gold ; thy garments white,  
Blue, purple, and crimson, set in precious stones,  
For thee are ready, O belovèd ! See,  
A chariot of the wood of Lebanon,  
With pillars of silver, rich covering of gold,  
All paved with love awaits thy coming : Come,  
For my garden is full of spices, grapes,

And pleasant fruits, orchards of aloes, myrrh,  
Cinnamon, and pomegranates ; the fig-trees  
Their green leaves put forth, and the tender grapes  
Have a pleasant smell ; let us go, my love,  
Among the groves of myrtle, let us feed  
Among the lilies, for better to me  
Is thy love than wine, and the fragrant smell  
Of thy robes than the smell of Lebanon.

Where art thou, my beloved ? I hear not  
Thy ravishing voice among the daughters  
In melody excelling them all. Gone !  
And for thee my heart all yearning ? Haste !  
Go bring me the chariots of Amminadab,  
That in the woodlands I may seek her,  
Among the oaks of Bashan, on the heights  
Of Shenir, and Hermon, in the lions' den,  
Upon the mountains of the leopards,  
And among the cedars of Lebanon.

But I cannot find my beloved ; where,  
O where the pleasant pastures green, where thou  
Dost feed thy weary flocks ; the waters still  
By which they rest at noon ? Go now will I

Among the shepherds' distant tents, among  
The lone sheepfolds will I mourning seek thee :  
But I only hear the bleatings of the flocks,  
The plaintive music of the shepherds' pipes,  
The voice of my beloved minglèth not  
With these to me once sounds of touching beauty,  
Alas ! to my bereaved, lone stricken heart,  
The requiem now of my beloved.

Under the shadow of a great sorrow  
By the rivers of Babylon I sit,  
My harp unstrung upon the willows, sad,  
Lone weeping like the Jews of old, alas !  
When they remember'd Zion.

My tears all shed,  
Full of sweet unrest will I climb the towers,  
The highest towers of my palace, and look  
With longing eyes through the windows thereof,  
Crying loudly from the lattices, 'Come,  
To this dark desolate heart, why tarriest thou,  
My own beloved ; why are thy chariots  
So long in coming ; why tarry the wheels  
Of thy chariots ?' but the moaning wind

As fitfully it rushes in stormy gusts  
The towers and minarets among, in sighs  
All mournful sad replies :—‘ She cometh not !’

No rest

To my wearied spirit, I seek her now  
In the silent streets of the city, full  
Of hopeless sorrow my heart, wild wailing grief,  
Deep saddened lonesomeness of spirit : ‘ Lo !  
Where, O where is my beloved,’ I cry ;  
‘ Hast thou not seen her in the lonely streets,  
Mine eyes’ desire, loved idol of my heart,  
She whom my soul loveth with a perfect love ?’  
But ah ! the watchmen smite me on the cheek,  
The keepers of the walls do wound me sore,  
To my plaint in derision replying :—  
‘ What is thy beloved to us ? begone !  
Is thy beloved more than another beloved  
That thou dost charge us thus ?’

So, ever on,

And on I wander, weary, and heart-sore,  
Through every lane and street, and highway lone,  
My face all foul with weeping, on my eyes

The deepening shadow of untimely death ;  
My head all fill'd with falling dew, my locks  
With the freezing drops of the chilly night,  
Still following after my belovèd ; now,  
O'ertaking swift her footsteps, and anon  
All traces losing of her presence ; still,  
For ever and for ever lifting up  
My fainting feeble cry :—‘ Oh ! have you seen  
Her whom my soul for ever loveth ?’

But,

The bitterness of death is past : where now  
My fine perceptions of the beautiful,  
The rapt, exuberant, pure ecstatic joy  
Which fill'd with music my exulting soul  
At God's own glorious works—the fragrant grove,  
With singing birds among the branches green ;  
The waving upland and the wooded dale,  
The flowing river and the dashing stream,  
The sunny bay and far outstretching sea,  
The star-lit blue ethereal sky, begemmed  
With countless worlds and systems infinite  
High poised in viewless ether, stretching far  
In regions of immensity ?

B

Where now

My rapturous love of harmonizing sounds—  
The breathing music of the zephyrs blent  
With rosy children's happy voices blest ;  
Wild mountain strains of shepherds' choral songs,  
With hymns melodious from the vocal groves ;  
Faint plaintive chimes of distant city bells,  
With dash of billows on the pebbly shore ?  
Where now my nice tuned ear for melody,  
Extracting sweetest music from the heart's  
Low, tender, silver minstrelsy ; or high,  
Wide bursting roll of loud cathedral psalms ;  
The rugged rhymes of artless rustic bards,  
Or swelling numbers rich of harpers old  
Who struck their lyres divine ; my holy joy  
In music's daughters' sacred festivals,  
Where human voices tuned to songs of love  
Commingle blent in harmony sublime,  
High heaven not bringing low to sinful earth,  
But raising earth to heaven : my young delight  
In sound of timbrel, dulcimer, and lute,  
The cornet, viol, sweet psaltery, and harp,  
The sackbut, flute, high cymbals in the dance ?  
Where now is hope, long dearly cherish'd, sweet,

All soul-rejoicing, gladdening hope, the last  
Surviving, clinging, longing charm of earth ;  
Last ember of the slow consuming heart,  
Last fitful, feeble, fluttering spark of life ?

Ah ! death in life ! O wherefore given is light  
To him that lives in misery, and life  
To him that is in bitterness of soul ?  
Sweet truly is the light, and to the eye  
'Tis pleasant e'er to see the sun, but death,  
Death to our wishes, aspirations high,  
Death to our virgin life, its feelings, hopes,  
Its young desires, its soul-absorbing love,  
All shatter'd, paralyzed, and powerless, crush'd,  
And we the shadow of our former self  
All stalking weirdly, sinewless, a ghost  
Of dry and wither'd bones, the haunts among  
Of busy men, a spectacle of woe,  
Dark, deep, inherent, hopeless grief,  
Enough to make the angels weep.

Death, death,  
Yes ! death in life, with every fountain seal'd  
When eyes can weep no more ; with part to play,  
While latent spark of life remains, which oft

On this world's stage the hypocrite displays,  
Or one unsuited to his part, who weeps  
When he should laugh, and laughs when he should weep ;  
With joyless heart all feigning merry songs,  
With sadden'd soul affecting jocund mirth ;  
Appearing everywhere, in everything  
What in reality he is not ; his breast  
Like deep deceitful sea, all calm  
On silvery surface patent to the eye,  
While far beneath the opposing currents run  
And mountain waves, wild surging billows dash  
In never ceaseless roll ; to him no rest  
Where'er is pitch'd his shatter'd tent, all tost  
And tempest driven, a vacuum in his heart,  
No object high in view, all aimless, lost,  
E'er longing wildly sad for death, yet loath  
Unloved, unblest to die.

Yes ! this is death,  
Its bitterness long past : Oh ! death in life,  
Which ever dying, never dies ; which oft  
To death's dark valley brings me glad, then back  
Anon to weary heartless life ; which oft  
By rolling Jordan's swelling stream me guides

The distant roll to list of heaven's glad songs,  
Anon propelling swift to earth to mock,  
Renew my hopeless misery : now deeply sunk  
In sorrow's lowest depths, anon above  
Bold soaring as on eagle's wing, to scan  
The immensity of space ; again depress'd,  
My gifts unexercised, heart-stricken, sad ;  
Anon in intellectual greatness grand  
All rising in my might, with high desires  
To win myself a name, and as the hart  
All panting for the waterbrooks, my soul  
High strung to themes immortal and sublime,  
Etherealized and pure, bold scaling high  
Ambition's dizzy heights, though oft repulsed  
Still thirsting after fame.

My Love ! I bless,  
Yes ! bless thee still, for, blotting out the past,  
Oblivious to grief, joy, hope return'd,  
For ever inextinguish'd, pristine bright,  
Amidst the wreck of blasted hopes, drear, black  
Destruction sad of all my earthly joys,  
In radiance pure within my heart of hearts,  
In golden sunshine my beloved dwells

Unperjured, sinless, pure, all constant, true,  
To me as dear as when in life's young morn,  
Our plighted troth in sight of Heaven we made,  
At Nature's shrine irrevocable.

Proof,

Deep, heart-true-love to hate can never turn;  
Memorial grand the undying soul within  
Of love's unchanging everlastingness !

But the last night cometh : the last long night ;  
The length'ning shadows will fall : and 'mid  
The deep'ning darkness will the watchmen call  
Loud, clear upon the battlements of Time,  
The solemn midnight hour : the silver cord  
Is loosed ; the golden bowl is broken ; faint,  
My feet now stumble on the dark mountains ;  
The film of death obscures my vision.

Hush !

The billows of eternity loud break  
Upon the shifting shores of time ; afar,  
In angel sweetness 'mid ten thousand harps  
Like rolling hallelujahs earthward swell  
The anthems of the blest.

And now, I die !

In my own dear glen, on the gowan'd braes  
Of the bonnie burn, by the old homestead  
The house where I was born, amidst the scenes  
Of my innocent childhood I die ; sooth'd  
To eternal rest by the lapping sound  
Of the leaping rivulet rushing by  
Half hid by the boughs of hazel and broom,  
Afar commingled with the bleat of lambs  
Blent soft with evening songs of merle and thrush,  
And children's happy laughter in the glade,  
God's voice whispering 'mong the harping pines, all  
Mingling sweet with echoes of the past.

Yet,

O God ! 'tis sad to die alone ; no hand  
Of fond affection claspt in mine, no voice  
Of faithful love soft whispering peace and joy ;  
Oh ! sad, sad, sad unloved, unblest to die !

But a mystic influence now surrounds me  
Invigorating warm my sluggish pulse,  
Impelling onward through my silver veins  
The golden stream of life : magnetic power,

Love drawing souls resistlessly to each  
Till blent in death as One !

That Presence comes !—

Rapt now I feel the pressure of her hand,  
All fragrant as the amaranth her breath  
Revives the fading roses on my cheek,  
Her voice vibrating sweet its silver chords  
Deep thrills my soul with solemn joy.

She comes !—

‘My own belovèd ! sweet first early love,  
How I have long’d for thee ; light of my soul,  
Come to my heart ! O wandering dove return  
To thine own faithful breast ; by me sit down,  
Still whispering—“I am thine.”

But thou art sad,

Lone, weary, and footsore, thine eyes all red  
With weeping, thy cheeks pale blanch’d with sorrow,  
Thy faded garments rent and torn, thy feet  
All swollen and bleeding from the prickly briars ;  
And thy soft silvery voice !—’

I bend my ear

With strange presentiment to listen : Hush !  
In deep sepulchral tones, like sounds of death,

That stop the beating of the heart, I hear  
The old familiar—'Let us go !'

O God !

Separated in life, we shall not now  
Be separated in death : like two pure streams  
Each, lone pursuing its chequer'd distant course,  
Yet mingling in the ocean one at last,  
Like globules of quicksilver far dispersed,  
Becoming one when rudely touch'd, or like  
Two wayward wandering stars that swiftly roll  
In orbits far distinct, yet in one sphere  
Indissolubly fixed at last ; so we  
Long separate in life fulfilling true  
The purpose of our destiny, now meet  
In death at last.

'Belovèd, fold thine arm  
All fondly round my shoulders, lay thine hand  
Soft, tenderly in mine ; both upward gaze  
Keen watching for the break of morn.'

Joy ! joy !

The morning breaks ; grey slanting streaks of light,  
Saffron and purple cloudlets silver fringed  
Warm bursting into golden orange, rich  
High herald bright the coming day ; 'All hail !

Hark, O belovèd !—angels “welcome” sing,  
And harpers harp upon the hills of heaven,  
Commingle sweet with hymnings of the blest,  
And rushings musical of seraphs’ wings  
That beckon us away.

Arise ! arise !

And while swift borne away on angels’ wings  
Through mystic fields of ether, purified,  
Etherealized from earthly dross, and grand  
In our immortal beauty, we shall look  
Upon each other and not sin, one heart,  
One soul for evermore.

Roll back ye gates,

Be lifted up ye everlasting doors,  
That my belovèd may enter in.

Now

By the river of life, among the bowers,  
The rosy valleys of eternal love,  
White-robed in thy Redeemer’s righteousness,  
The diadem of glory on thine head,  
The fire of vestal love within thine heart,  
Heaven’s jewelled arches musical with joy,  
In presence of the angels, saints, and God,  
Shall we, all holy, sing our nuptial song  
Upon the hills of Immortality !’

**In Memoriam :**

## **THE PRINCE CONSORT.**

---

WOULDST thou the lily paint ; refine pure gold ;  
Retint the saffron cloudlets of the morn ;  
With sweeter odours scent the evening gale  
Than hawthorn bloom or breath of violet ;  
High strike for heav'n-ward lark a nobler key ;  
Soft teach the nightingale a richer song :  
Wouldst re-attune the minstrelsy of heaven ?

Then cease from fulsome, laudatory speech,  
Unworthy of a nation's gratitude,  
Unworthy of the object of our love.

ALBERT THE GOOD! like yonder spotless sun,  
We leave thee in thy pristine glory pure,  
Angelic in thy beauty, bright to shine  
In thy celestial orbit undefiled.

‘Thy life,’ in true affection’s golden words,  
‘Sprung from a deep and inner sympathy  
With God’s own will, and therefore, e’er with all  
That was most true, and beautiful, and right.’ \*

That, be, O Prince,  
Thine everlasting monument ; embalm’d  
By holy love within the Heart.

Stone, brass,  
Inheriting corruption, fade away,  
Oblivion marks them for her prey.

Thy deeds,  
Eternal as the Eternal God, shall last  
In spring-flush beauty evermore.

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\* The Queen’s own words.

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## THE ISLAND CITY.\*

BEAUTIFUL Island City !

Home of my heart ; sweet city of my dreams !  
Thee, do mine eyes again behold ; my feet,  
Do they again soft press thy velvet lawns,  
Thy golden sands, or tread thy silent streets ?  
Loved Alma Mater, at thy classic gates  
Do I, thy son, once more with reverence stand,  
My ears sweet gladden'd with the shout of youth,  
My heart outgushing with o'erflowing joy !

Yes ! yes ! Blest sacred city of my love,  
On thee at last I rapturous gaze ; my blood  
Swift rushes with the impetuous throb of youth,  
Elastic vigour nerves my bounding feet ;  
Fain would I join that boyish, merry throng,  
Share in these gambols on the Links of green,  
For O ! I feel, first love, I'm young again !  
Flow on ye silver tears, my cheeks begem  
With liquid pearls, more precious far than gold ;  
This heart, cold, hard as rock of adamant,

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\* Written some years ago while on a visit to Montrose.

Steel'd 'gainst the love, the sympathy of man,  
Yields, softens, opens, breaks, outgushes free,  
At sight of thee, thou city of my love !

My sweet, first love ! tost on life's stormy waves,  
Like shiver'd bark, I seek thy shelter'd haven ;  
My own first love ! like weary, wounded dove  
I've crossed the seas to nestle in thy breast :  
Strange, wizard charm that binds my soul to thee,  
Mysterious chain that links my fate with thine !

What strange sensations thrill my brain ; it reels  
Tumultuous with exuberant joy ! the film  
Falls from my gladden'd eyes ; rapt now I gaze  
With high exulting wonder on the earth,  
Erst dark with clouds and storms, now beautiful  
With radiant glory as the sunny fields  
Of paradise ; then on the azure sky  
Full of celestial music, soft, and deep,  
Entrancing glad the soul, as if some choir  
Of hymning angels struck their golden lyres.

Now soft my pallid cheeks the fragrant winds  
Refresh, with wooing tenderness embrace

My burning, feverish brow, then strike the chords  
Of this lone, now reviving heart ; until,  
Like soft Æolian harp, it vibrates faint,  
First tremulous, and weak, till, gathering strength,  
Its notes rise full and rich in organ tones  
Melodious, blending loud with heavenly songs !

Almighty Father ! Great Incarnate God !  
Who turns men's hearts like streams of waters deep,  
O ! let my soul pour forth in grateful strains  
Its first glad anthem, Lord of Hosts, to Thee !

Dear ! dear each well remember'd spot !  
The greensward bright, where, high with youthful joy,  
I struck the bounding ball ; the yellow sands,  
Where oft, in dreamy mood, I wander'd lone,  
Rejoicing in my solitude ; the rocks,  
Where, like the chamois, I bounded free,  
And leapt from crag to crag ; the lighthouse tower,  
From which I wondering gazed with trembling awe  
On the great high billows cresting into foam ;  
The level Links far stretching to the sea,  
The sandy hills crown'd with the hardy bent,  
The bridge majestic spanning high the stream,  
The wide-spread basin gemmed with silver waves,

The undulating hills on either hand  
Where wood and hamlet, tower and sunny field,  
Fringed with the purpling clouds, harmonious blend,  
A gorgeous landscape—cherish'd in my dreams.

At first, how much the same each thing appears,  
Yet in detail, how changed ! the landmarks old  
By stately buildings, crescents, streets, and squares,  
Obliterated, gone alas ! for ever.  
But saddest change of all—at every turn  
New, unknown faces greet my eye ; no hand,  
Outstretch'd and warm, or hale and cheerful voice  
Of hearty welcome, greet the wanderer home ;  
No friendly nod, or faintest recognition ;  
Each passes on his way all unconcern'd,  
A generation new—they know me not !

And yet, sweet spot, although unknown where once  
My voice the loudest led the merry throng,  
I love, adore, I bless thee still : for here,  
While roaming wild, a thoughtless boy, I found,  
Half hidden by the blooming furze, my harp,  
Which then I fondled as an idle toy,  
For pastime striking faint its silver chords,

Extracting sounds so low, so tender, soft,  
As thrill'd my young soul with celestial fire,  
And strange, wild, new, o'erwhelming joy.

My harp ! thou once frail, childish plaything ; now  
The heaven-prized gift, my great, my chiefest joy ;  
Who through life's chequer'd scenes hath dauntless stood  
At my right hand alone when all had fled,  
Thy strains of silvery sweetness, soft, and calm,  
Unto my restless spirit bringing peace ;  
Who fill'd with hope's glad music full my soul  
When o'er it sad the cloud of sorrow hung,  
The past all dark, the future full of gloom ;  
Who to my heart the closer clung, the more  
The merc'less, fierce, unpitying tempest raged ;  
Who, though when sunshine came and skies serene  
Thee I ungratefully forgot, lone mourn'd  
My wayward love, yet inly loved the more !

My harp ! when time's sand-glass at last is run,  
Life's panorama o'er, and I ascend,  
Redeem'd and saved, triumphant to the sky,  
Thou shalt go with me, all thy golden strings  
Vibrating sweet to angels' rushing wings,  
Till at heaven's gates, bejewelled bright with gems,

High re-attuned to glad and glorious songs,  
Thy notes, full, rich, in cadence sweet shall swell  
The minstrelsy of heaven !

Sweet is the air ;  
The winds' soft viewless wings are perfumed rich  
With breath of blooming furze ; the glad birds chant  
Melodious songs, which stir the heart with joy,  
And memory her gifts unbidden brings ;  
Scenes of the past come crowding fresh and bright  
As when in youth's glad morn they first my soul  
Thrill'd with luxurious joy.

My first love, come,  
We'll bound, as we were wont in days of yore,  
Along these golden sands, all blending soft  
Our merry voices with the ocean's song !

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
LORD COCKBURN.\*

FOOTSORE and weary, toiling heartless up  
Some steep, wild, rugged road, we reach at last  
The far-seen mountain top ; and as we gaze  
With longing eye on that delightful land,  
Still, still to us a far way off, the sun  
With regal glory gilds the silver clouds,  
All purpling gorgeous rich the scene below,  
Till hill, and dale, wood, stream, and sea reflect  
In dazzling hues the glories of the sky.—  
'A bright, good omen,' glad we say ; in haste  
Our orisons arise ; our loins we gird,  
Then fervent pray :—' God speed us on our way :'  
When lo ! some thunder-cloud the sky obscures,  
All in an instant shrouding dark in gloom !

Life ! life ! a rugged road art thou to most ;  
Yet on and on we weary toil, heart-sick

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\* 'The last letter which Lord Cockburn wrote was addressed to Mr J. Cargill Guthrie, author of "Village Scenes." Written on the brink of the grave, and overflowing with the writer's well-known kindness of heart, it will ever form, we have no doubt, a most precious and never-to-be forgotten legacy.'—*Witness*.

And hopeless oft ; our actions misconstrued ;  
Our motives misbelieved ; our aims unknown ;  
By some contemn'd ; by all misunderstood ;  
Till some true kindred spirit probs at last,  
With kindly hand, the heart's deep-seated wound,  
The balm of consolation pouring oft,  
While words of hope soft whisper'd soon revive  
The troubled soul ; yet while, alas ! we bless  
With outstretch'd arms our loved deliverer ;  
While yet the silvery words in gushing strains,  
Sweet grateful numbers flow, death, death steps in  
And sendeth him away, our hearts again  
Recoiling sad, hope leaving us forlorn !

The cedars fall ! the poet mourns !  
Put of thy singing robes ; on willows green  
Thy jewelled harp in pensive silence hang ;  
In weeds of sackcloth deep thyself array ;  
Around thy burning brow the cypress bind—  
Meet crown to wear among the dead !

The cedars fall ! the last hath fallen !  
My guide, my monitor, tried friend,—farewell :  
This morn—thy heart to me o'erflowed with love ;

The next—thou slep'st thine everlasting sleep !  
The hand of death upon thee, didst thou send  
To me thy counsel—last, sad, sacred gift ;  
Thy open grave beside, faint didst thou trace  
With trembling hand affection's legacy.  
How deep the wound ! how withering the blow !  
Words but insult, nay, mock my agony :  
Tears will not flow—I may not, cannot weep ;  
Yet towers may rise, and monuments of brass ;  
Decay they shall, but not this heart of mine,  
On which his name indelibly engraved,  
Shall outlive time and death.

The cedars fall ! Edina mourns !  
The heart for thee that e'er so proudly beat,  
Now beats, alas ! no more. The eye that gazed  
On thee so fondly, quench'd is now in death !  
With fancy brilliant, wit and taste refined,  
Sweet playful manner, humour, easy grace,  
Love deep, sincere, and earnestness intense ;  
Keen searching eye, tones exquisitely strung ;  
True pathos simple, yet sublime ; he held  
Each bosom captive,—conquer'd every heart.

The cedars fall ! Loved Scotia mourns !  
Thy deep-toned silvery voice to accents dear  
Of native music, soft attuned ; thy power  
Of imagery, simple, pure ; a charm  
Threw over all, resistless, heartfelt, deep.

The cedars fall ! like smitten rock, my heart  
Now gushes forth in tears. Sweet blessèd tears !  
Bright guardian angels, on thy sunny wings,  
Like precious pearls, swift bear them to the sky,—  
The tribute of the heart, O ! plant them bright  
Upon his golden crown, to shine,—for ever !

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## T H E   S E A.

HAIL ! Hail ! Thou ever bless'd, great, glorious sea !  
How leapt my young heart glad with joy, when, lone,  
Thee first I saw from yonder heath-clad hill,  
All still and peaceful, slumbering calm, begirt  
With golden radiance as the summer sun  
With prodigal effulgence thee enchased  
With regal glory ; and the sweet soft winds,

Fresh from the fields of heaven, swept gently o'er  
Thy fragrant bosom, fondly kissing thee  
With warm and honied lips, or cresting white  
The idle wavelets as they rushing broke  
Melodious murmuring, on the yellow sands.  
Sweet scene ! Bright morn ! Engraven on my heart  
To be remembered ever.

I had come,  
Fresh from my dear sequester'd home  
Afar among the hills ; a rosy boy,  
With ruddy cheek, and sparkling eye,  
Long sunny ringlets bright with virgin gold,  
With warm blood dancing wild in every vein,  
And music in my footsteps light, as glad,  
Like bounding fawn, in haste I merrily ran  
To reach the golden sands.

What joy ! my shout,  
Clear ringing through the summer air, amazed  
Earth's sober denizens, wild startling quick  
The frighten'd fox, as long and loud I hail'd,  
As if I'd seen a new and boundless world,  
Thee ever glorious, ever blessèd sea !

Long, long I gazed : great ships, like things of life,  
Were sailing to and fro ; their glistering sails  
White as a wild dove's wing, all tightly braced  
Like boddice of a maiden in her teens,  
Their long red pennons streaming gay  
All brightly flaunting in the lazy breeze ;  
And I could see the sailors on the poop  
Watching with pride their noble ship, as swift,  
With unresisted force, she rushing cleaved  
A highway o'er the deep ; and I could hear  
The long resounding shout, the loud ' Ahoy,'  
Come from the homebound ship, as quick were furled  
The flapping sails, and weather-beaten barks,  
Glad welcomed home, stood for their destined port.

O ! blessèd sea ! Upon thy broad expanse,  
So placid, calm, enraptured still I gazed,  
All was so bright, so very beautiful !  
Then on the feathery waves that softly fell,  
Like notes of music, on the pebbly beach,  
And to a precious emerald chased in pearls,  
Did fond my young heart liken thee.

Above,  
O'er this fair happy world, the regal sun,

Like monarch on his throne, benignly smiled ;  
The silver clouds, bright fringed with burnish'd gold,  
Like hymning angels sped their joyous way ;  
Poised high on sunny wing, in gushing strains,  
Inspired, at Zion's gates the glad larks sang  
The melody of heaven !

Still, still I gazed :  
Low notes of distant music soft were borne  
Glad o'er the listening waves ; a fleet of boats  
Came bounding o'er the sea ; while, keeping time  
To measured strokes of glancing oars,  
The fishermen glad sang their sea-loved songs.  
My soul was stirred ; my young heart trembling beat  
With new emotions wild ; my eyes were fill'd  
With warm and gushing tears, as when first love  
Thrills with electric force the yielding heart :  
Still through my tears I rapturous gazed, while seem'd  
The calm, bright placid sea more lovely through  
The liquid telescope.

A sudden thought,  
Like arrow swift and sharp, my wondering soul  
New startled into life—up yonder hill

I climb'd impatient ; then with holy awe  
I gazed as on the face of God.

The scene

Was still the same ; supinely calm, in peace  
The mighty ocean slept ; in tiny ripples soft  
The young waves laughing kiss'd the shore ;  
The gallant ships went merrily on their way,  
The boats rode proudly by with dash of oar,  
All cheer'd as by some ancient melody.

My soul deep filled with thought, I gazed across  
The waste of waters,—awful in repose :  
Boundless the great deep seem'd without a shore ;  
On its far viewless verge no sunny land  
In dreamy beauty shone ; no white cliffs cleft  
The distant azure sky ; nor hills of green  
Bright with eternal flowers, nor speck of earth  
On which the wearied eye could rest ; no chimes  
Of heavenly music thrill'd the ravish'd ear  
With songs of paradise, nor harps were seen,  
Nor distant harpers heard.

‘ Vast boundless sea !

Art thou,’—I mused—‘ An emblem bright of life,

Are these white joyous ships with wings of love,  
All glistening pure with golden rays of glory,  
The deep beneath, a clear, warm sky above,  
A favouring breeze rich with ambrosial sweets,  
And sounds melodious hymning o'er their path ;  
Are these glad things true emblems all  
Of happy youths, each merrily on his way  
O'er life's great ocean studded bright with gems—  
Shall it be ever so ?'

A voice within,  
Like solemn music from the deep replied—  
' No ! no ! not ever so ; but while the flowers  
In spring-time fresh are bursting, gather soft  
Their honied blooms, and place them near thy heart ;  
While birds are singing glad, drink in the sounds,  
And fill thy soul with richest melody ;  
When the great sea is calm, sail on with joy,  
Spread to the balmy breeze thy snowy wings,  
With ocean's music glad thy soul regale  
As with thee, blandly soft, he amorous toys  
As with a love-sick maiden, arch and coy ;  
Thou yet wilt need the bloom of flowers to cool  
Thy feverish clammy cheek ; sweet yet will be

The cherish'd sounds of bird's wild melody,  
When on the lone, dark, troubled, pathless sea,  
Thou'rt tossing like a reeling shiver'd ship,  
The mad, wild, idle sport of winds and waves :—  
But look again on that vast boundless sea :  
Emblem of life ? O ! trembling soul, 'tis more ;  
Hush ! Hast thou ever lisp'd the word—Eternity ?

Eternity ! Eternity !

The full meaning who can tell : dread, awful sound !  
A being, a state, like great Omnific God,  
Without beginning—listen—without end ;  
Millions of ages, vast Infinitude,  
A universe, millions of worlds in one :  
Far boundless space, a sea without a shore !

O ! Eternity, unfathomably deep  
As God Himself ; what intellect of man,  
What ken ethereally pure as heaven,  
What vision of archangel, seraphim,  
What eye, lit by celestial fire, can pierce  
Thy awful mystery, and see—the end ?

Led by some angel hand we solemn tread  
The golden streets of Paradise ; and while  
The air breathes sweet from the celestial hills,  
And jewelled harps their strains harmonious blend,  
And bright-wing'd seraphim, as messengers  
Of God, flit soft like music o'er the sky,  
We go round the inhabitants of heaven,  
And each one ask, from angel to archangel,  
Saint to seraphim, yea, these bright ones  
Who nearest stand to God—

‘ Eternity !

What is this undefined Eternity ?’

•  
The deep response from all—

‘ We cannot tell !’

Then wafted on his sunny wings, we soar away  
Through boundless space ; worlds, planets, systems vast,  
Receding quick ; and still new worlds on worlds,  
And systems infinite, in glory rising bright,  
Etherealized, and pure, far stretching grand  
In regions of immensity ! yet still  
We hasten on, our journey but beginning.

‘List!’ saith our heavenly guide,

‘When millions more

Of worlds have past, and countless ages vast  
Have wheel’d their rapid, ever circling course,  
Though still in God’s embrace, encompass’d e’er  
With His omniscience, that which we seek—  
The end—will from our grasp be still remote,  
Far, far away in everlasting space ;  
Unfathomably deep, past finding out,—  
Can finite comprehend infinitude ?

Descend now to the earth, and on the sea  
As rapt thou gazest dread with solemn awe,  
See in its waters to thy vision vast,  
Far-stretching, boundless, viewless, shoreless sea,  
An emblem of Eternity!’

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM BAXTER, ESQ.  
OF BALGAVIES AND ELLANGOWAN.

As the sweet sounds of the forgotten past oft come  
In joy to our remembrance by the power  
Of mystical association, link'd  
With bygone deeds, or thoughts, or dreams, by some  
Peculiar harmony ; so, early scenes  
Of mutual love, long truthful servitude,  
Age venerable in the eyes of youth,  
Youth curb'd, protected, counselled kind by age,  
Pass bright before my vision ; distant bells.—  
Joy-bells of days long gone—all chiming soft  
In blissful music, as I now survey  
Thy venerated form, upon my heart,  
By God's own finger, graved immutable.

Angel of Death ! roll up oblivion's shroud,  
Bring back in life-reality the scenes  
Of the receding past ; the sun shall shine  
In pristine splendour on his face once more ;

His eye shall glisten, and his tongue shall speak,  
His every feature with intelligence  
Rapt kindling in emotion ; through his frame  
The pulses new of life fresh bounding glad  
And quick'ning every sense.

Lo ! there he comes,  
All radiant bright with healthful bloom,  
His silvery locks, like winter snow-flakes, soft,  
Rich falling o'er his shoulders ; firm, erect,  
His manly form : in manner, grave, yet meek,  
Benevolent and kind ; a merchant prince,  
Yet simple in his tastes, desires ; averse  
To noisy clamour, ostentatious show ;  
A man of few words ever, yet his word  
As stable as his bond ; not mixing much  
In wrangling trite debates on church or state,  
Yet his opinions clear, convictions firm,  
Not rashly formed, hence more enduring, true ;  
His piety receding from the gaze  
Of prying busy mortals, feeling safe  
Within his peaceful heart, from whence arise,  
In secret hallow'd peace, his orisons,  
In language simple, rapt to Heaven.

## Long years

Have come and gone, since, as a happy youth,  
I called him master, and his gentleness  
Imbued intuitive—for all was peace,  
Calm quiet order ; love, not fear, the spring  
Which every action moved ; respect, the power  
Each movement guided and controlled—yet oft,  
Through life's sad chequer'd scenes, I've inly felt  
The force of his example—tender, kind ;  
Self-mortifying, unobtrusive, strict ;  
Warm with sweet home affections ; hallowing all  
By a religion heartfelt and sincere ;  
His earthly course calm ending soft in peace ;  
His memory, in characters of love  
Upon the heart engraved, fond cherish'd deep—  
Blest, priceless tribute to departed worth.

Angel of Life ! conduct me to the verge  
Of hoary Time's dark dreaded shores ; unbar  
The eternal gates ; disclose celestial scenes ;  
Unfold the mystic scroll on which his name,  
With saints redeem'd, indelible is graved ;  
I fain, in regal robes, would stately tread  
Heav'n's golden streets, and mingle for a time,  
E'en now, with spirits of the blest.

Hush ! hush

These ardent aspirations, longing soul,  
Anticipate thou not immortal scenes  
Of beatific glory—He is there,  
Eternity of bliss his high reward,  
Safe in the haven of peaceful rest, beneath  
The encircling shadow of his God.

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## THE HERMIT.

‘Belovèd friend,

Most glad to hear of your arrival—come  
On to-morrow eve, alone—the time—  
Nine by the clock, for then the moon will shine ;  
Leave you the city by the lonely path  
That skirts the rugged shore ; tread silent on  
O’er rocks, and weed, till ’tween thee and the moon  
An airy bridge fantasticly expands ; right through  
Its lofty portals pass, and by a cave,  
Reposing ’neath its shadow, shalt thou meet  
Thy truthful friend, companion of thy youth ;  
Affectionately ever,

Edmund Græme.’

Such, was the letter handed by mine host,  
And when at the appointed hour I took  
My solitary way, sad thoughts oppress'd,  
Forebodings sorely troubled me : I mused  
On youth's bright sunny days—glad visions came,  
In which, the gayest revellers were we,  
And he the happiest of the joyous throng,  
His silvery laughter flushing bright the cheek,  
His golden words strange thrilling sweet the heart :  
Then of our parting, and the ocean cruel,  
Not caring for our grief, her billows high,  
Like wall of separation, raising up  
Afar, 'tween him and me.

Strange tidings came—

His young soul poison'd, lacerated, torn,  
Crush'd, blasted in his early hopes, a prey  
To hopeless misery, despair ; the heart  
He loved more deeply than his own, long nursed  
And fondled in his breast, stern casting off  
Its holy, sworn allegiance ; followed by  
His cheerless wanderings through a jeering world  
That mock'd his misery, and merc'less smote  
Him on the mouth, till o'er his quivering cheeks

The big tears gush'd like rain, exhausting quick  
The fountain whence they flow'd, till he could weep,  
Alas ! no more ! And of the Hermitage—  
A dismal cavern by the surging sea  
Where lone he dwelt, the limpets on the rocks  
His only food, his drink the mountain rills ;  
Seen only when the roaring tempest wild  
Lash'd up the billows into madd'ning wrath  
Their white crests curling high along the bay :  
Then on some rocky headland would he sit,  
His white hair streaming in the merc'less blast,  
With ancient harp between his knees, whose chords,  
Rude swept by stormy winds, vibrating sad  
In hollow chorus with his tremulous voice  
In strange, wild, weird-like melody, the sound  
United, borne above the blustering storm,  
Like wailings seem'd from mystic spirit-land,  
Lamentings ever of a broken heart,  
Torn, crush'd by memories of early love !

Well, jilted madness could no further go—  
I wonder what he's like—shell fish though fresh,  
And water e'er so pure, is sorry fare,  
Attenuating quick the carcase sleek,

And turning auburn curls to grey :—The sea !  
This, then, is near the appointed rendezvous—  
Hah ! there's the arch—the cave—and here at last—

‘Is Edmund Græme !’

I started—’twas the same  
Warm hand, the same sweet silvery voice—and yet,  
His face seem'd ruddy with the bloom of health,  
His eye, bright, eloquent, refulgent shone  
With ardent love ; benevolence enthron'd  
Sate on his brow ; no hermit's robes he wore,  
Nor beads, nor crucifixes ; but in garb  
Of modern shape array'd, as might become  
A denizen of earth.

He led the way,  
Kind beck'ning me to follow—quick he turn'd  
The shelving headland—there, a pinnacle lay  
In smooth, deep water, ready manned by brave  
And hardy mariners ; a shout they raised  
Of joyful welcome, when with gentle force  
The hermit led me to her prow.

## Embark'd

In this strange craft, her joyous crew quick dash'd  
The ponderous oar, when, like an arrow, on  
And on we flew, not on the moonlit sea,  
But in a dismal cave, long, damp, and deep,  
Tortuous and dark, by rocky cliffs hemmed round,  
Arch'd high above with nature's masonry :  
Deep silence reign'd profound ; no sounds relieved  
The oppressive stillness, save the dash of oars,  
Or scream of sea-gull as o'erhead she flew,  
Like bird of evil omen hastening on  
Our direful destiny ; when bright at length  
Light joyful stream'd in mellow hue  
Irradiating bright the scene ; one bound,  
And our brave skiff, like captive from her cell  
Set free, clear'd glad her dismal prison-house ;  
When lo ! a mimic lake in beauty shone,  
Like liquid silver, dark enshrined around  
By savage rocks—a peerless diamond rare,  
Enchased in frame of ebony—while high  
The radiant moon her joyous way held on  
'Mong fleecy clouds careering, seraph-like  
On love's bright wings, to some far place of rest !

Gently our pinnace touch'd the golden sand,  
While soft the wavelets rippled on the beach,  
When we debark'd and wound our devious way  
Along the rugged path which upward led  
Through defiles deep.

The loftiest peak now reach'd,  
The golden harvest waved her fragrant wings,  
And vegetation rich prolific spread  
Luxuriantly, encompassing around  
The placid lake, which, like a babe reposed,  
By angels guarded while it slept. Dark clouds  
The moon now suddenly obscured ; still on  
Among the golden fields we went, our feet  
Soft treading on enamelled flowers, which, prest,  
Breath'd luscious aromatic fragrance round,  
Distilled as from the hills of Araby !

Beneath a sculptured lofty porch we pass'd,  
And on through corridors, and silent halls,  
Like temples not of earth, and yet of earth,  
Ethereal domes, yet man the architect !

Rapt now I gazed : most wondrous scene !  
A noble hall ; proportions elegant,

With costliest furniture replenish'd rare ;  
Luxurious couches, ottomans of oak,  
Rich cabinets of ebony ; the walls  
All gorgeous bright with mirrors, gay the floor  
Soft carpeted with velvet ; from the roof,  
Resplendent gemmed with chandeliers, came soft  
A mystic silvery light ; while in the midst,  
A table, covered with embroider'd gold,  
Display'd on silver epergnes the fruit  
Of every distant sunny clime. Amazed  
With wonder at the strange, mysterious scene,  
My host kind beckon'd to a crimson couch,  
And bade me of the sumptuous feast partake,  
With graceful courtesy ; and while we ate,  
At sound of silver bell two youths appear'd  
In velvet clad of crimson and of gold,  
High bearing goblets fill'd with ruby wine,  
Which they presented to their wondering guest ;  
While from afar sweet voices sung, more sweet  
By distance mellow'd, soft melodious strains,  
Like seraphs in the sky !

The feast now o'er,

With merry laughter rang the banquet hall,  
And soft and silvery voices whisper'd near ;

Then troops of children tripping came  
In happy groups, all gathering round my host,  
Who, smiling, each one tenderly embraced,  
Play'd with their sunny ringlets bright with gold,  
Soft whispering words of fond paternal love ;  
Quick following, appear'd in robes of white,  
A lovely woman, whose bright speaking eye  
Reveal'd the love within, which ever glow'd  
With purest, holiest rapture, shedding round  
Where'er she came, a halo, spotless pure,  
Of everlasting sunshine bright ; whose voice  
Of angel sweetness, with electric force  
Thrill'd deep the soul, entrancing all its powers,  
As with a charm or spell, she gently bound  
With golden chords indissolubly firm  
The conquer'd heart, a captive at her shrine.

A burnish'd harp of richest workmanship,  
Now low with courtly mein, a comely page  
Presented to his mistress—gently swept  
Her taper fingers o'er the silver chords  
And strains melodious fill'd the soul, while soft  
The youthful voices, sweet, yet solemn sang,  
By her voice led, their heart-breath'd evening hymn !

Next morn, the robins carolling 'mong the boughs,  
To meet my host I fondly wander'd forth  
Among the golden fields.

‘ Fair morn, my guest,  
I heartily greet thee : let us to the sea,  
And from the rocky cliffs on this bright morn  
Gaze longing on the silver waves, as oft,  
In days of yore, our spirits blent in one,  
We strain'd our tearful eyelids to descry  
The distant sunny shore.

Long years have gone  
Since last we parted ; many a weary mile  
Hast thou lone travelled o'er the burning sands,  
And drunk the waters of many strange rivers,  
While I luxuriate, unambitious, pleased,  
Within a furlough of the old, old place,  
Where I, and kinsfolk all were born : 'Tis strange,  
Time hath dealt harder with thee than with me—  
Thy tawny skin all shrunk and wrinkled deep ;  
If thy poor liver be as yellow—humph—  
Thou'rt in a bad condition ; and thine eyes ?  
They still retain their hazel softness, clear,

Bright sparkling with intelligence ; the dart  
Of love voluptuous 'mong the orange bowers,  
Say hath it smote thy heart and left the sting,  
Some dusky burning beauty of the isles  
Drunk panting up in hers thy soul of love ?'

But ah ! upon my memory there comes  
Dark visions of the past—that hidden chord  
WILL faintly vibrate when 'tis struck—'tis gone ;  
Thou knowest all—the bright star of the morn  
Changed to a saddening shadow on my soul,  
Unhinging all its powers, rough blasting rude  
Its golden hopes ; Life aimless, cheerless, blank,—  
Such untold ills pray God from thee avert.

O ! how I loved her ! Fire, air, water, wind,  
I'd temper'd for her sake, that no rude blast  
Might hurt, or tempest wild alarm ; the waves  
That heaving rose about her path I'd calm,  
And on my bosom lull her sweet to rest,  
Now kissing soft her honied lips, anon,  
With upturn'd eyes, commending her to God ;  
Still watching till she smiling woke, to lead  
Her proudly forth to meadows green, by streams

That murmur'd softly like the voice of love ;  
Or to the breezy uplands, or the woods  
Rich bursting into song ; till soft her voice  
In silvery sweetness thrilled the listening air,  
Entrancing glad my soul with holy thoughts ;  
A halo purpling rich the azure sky,  
All nature revelling in celestial joy !

Man's love ? what holy grandeur in the sound !  
The soul deep thrilling with ecstatic joy :  
O ! in his great round heart, beloved, to dwell,  
And drink the blessed sunshine of his love ;  
To lisp his words so solemn, yet so sweet,  
And revel glad luxurious in his smiles,  
'Twould be as if yon heaven was brought to earth,  
Yea, rather earth to heaven.

How terrible  
To toy or trifle with a love like this,  
The dread volcano lighting up, in which  
The soul consumes, yet never is consumed,  
But fiercely burning, burning on, till quench'd  
In death's cold icy waves.

‘What wouldst thou say?’

‘Curse! curse her!’ Hell too pure for one so vile;  
Abhorred by angels, scorn’d by devils, she  
Of heaven or earth unworthy: lost! lost! lost!  
Let hissing scorpions rise about her path,  
Her every footstep dipt in heart-red blood,  
Sulphureous darkness brooding o’er her path,  
No sunshine breaking through the gloom; remorse  
Her foul heart torturing evermore; a hell  
Without, a hell within——’

‘No more, no more,  
My stricken heart will break anew:—my friend,  
As yonder calm blue sea by tempests lash’d,  
Its foamy troubled billows weeping sad  
Upon the yellow sands; or rising high  
In furious wrath defiant, dashing wild,  
Harsh breaking on the rocky cliffs; sinks calm,—  
The tempest spent—to musical repose;  
So true heart-love by disappointment crush’d  
Writhes, agonised with deepest misery,  
The passions roused, proud reason base dethron’d,  
The soul in wild tumultuous agony,

Tears breaking o'er the heart like rushing rain :—  
Time brings reflection, and reflection peace,  
Till o'er the soul a holy calmness steals,  
Joy wells up in the heart, and there is rest.  
Pluck'd flowers by artificial means may bloom  
In golden beauty for a time, but soon,—  
Rude sever'd from the parent stem,—they die  
By fell necessity : As a passion,  
Love is of short duration, no heart root,  
Decay inherent in its nature, soon  
It fades into forgetfulness. The rose,  
Deep-rooted in congenial soil, the more  
Its spreading branches rude are pruned, the more  
Luxuriant will it grow and bloom anew :  
So virgin love, true seated in the heart,  
Will deeper grow by reason of caprice ;  
Neglect, unfaithfulness, desertion base,  
E'er serving only to increase its strength—  
For ever.

Curse her ? Thou hast never loved,  
Or having loved, not truly loved—HER curse,—  
My second self ; of my existence part  
Eternal and indissoluble : what !

Art thou a man ; hast thou a human soul,  
A heart susceptible of virtuous love ;  
Hath thine affections kindled at the touch  
Of love return'd, souls blending into one  
In mystic holy union, hallow'd sweet  
By converse tender, pure affinity of thought,  
Affection, feeling, hope, desire ? Know then  
Love is unchangeable—hence, love, if true,  
Is not vindictive, nursing e'er its wrath,  
All musing, brooding gloomily o'er the past,  
Revenge and hatred lurking in the heart—  
The tones of memory hallow'd music brings,  
Departed bliss, a cherish'd agony,  
Deep chastened grief, a melancholy joy.

Curse ? Bless her ! bless her ! let her children rise  
And call her blessèd ; life's long day a psalm  
To her of sweetest melody :—and yet,  
When at my feet she supplicating knelt,  
In tears, in sorrow, and in shame ; false, false ;  
A thing to be despised with scorching scorn,  
Contemtuously trodden under foot ; my soul  
Deep agonised with blackest misery,  
My brain ablaze with imprecations deep,

Each swollen vein with liquid fire consumed,  
By hell the wildest, darkest passions stirred,  
The demon, Vengeance, in my breast—one word,  
Most terrible and dread, *did* tremble faint  
Upon my ashy lips, but love's sweet voice  
All gently whispering—'Oh! forgive'—I kiss'd,  
Yes, kiss'd the marble forehead of the False,  
Kind raised her gently up, and as she went  
Abash'd, with half-averted face, to speak,  
To smile to me no more, I whisper'd soft—  
'Be happy, if thou canst; may God forgive,  
E'en as I freely thee forgive—farewell !

Look there—

That is the rugged path you came yestreen;  
And these, the rocks of Aberbrothoc, high  
And fantastic, in a thousand antique shapes  
Of pinnacles, and minarets, and towers;  
Deep yawning chasms, fairy bridges light  
Suspended high in air: the headland, here,  
In which you in the fabled boat embark'd,  
With fishermen for a crew! And there, the cave  
Through which you cleared your dark and tortuous way;  
The silvery lake that in the moonbeams slept—

The waters of the Geary Pot ! And yon,—  
The coastguard station on the beetling cliff,  
With its solitary watcher on the keep,  
Keen sweeping with his telescope the sea  
For Dutch-built lugger, or suspicious craft.  
'Tis vain ! No heavily-laden smuggler creeps  
Now stealthily in-shore ; no roaring fires  
Of mountain pines, now cheer the yeoman's hearth ;  
Nor cup of racy Cognac, or of Hollands,  
Now circle freely 'mong th' assembled guests :  
'Tis better as it is, and yet those days  
Of tempest and of calm, sharp, well defined,  
Brought into bold relief strange sights and scenes,  
The actors therein, daring, desperate men,  
Their footprints leaving strong, indelible  
Upon the sands of time.

There, is Auchmithie ;  
Rife with fishwives, bairns, and nets, and creels ;  
While brawny fishermen their tiny boats  
Of deep-sea treasures smilingly unload  
Upon their beasts of burden—patient wives,—  
Who, one by one, in zig-zag march ascend  
The rugged steep, their shoeless bairns the while,

In merry laughter, bringing up the rear,  
With creels of *partons* on their curly *pows*,  
All landing in rotation on the cliff,  
Where gaunt and grizzly crones their wither'd hides  
Sun cozily in the morning air.

And here, the bay ;  
All bright with sea-gemm'd shells, and glistering sands,  
White skiffs light dancing o'er the sparkling waves,  
And coursing sea-mews in a giddy maze  
Of snowy whiteness 'mong the golden clouds !  
Dost thou remember of my young heart's wish—  
To dwell through life within that cozy manse,  
The guide, the father of my little flock,  
Lull'd to sweet rest by murmuring waves, awoke  
Each Sabbath morn by Sabbath-bell's loved chimes  
All softly blent with music of the sea !

These—are the rocks of Usan ; stretching round  
The woods of Dunninald and Rossie : further on,  
The scowling, well-known headland which conceals  
The Island City of my love.

Thy gaze  
Rapt turning southward, see the crumbling, old,

Great, glorious Abbey, beautifully grand  
E'en in its sad decay ; the long flat shore ;  
The pebbly beach o'er which the wavelets play  
With never-ceasing music, murmuring sweet ;  
Lighthouses white 'mong hills of golden sand ;  
The Frith of Tay alive with ships ; St Andrew's Bay,  
And rocky shore ; with pillars, spires, and towers,  
Dark cleaving high the sky between ; the bleak  
*East Neuk* abruptly shutting out the scene  
Just as a steamer wreath'd in clouds of smoke  
Grim darkens black the offing.

Here—my friend,

The fruitful fields in reapers' songs salute  
The breezy harvest morn ; 'mong hedgerows green,  
Elm shady trees, a villa nestles sweet—  
These fields are mine ; and this, my country seat ;  
The world and I are friends again ; my wife  
With laughing boys and girls trip down the lane  
To meet us : greet them with a rosy smile,  
And then—go in to breakfast !'

## A SCOTCH PARSON OF THE OLDEN TIME.

HE was a rare old man the parson, then ;  
As dead a shot as any in the parish ;  
Fond of good wine, rude frolic, mirth and song ;  
The hero quite at every penny wedding,  
Where, slander said, he always kiss'd the bride ;  
Yea, ill report when once so very far  
As whisper, he embraced a bonnie lass,  
When, as he thought, no eye did see the deed !

He did not catechize ; was not given much  
To duties call'd devotional ; nor went,  
Without much grumbling, to the sick ;—when there,  
He gave a shilling for a blessing oft—  
'More good, 'twill do,' said he, 'than my long prayers.'  
He visited the farmers, cottars oft,  
But not to gauge their souls ; to take good heed  
How all their cellars stood, went he, and this,  
While taking stock, with a voluptuous leer  
And roguish twinkling of the eye, he call'd  
A Spiritual visitation !

Then, when clowns  
Would quarrel o'er their cups, straightway was sent  
A message by the landlady to the manse,  
That quick his holy reverence would come  
'Tween brawlers to decide :—few words he spoke,  
But with a wink to Boniface, he call'd  
For his old cup to toast the revellers' health :  
Cup followed cup, glass followed glass, till hands  
Join'd hands in common brotherhood—in drink  
They buried all their wrath—then went to sleep !

'Twas said, however, one December night  
He tarried at the alehouse late : next morn,—  
Unfortunately for him, the Sabbath-day—  
When trying to collect his scatter'd thoughts,  
He made sad havoc with the psalms ; misnamed  
The prophets ; calling Jessie, David's son ;  
And said 'twas Solomon who built the ark ;  
With other little eccentricities ;  
Which, coming to the ears of our most grave,  
Meek, self-denying Presbytery ; forthwith  
With Moderator at their head, appear'd,  
Before the manse, the dread inquisitors !

'First dinner, then to business,' said the host ;  
Then blandly led them, with a winning smile,  
Where we're not exactly sure ; but 'tis true,  
That half their homeward way they'd merrily gone  
Ere they remember'd aught of their high errand !  
Retrace their steps they could not ; in a trice,  
The culprit would be their accuser ; so,  
They hush'd the matter up ; but when they met  
Again in secret conclave, shook their heads,  
Then gravely vow'd, no more at game of Bowls  
They'd ever play at Lunan !

It was said,  
Some priestly pressure from without, did once,  
Sore 'gainst his will, compel him e'en to hold  
A diet of Examination :—old and young,  
And middle-aged, were there ; right in the midst  
He silent stood, uncertain how his task  
Began or ended : then the lasses smiled,  
And, sympathetic, went the titter round ;  
Till, grave, he ask'd the urchin by his side  
How far into the *carraches* he'd got—  
'I'm past effectual calling, sir,' said he ;  
'And you,'—'I'm past redemption : '—'you, my boy,'—

‘Sir, I’m past the pains of hell for ever:’—  
Whereat, while sily laughing in his sleeve,  
He said, ‘they were in bad condition all!’  
‘Who made you?’ said he to a greyhair’d man,  
The oldest in the parish: Donald winced,  
Then scratch’d his pate—he had forgotten quite!  
‘Who made you?’ was repeated stern; yet still  
No answer came; ‘I’ll ask your grandson, then’—  
‘God,’ said the little boy; ‘O be ashamed,’  
Rebukingly the pastor said:—quoth Donald,  
‘Nae thanks, it’s nae sae lang since *he* was made!’  
All thought this was a well deserved retort;  
And so, the minister, crestfallen, went on—  
‘What was the name of the first man,’ he ask’d  
A blooming, sonsie lass:—‘Solomon!’—but  
The farce could go no further; so he closed  
Abrupt the book; dismiss’d them to their homes,  
Resolved ’gainst fate, this first, should be the last,  
Of his Examinations!

He loved a joke:

Once in the manse, while vainly trying to solve  
Some knotty points in Scotch divinity,  
A romping nephew playing round the room

Struck on his elbow often as he pass'd—  
'What *are* you made off'—ang'rily he exclaim'd ;  
'Dust,' said the boy, and went on with his game :  
The old man laugh'd, then put aside his books ;  
Call'd for a bowl of punch, and thought no more  
Of Free-will, or Election, Faith or Works,  
Or Covenants of Grace!

A shadow fell  
Now heavily and abrupt upon his soul :  
His little nephew droop'd and whined away  
The shadow of his former self : each morn  
The old man softly bore him from his cot,  
And tenderly in his strong, round, brawny arms  
Around the little garden carried him,  
'Midst fragrance sweet of flowers, and songs of birds,  
The low sad moan of the surrounding sea ;  
While down his swarthy, pimpled cheeks would fall,  
Like rushing rain, hot agonizing tears ;  
With one deep, withering thought his soul absorb'd—  
The fate of his loved foundling boy.

Each night

He laid him fondly in his little bed,  
Low bending eagerly his shaggy head

To catch the faint, soft trembling whisperings  
Which told of sad unrest, yet holy joy,  
Sweet, saint-like resignation.

‘Uncle, take,’—

Faint said the dying boy at eventide—  
‘O, take me to the sea’—and, thinking fond  
This boyish wish a presage sweet of life,  
The strong-built burly man exulting bore  
The little wasted sufferer to the sea :—  
‘The bonnie, bonnie boats’—faint cried the boy,—  
‘The bonnie, bonnie boats’—his little head  
Fond drooping on the old man’s shoulders : quick,  
As if anticipating change, the shells,  
Which shone like silver on the golden sands,  
With one hand gather’d keen the minister,  
All trying to attract the dim, glazed eye  
Of him the only one on earth he loved ;  
But feeling quick a strange presentiment,  
He bent his head to listen :—low and sweet  
Like angel-whisperings from spirit-land,  
The boy’s last words soft trembled in his ears :—  
‘The bonnie, bonnie boats’—and when he look’d,  
The body of his boy lay in his arms,

But gently borne on seraphs' wings, his soul  
Had gone to God who gave it !

He wept till he could weep no more ; and moped  
Sad, desolate within a desolate manse :  
'Twas only for a time : the shadow past ;  
Like shifting clouds athwart an April sky,  
Which for a moment weep and then are gone,  
The heavens e'en leaving brighter than before,  
His thoughts, dark, troubled, overwhelming, sad,  
Would soon give place to wild, loud, roystering mirth,  
His sottish soul the merrier for the grief.

He wept again ; low on his death-bed lay  
His crony, friend, the miller.

O rare sport

Whene'er they met ; now, at the Putting-stone,  
Anon, at 'roaring games' upon the ice ;  
But chief at beef and greens, when quick their souls  
Seem'd melted into one ; they ate, they drank  
Like brothers ; still carousing merrily on  
Till mirth and song would cease—the miller e'er,  
The weaker vessel, falling 'neath his chair !

His stipend, never large, would fall sometimes,

When grain was plentiful and cheap, below  
The lowest limit ; and if brandy, gin,  
And other necessities, to him, of life,  
Had not been cheap, or rather, cost him nought,  
He would have been in poor condition ; yet,  
E'en as it was, his long black leathern purse  
Oft dandled empty on his knee ; his pride  
All touch'd and shock'd at such mean poverty !  
Oft he, when in this sorry plight, low ask'd,  
On Sabbath morn, the elder at the *plate*,  
To lend him coppers for an hour ; which, he,  
To him return'd at *skailin'* of the kirk ;  
And this strange conduct being talk'd about—  
For elders are like women, neither, long,  
A secret safe can keep, especially  
If secrecy be strict enjoin'd, and when  
The hero is a minister—they met—  
That is the session ; fisher Tam, and Will  
The landlord of the public-house—and came  
To this conclusion, after many thoughts,  
Such as they were, had rack'd their muddled pates,—  
That their dear minister was 'turnin' daft,'  
Or something very like it : who should then  
The diet finish but himself :—'My boys,

The landlady and I have heard your talk,  
And this my explanation—'twill be brief—  
I preach aye best wi' siller in my pouch !'

He ne'er was asked to dinner by the laird,  
For this good reason, that the laird had been  
For forty years adrift upon the sea ;  
He in the Navy was—Commander, or  
A Captain, Commodore, or Admiral,  
Or something of that sort—the oldest men  
Remembering of him when the war broke out,—  
A fine bold midddy, with a cutlass bright  
Suspicious dangling from his girdle ; all  
Low proffering due their high respects ; with care,  
E'er keeping at respectful distance, lest,  
By any accident they'd come to harm !

All tired of battle and of strife, the good  
Free, old, kind-hearted man, grew home-sick ; struck  
His shatter'd colours ; made for port ;—which news,  
Like blazing beacons, spread from hill to hill,  
From hearth to hearth ; and wondrous were the plans,  
The preparations, and the talk, to give  
A right good welcome to their sailor laird ;  
And none the least, the worthy minister

On the appointed day, with dignity,  
Commanding presence, and authority,  
In new suit clad, appear'd among the throng  
With speech congratulatory in his pouch.

But in those days of posting, and the road,  
Appointments were not easily kept ; and so,  
The daylight waned, and evening shadows fell,  
Till darkness overspread the scene ; then quick  
The brawny fishers some rude torches lit,  
And all, in breathless expectation, now  
Awaited in suspense and joy to hear  
The chariot wheels of this the coming laird.

Meanwhile, not knowing aught of all this pother,  
The good old sailor having dined, slow fell  
Into a heavy doze, expecting calm  
To make the port ; unused to even roads,  
Or downy cushions of a carriage, he,  
Like seamen in such circumstances, soon  
Went off to sleep ; from which all soon aroused  
By skirling of the fishwives and the bairns,  
And hinds and fishers' wild and loud huzzahs,  
Deep blended with the bass of ocean waves ;

His eyes he rubbed, and in the darkness saw,  
By lurid light of blazing torches, men  
Stalwart and grinning ; women, children, black  
Grisly and hideous with the shifting shadows ;  
Imagining that instead of friendly port  
He'd anchor'd in a land of savages,  
To atoms smashing the opposing glass,  
Out of the window quick his head he thrust  
And to his boatswain lust'ly-cried—' Cut off,  
Cut off their heads, and bring me every scalp !'  
At which, the minister so affronted was,  
He, with the carpenter and smith, retired,  
In dudgeon, to the nearest public-house,  
Where, in their presence,—landlord and goodwife  
Being witnesses to the deed—he burnt,  
Yes burnt, in foaming wrath, his famous speech,  
Recovering not his temper till the bowl  
Three times had been replenish'd ; when, amid  
Respectful silence from them all, he said—  
For they expected something strange—he would  
E'en after all, not probably decline  
An invitation from the laird to dine  
E'en at a feast of hungry cannibals !

You did not know him ? Here's a sketch off-hand ;  
Beginning at the head, and ending at,  
Of course, the feet :—

His hair was braikish grey,  
Which flow'd, unkempt, in zig-zag grizzly curls  
Adown his oxen neck ; a forehead, high—  
For there were good affections in his pate,—  
His cheeks like pumpkins, only not so yellow ;  
A long bridged nose of Roman mould ; a mouth,  
Large, luscious, lobster red ; as for his eyes,  
They buried were so much in lumps of fat  
Their colour you could scarce distinguish ; still  
They blink'd and twinkled, like two little stars,  
Expressive of content and luxury :—  
His chin ? O ! I'd forgot his chin—was laid  
In tripple rows of creamy fat, this fat  
Being always where it should not be,  
And wanted where it ought to be ; the whole  
Betokening feeding of the grosser sort,  
With strong dilutions from the coast of Holland,  
On high occasions mixed with those of France.  
A white cravat encircled loose his neck,  
Its hanging folds adorn'd with clots of snuff,

Instead of breast-pins which were meant for fops ;  
His dress, all seedy black ; the waistcoat full,  
Containing ample pouches for his snuff,  
And which he half-unbutton'd when he sat  
To ease his monstrous paunch ; knee-breeches tight,  
With black-silk stockings mended here and there,  
Huge rough ill-shapen shoes, with buckles gilt  
Like silver bright, completed e'er his dress,  
For changes he had none, nor cared for such.  
His size ? About the middle height was he ;  
His weight ? Dutch fourteen stone : Complexion ? Ah  
If truth the sketch must guide, confess I must,  
'Twas of a reddish—rather purple colour,—  
But then, this, *and* the carbuncles, he said,  
Were caused by living at the waterside,  
The briny particles from off the sea  
Not being quite conducive to his health !

He was a rare old man—a smuggler too !—  
The story goes, that when discoursing grave  
One Sabbath-day unto his little flock  
On honesty as a virtue, there arose  
A slight commotion ; as he always kept  
One eye on earth, he paused ; then one by one

All slunk towards the door ; suspicious e'er,  
He look'd, and saw a lugger in the bay :—  
' A fair start, my boys,' cried he, and quickly ran  
The swiftest in the throng—on, on they rush'd,  
With parson at their head, wild barking curs,  
And shouting urchins at their heels ; until  
The first victorious at the prize, he sat,  
In full Geneva gown and bands, to rest  
Astride upon a cask of Hollands !

Laugh !

Laugh ! laugh ! 'twill do your wither'd carcase good,  
And shake your idle fancies out, which there  
Should have no lodgment ; better for your soul  
To clear its sight, and vigorous health infuse  
Than twice an hundred homilies !

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## THE ROBIN.

ROBIN ! earliest of birds !

With the chilly dew upon thy golden breast,  
In the sweet spring-time o' the year, afar  
In solitudes of the budding forest green,  
Before the lark has left her grassy nest,  
Or any wild bird tuned his matin hymn,  
Thy flute-like notes are heard in gushing song  
Glad heralding the morn.

And now, O joy !

When every bird is mute, and wither'd leaves  
Fall rustling all around, and autumn winds  
Moan dirgely sad among the shivering boughs,  
Thou singest near my Ivy Cottage lone  
Upon the topmost boughs thy last sweet song  
To end the musical reveille ; or  
All shyly hopping on my window-sill  
At dawning of the morn ; or perch'd awhile  
Among the ivy boughs sly peeping in  
My little bedroom window, to remind  
Me of thy coming, as in other years,

Our faithful friendship to renew, when I,  
As heretofore, with dainty crumbs shall feed  
Thee in the ivy porch ; or fondly watch  
Thee hopping gladly o'er the parlour floor,  
While snow-drifts whirl in circling eddies wild,  
And wintry winds loud howling shriek without.

Yes ! come my fond home-loving bird, not shy,  
Afraid I have forgotten thee, but bold,  
In fullest confidence : no deadly gun  
Shall clot with crimson gore thy tawny breast  
Or dim the lustre of thy speaking eye ;  
Encompass'd by an atmosphere of love,  
Whene'er thou enterest fond our little cot  
The very children hail thy coming, glad  
E'en summer fruits and flowers to interchange  
For drizzling sleet, chill driving snow, if so,  
Thou couldst with them for e'er abide to share  
Their lavish sweeten'd crumbs, and fondly eye  
From some quiet spot askance their gambollings free,  
Got up to please the little stranger.

O !

What care they for the howling winds without,  
The rolling inky clouds full charged with tears

To weep o'er nature's grave ; with thee, loved bird,  
Perpetual summer comes to each fond heart,  
Thy song awakening echoes solemn, sweet,  
They revelling in their gushing childhood joy,  
A sunny picture sweet of innocence  
E'en in this vale of sorrow ; emblem bright  
Of heaven's own pure, celestial blessedness,  
The portion true of all God's children blest,  
In mansions of our Father's house on high.

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### EVENING SERVICE AT ST PAUL'S.\*

REMEMBERING the past, New Year's-day comes  
To me a retrospective day of joy ;  
Joy tinged with sadness, like the silver cloud  
Dark fringed with traces of the thunderstorm  
Which just before hath swept o'er earth and sky :  
The warmth of friendship cool'd to zero ; Love  
Capricious, changeable, deceitful, false ;  
Griefs, sorrows, coffins, shrouds, and epitaphs ;

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\* 1st January 1859.

Chairs empty at the household hearth ; loved tones  
Of joyous sweetness heard, blithe faces seen,  
Alas ! no more ; the loud yet hollow praise  
Which erst nigh stirred the world, to murmurings low,  
Contemptuous sneers gone down, the stricken soul  
O'erwhelming sad with grief, yet not with fear :—  
These, but the footprints heavy of the past,  
The fringes dark of life's bright silver clouds,  
By contrast serving, only e'er to show  
Life's own inherent brightness :—

Thus, I mused,  
On New Year's-eve ; and from my casement look'd  
Upon the virgin moon careering high  
'Mong chariots of drifting clouds ; while sounds  
Of distant city chimes fell on the ear  
With pensive sweetness ; melody of bells  
From 'Merry Islington' glad welcoming  
The coming year : 'Ring on,' I sang, 'sweet bells,  
Until my couch I gain, nor stop your chimes  
Till every sense be steep'd in harmony ;  
Earth's music blending low with seraph notes,  
Heaven's hallelujahs ringing from afar,  
And songs triumphal hallowing soft my dreams.'

Sweet, lull'd to sleep by distant sound of bells,  
Awoke by chimes of music ; so, beneath  
My window on the holy morn the waits,  
At chilly daybreak, full in chorus sang  
A solemn anthem high ; the songs of heav'n  
Now giving place to strains of earth ; yet soft  
Attuning the immortal spirit glad  
To themes celestial pure of holy joy.

My soul thus harmonized with earth and heaven,  
The day one song of joyous melody,  
Beneath St Paul's Cathedral dome I knelt  
Devout in attitude of prayer ; while soft,  
With measured footsteps, the assembling throng  
Of awe-struck worshippers their places took ;  
And choirs of singers like in olden time  
In temple of the Lord by hundreds named,  
Their books of psaltery reverently oped ;  
And canons, deans, and bishops, through the aisle  
By vergers led, in snow-white surplices  
All solemn in procession pass'd along ;  
The vast and wondrous edifice lit up  
By thousand jets of brilliancy, yet soft,  
By distance mellow'd into moonlight beams,

Or rays celestial from the throne of God,  
Of light and life the essence. Clear the chants  
Rise high, distinct ; while thousands chime 'Amen !'  
To prayers responding loud, and minstrelsy  
Of psalms ; the grand 'old hundredth' swelling high,  
And circumcision hymns ; the human voice,  
By organ notes unaided, rising full,  
Triumphal and sublime on angel's wings  
Athwart the empyreal, onwards sweet to God !

All reverent and slow, the man of God  
The pulpit stair ascends : with awe-hush'd breath  
The assembled multitude unto his words,  
With holy unction spoken, listen, while  
Discoursing grave and eloquent ; the theme—  
'Things which shall be hereafter !' From his lips  
The praises eulogistic come of one,  
The greatest of the great, now pass'd away  
To his inheritance :—'Twas meet, e'en there,  
In God's own temple, to pronounce his worth :—  
Philosopher, and Statesman, Orator,  
Essayist, Historian, and Poet,  
When shall we see thy like again ? Then rest  
From all thy labours, wear the immortal crown,

And in thy singing robes, with jewelled harp  
To heaven's high minstrelsy attuned, bland loud  
Thy swelling notes e'en with archangels' songs !

But what of all that solemn, wondrous scene,  
The deepest, holiest in the memory dwells,  
An earnest of hereafter ? Not the aisles ;  
The choir and transepts pillar'd lofty round,  
With sculptured tracery ; statues rich adorn'd ;  
The gorgeous dome hung high in air, ablaze  
With lights innumerable, glistening bright  
With burnish'd gold ; nor bishops, priests, in white,  
The prayers intoning ; nor responses full  
From choirs well train'd ; nor melody of psalms—  
'Tis that dread, hush'd, and awful stillness deep,  
That sea of upturn'd faces gazing calm  
On him who speaks as on the face of God,  
Rapt drinking in his words as he proclaims  
To man a great HEREAFTER !

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## THE TWO COUSINS.

TALL, stately, dark, of comely form, the one,  
Her every movement queenly, full of grace ;  
The other, fair and slender, middle size,  
A cherub smile playing round her coral lips  
Of winning sweetness ; dark-eyed both, and pale,  
A dreamy halo bright like mystic charm  
Encircling all.

My kinswomen, we knew  
Each other lovingly from youth ; oft romp'd  
In joy together in life's first decade ;  
More thoughtful, distant, though affectionate,  
Becoming in the next ; new feelings strange,  
Tumultuous stirring our young hearts, we knew  
Not what they were, nor what they meant :—a joy,  
A grief ; a pensive sadness, ecstasy  
Of pure felicity ; alternate night,  
Alternate day ; now, golden sunshine rife  
With beauty and melodious sounds, anon,  
Dark tempests sweeping harsh the mountain pines  
In weird-like music wild ; the sobbing rain  
Loud beating mournful on the window panes,

And then the rainbow breaking through the clouds  
In gorgeous colours grand ; our little hearts  
In unison responsive beating, yet  
Conceal'd, thought we, and unconfess'd—the eye,  
Lip, bosom, cheek, betraying ever, true,  
Unknown to us, the secrets of the soul ;  
Intuitively—strange—each other's thoughts  
Divining clearly ; the electric chain  
Continuous ; its golden links full charged,  
Vibrating sweet communion, spirit-like ;  
The heart all tremulous with sensations new,  
Soul-stirring, sweeping o'er its silver cords  
Divinest harmony !

No,—'twas not love ;  
Not friendship ; yet akin to love ; a joy,  
In strength and sweetness, lying between ; too warm  
For mere affection ; holier far than love ;  
More spiritual than earthly, yet of both  
Somewhat partaking ; not allied to touch  
Of lip, or hand, or brow, but others' thoughts  
Detecting, sharing sympathetic, pure,  
Apart from, independent of dull gross  
Realities of flesh.

Two books they chose ;  
Each counterpart of th' other ; and I wrote  
Upon their flower-leaved pages, trembling, all  
My unfledged, rustic poems ; none other they  
Within their albums would admit ; till, full,  
Each page prolific teem'd with virgin song  
Fresh welling from the heart. Oft would we sit  
Beneath the spreading elms, I reading soft  
My latest contribution, blushing deep  
From sheer excess of modesty, ashamed  
My muse should such a tell-tale be of fears,  
And hopes, of griefs and joys, which, most from them  
Ostensibly, I wish'd conceal'd ; afraid  
Our eyes would meet and dissipate the charm,  
I knew, I felt, spell-bound each pensive soul  
In mystical emotion, painful, sad,  
Yet pleasing in its sweet intensity  
Of secret, holy joy !

The last leaf full,  
We sat together in a little group  
On grassy hillock on the lawn, to read,  
And hear, the last heart-music notes ; as if  
Expectant sounds of death, adieus, farewells,

Would burst, like wailing hymns at evening close,  
From my untutor'd artless lyre :—E'en so,  
The key was wild, the words were sad ; a sound  
Like death swept mournful o'er its silver chords ;  
And as I read, intent they bent to hear,  
Their clustering tresses falling on my neck,  
My cheeks warm moisten'd by their feverish breath,  
Their small white hands upon my shoulders laid  
Endearingly, affectionate ; their eyes  
All brimful big with tears, their bosoms high  
Quick heaving with emotions wild :—I stopped ;  
A sudden gust harsh through the neighbouring pines  
Burst like unearthly wailings of the doom'd  
Anticipating fate ; a magpie flew,  
With croaking ominous warning, o'er our heads ;  
The heavens grew troubled, and the driving clouds  
Began to sob and weep, our scorching tears  
Commingle copiously, till we, alas !  
Could weep no more ; unconscious of the cause,  
Yet feeling, unexpress'd, a quivering, strange,  
Deep-fix'd presentiment of coming ill,  
Without escape or hope.

Years now had pass'd,

And bursting into womanhood, they grew  
Maturely beautiful ; yet, pensive, sad ;  
Not mingling cheerfully with this happy world  
Or sharing cordially in its joys ; beloved,  
Admired, more for discovered deeds, than acts,  
Vain, ostentatiously perform'd—the one,  
Now gone to Venice, City of the Sea,  
A rich relation's honour'd guest—while she,  
The youngest, calm, serene, prepared to join  
Loved, valued friends in prairies of the West.

The ship three days at sea ; the jovial crew  
All proud their trim-built craft so nobly braved  
The dangers of the deep : the sun shone bright  
In cloudless splendour o'er the slumbering sea,  
The gently undulating billows ridged  
With sparkling silvery foam, the winds soft hush'd  
In calm tranquillity : in bed she lay  
In small poop-cabin on the deck, serene,  
Yet heart-sick, soft on downy pillow laid  
Her wildly throbbing head all swimming strange  
With motions of the ship ; beside her, lone,  
Her chosen friend in flute-like silvery voice,

Soft reading feelingly her favourite psalm,—  
Alternate gusts shrill piping harsh at length  
'Mong creaking shrouds and flapping sails ; a black,  
Long ominous ripple breaking o'er the waves—  
A heavy swell—and in the yawning gulph  
The reeling vessel seems entomb'd ; while break  
The mountain billows dread with thundering crash,  
Quick sweeping clean her decks—emerging reft  
Of one immortal soul, swept out to sea,  
Still lying resign'd upon her little bed,  
With hands firm clasp'd, and eyes to heav'n uprais'd,  
Like white-robed angel, peaceful 'midst the storm  
Borne calm to her eternal rest !

Long years

Of sad unrest had pass'd away, and left  
Their curving furrows on my pallid cheek,  
All silvering white my chestnut curls ; my eyes  
Oft red with weeping, and my bosom wild  
Deep heaving with emotion ; blighted hopes ;  
Rich early blossoms blasted in the bud ;  
The perjured oath ; the broken vow ; all sad,  
My quivering spirit lacerating deep ;  
Yet stimulating keen its latent powers

To deeds of intellectual prowess, high  
Bold flights of daring 'mong the sons of song,  
If e'en, perchance, my plaintive notes would swell  
The musical reveille.

Tears I'd none ;

Regrets had gone ; among ambrosial sweets  
I revelled in the chambers of my soul,  
All sooth'd, well pleased, with mine own harpings wild ;  
While raved in boisterous orgies mad without,  
Unheard, unfelt, the seething restless world,  
In loud tumultuous revelry ; and yet,  
While on my couch sweet sooth'd by golden dreams,  
Awake, yet not awake, would fondly come  
Bright memories of early love, and all  
The sunshine, rapture, blessedness, and peace  
Of youth's first, sweetest joy :

And thus, I mused

On all the past at midnight's witching hour—  
The homestead, mill, the meadow, and the burn,  
The mountains, and the glen ; till round my couch  
The waters of the brooklet sportive play'd,  
And linnets sang among the yellow broom ;

Fresh came the scent of fir-tree and the pine,  
The odour rich of furze and heather bloom ;  
I heard the mill-wheel's well remember'd sound,  
The lowing soft of kine on upland lea,  
The bleatings faint of sheep on distant hills ;  
While, 'mong the mystic forms swift gliding by,  
Those of my two loved cousins would abide  
Even longer than the rest ; and, as in death,  
Upon the retina of the longing eye,  
The object last on which it fondly gazed  
Indelibly is fixed, so in my dreams  
My last impressions, tone and colour gave  
To all my mystical imaginings.

Beautiful Venice ! lovely still ! I stood  
Within the matchless Place St Mark ; bright throng'd  
With happy people far and near ; around,  
Cathedrals, domes, great palaces, and towers,  
Constructed for eternity.

Here rose

The marble structures of the Procurators ;  
St Mark with isolated Campanile—  
And clouds of snow-white pigeons—sacred doves—

The Coptic columns from St Sabra ; Stone  
Of Shame ; the Piazzetta column'd rich ;  
The Ducal Palace—richest ocean gem—  
Mosaic veneer'd bright red and white, enthron'd  
'Midst purpling sunshine, and ablaze with high  
Rich clustering columns, arches, sculptured walls.  
The gorgeous scene bewildering to the eye  
I turned from arcades, pillars, arches rich,  
Bright tessellated pavements, galleries,  
Like work of fairy hands, and gazed intent  
Upon the mighty multitude, array'd  
In every brilliant costume—SHE, I sought,  
Was not among the glittering throng ; HER voice  
Swell'd not the Babel-hum that came and went  
Soft tremulous on the list'ning ear.

'Twas night ;  
Behind Friulian mountains bright the sun  
Had glorious disappear'd ; the fresh sweet breeze  
From Adriatic sea careering free,  
Stirred with Æolean music rich my curls,  
Soft kissing me with honied lips : beside  
The waveless Grand Canal, on marble steps  
Of ancient palace, stood I rapturous long

Expectant, soft the moonbeams jewelling bright  
The clear blue waters rich with diamond gems,  
All glistening tremulous innumerable ;  
The hearse-like gondolas swift gliding past  
To strains of richest music ; the façades  
Of marble palaces on either side,  
With open portals, balconies, and halls,  
Gay flowery gardens rich beyond ; the song  
Of nearing gondoliers, as on they came  
From distant Molo, breaking on the ear  
With pensive sweetness ; swelling as they pass  
To loud melodious notes, then dying away  
In less'ning echoes tremulous beneath  
The one-arched high Rialto.

Sad we feel,  
Depress'd sometimes in happy hours of joy ;  
A mystic feeling chilling strange the heart,  
And curdling icy-cold her golden streams  
Within their azure beds ; presentiments  
Of coming evil, change, beclouding dark  
The restless spirit, e'en at times the least  
Expected or desired ; so felt I now  
Alternate pleasure ; pain ; the former less,

The latter more, as gazing stood I still  
Expectant, tremulous ; an influence strong  
Surrounding like a Presence, felt and heard,  
Familiar to my yearning spirit ; all  
My senses, powers of soul, spell-bound ; a charm  
Indissoluble binding now the heart  
In captive chains, as on the pageant pass'd  
'Midst songs of love, loud sadd'ning shouts of joy.

Among the gondolas one floating came  
More beautiful, more stately than the rest ;  
With amber timbers, gilded prow ; of white  
The awnings, golden fringed ; no sails, or oars,  
But gliding onward noiseless like a swan  
Majestic'ly it came.

As it approach'd,  
Distinguish could I clearly those on board—  
Tall, white-draped figures ; faces like the dawn ;  
Angelic in expression ; gather'd round  
One statelier than they on dais raised  
High elevated in the midst ; a hum  
Of soft low voices stirring sweet the air,  
Slow dying away among the golden clouds,

Like angel whispers, floating tremulous  
In mystic fields of ether : On it came  
To where I stood.

The prow just touch'd the pier ;  
When, like a bridal train without the bride,  
Its white-robed occupants debark'd ; a line  
Between me and the ship they noiseless made,  
Then falling back, arranged on either side,  
A living avenue they quickly form'd,  
A form familiar walking up the midst ;  
Who, as she cheerfully approach'd I knew  
To be my own loved cousin, smiling sweet  
As e'er did she in sunny youth ; a book  
I well remember'd, fondly in her hand.

'Take back this book, my cousin,' soft she said,  
'In that far country whither now I go,  
They need no earthly songs ; bright jewelled harps  
Rich strung to heavenly music, voices sweet  
Of angels, blent in harmony divine  
With swelling hymns of paradise, attune  
My rapt adoring soul to loftier strains  
Of the Jerusalem above—Hark ! hark !

Hear'st thou not now e'en with thy mortal ears  
Hosannahs swelling from celestial hills,  
High hallelujahs of the sky ?

Her face

Becoming, as I gazed, pale, rigid, sharp,  
And ghastly ; changing in a moment grand  
To pure celestial beauty, spirit-like,  
A luminous vapour rainbow'd bright around  
Her beaming features like the blushing morn  
Rich purpling in the east ; her attitude  
Now rapt adoring ; all her stately frame  
Inspired with spiritual emotion deep,  
High quivering with an ecstasy of joy ;  
Her hands clasp'd firm ; her lips apart ; her head  
In fond sweet longing lovingly upraised  
Glad list'ning to some coming sound ; a song  
Of soft celestial music bursting rich  
High overhead from out the golden sky ;  
Bright cloud-borne angels winging quick their way  
Amidst melodious anthems to our earth,  
When, as they near approach'd, beheld I one,  
More glorious than the rest, a golden crown  
In lofty triumph bore, descending quick

To where the rapt expectant stood, and on  
Her radiant brow the jewelled diadem,  
'Midst loud hosannahs, placed ; the long white robes  
Of her surrounding mates transform'd to down,  
Pure, soft, and glist'ring, which, outstretch'd, became  
Angelic wings ; and drawing from beneath,  
A harp bright jewelled, each, their lyres they strung  
In harmony, seraphically sweet ;  
Ascending, all, one glorious mystic throng,  
Majestic to the sky !——And I awoke.

Tell, now, I cannot, how my beating heart  
Quick throbb'd, and flutter'd, would not be at rest ;  
Strange pleasure mix'd with pain ; my bosom wild  
Deep filling with emotion, harbinger,  
I felt, of coming ill ; nor how my tears,  
Like rushing rain, ran scorching o'er my cheek,  
I long refusing to be comforted.

That letter careless by the servant brought—  
Black-edged—from Venice—break the om'nous seal—  
'Tis from——No ! no !

SHE'S DEAD !

## THE TWO FRIENDS.

Ort by the banks of a Northern River,  
Whose waters softly lave the noble docks,  
The pride of ancient Deedun, morn and ev'n  
Would two youths fondly wander arm in arm,  
Conversing lovingly together ; one,  
All blooming, strong, broad-shoulder'd ; happy soul,  
Who laugh'd, instinctively, at all the schemes,  
Imaginative castles built in air,  
Harangues declamatory, rhapsodies,  
Poetic picturings of his friend—

Unlike

The other, physically slim, and fair,  
With liquid eyes and ringlets like a girl ;  
Who lived, unknown to others, in a world  
Of mystic dreams and spiritual delights,  
The no less happy poet boy.

These days,

These blissful days of innocence and love,  
Whose holy radiance after years of grief,

Of sorrow, or of sin, can never dim,  
Or shut out from the heart ; these happy days,  
Which leave their impress on the youthful mind,  
For good or ill, for weal or woe, through life ;  
E'er tinging bright or dark the restless soul  
With sunshine or with shadow ; came at last  
Abruptly to a close ;

And, like two ships,  
On life's calm sea—they parted.

Met again,  
Beneath the shadow of the Mansion-House,  
In noisy Cheapside, 'mid the Babel sounds  
Of London's thoroughfares and crowded streets :—  
'Ha ! ha ! Jacobus ; is it thus we meet ;  
You toiling up the slippery steep of Fame,  
Yet never satisfied ; while, as of yore,  
The world and I jog easily along,  
And fortune cometh for the seeking : Ah !  
How little either knew of life ; its cares,  
Its bitter, stern, dark, dread realities ;  
When—inexperienced boys—we wander'd oft  
By the banks of our beautiful river ;

You, in poetic frenzy, reading loud  
Some new-fledged virgin poem ; while I laugh'd,  
Yet listen'd to the dreamy fervour wild,  
Grand holy rapture of my friend.

Ha ! ha !—

At Simpson's dine with me at five, exact—  
Rump steak with oyster sauce ; prime bottled stout ;  
Then sherry, or madeira ; winding up  
With some old claret for the stomach's sake.  
I have a box at Drury for a week,—  
The period of my stay in town—we'll make  
A jovial night of it at the opera—  
You wont ? Ha ! ha ! I thought so, just the old  
Poetic visionary—but what's the time—  
Two-thirty—take I must this passing 'bus  
For Westminster—good-bye—we'll meet again :

And, like two ships again—they parted :

One,

To city pleasures for a time ; then calm,  
Contented, settling down again, e'en rich,  
Amongst his fellows rising in repute,  
At market or exchange in credit high ;

At church on Sundays regular as becomes  
A ruling elder of the kirk ; at home,  
Kind, jovial, hospitable ; and abroad,  
Respected, not as city magnets are,  
But as they ought to be.

The other, gone

To his suburban cottage ; greeted home  
By smiling wife and children ; these, with books,  
His only worldly wealth ; yet toiling on  
All cheerful, hopeful of a better day ;  
Fame ever whispering with her joyous voice—  
'These mental efforts in the end must bring  
Eternal sunshine on thy name ; e'en now,  
The ebon clouds seem slow dispersing ; faint,  
Grey streaks of daybreak heralding the morn.'

Great God ! how wondrous, wise, Thy great designs ;  
To each by native instinct, genius high,  
Apportioning his proper sphere ; in which,  
Alone, his individual weal or woe  
Can ever true be found. The merchant toils  
Keen panting to be rich ; the poet yearns,  
Far upward climbs for fame—pursuing each

The natural path to which his instinct leads—  
The one with plodding energy endow'd,  
Without imaginative flights of soul  
Unsuited to his sphere; the other born  
With restless genius, aspirations high;  
In intellectual efforts, mental thought,  
Alone delighting; each, fulfilling true,  
Not envying the other, His decree,  
Who, from eternity, appointed fit  
Each human soul its destiny.

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## MY LOST FRIEND.

My long lost earliest friend—

Where art thou, Greig?

Learn'd, of a learn'd profession; yet unfit  
With influence political to cope;  
Disdaining, briefless, longer mute to walk

The 'Outer-House;' brave, boldly went thou forth  
A pioneer to far Canadian wilds;  
Thy aged mother with thee to inspire,  
Cheer, comfort, and console: but thy career  
To me is all a blank; no tidings came  
Of all thy wanderings; letters sent thou none,  
E'en to thy early friend.

Hast thou forgot  
Our happy school-days; youthful pastimes; all  
Our wanderings lone along the breezy Links,  
Or level golden sands, which skirt the shore  
By mine own Island City?

I'll recall  
Some early scenes of rural pleasure, nay,  
Perchance of mischief; we, the leaders oft,  
At football, boating, golf, or curling match;  
But first of our preceptors:—

Norval; quick,  
Keen sensitive of personal affront;  
Chastising with severity; the good  
Of all his pupils ever his high aim,

Yet unsuccessful in attracting fond  
Their heart-affections ; great in adjectives,  
Verbs, pronouns, participles ; in Murray learn'd,  
The rules of grammar at his finger ends ;  
Methodical imparting all his lore  
By line and plummet, ancient rote and rule.  
Rintoul ; imperious, stern, of haughty mien  
And lofty bearing ; ruling every class  
Like military battalions ; discipline so strict—  
A word, or look more potent than the lash ;  
So uniform the exercise, the eye  
Could scarce detect superlative degrees,  
The dux or dunce, the better or the worse.  
An English scholar, and a gentleman,  
Imparting dignity to all around,  
In elocution perfect, ever proud  
Of aptness in his scholars catching quick  
His own intensity of fire, at which  
Would sparkle with delight his eye, his heart  
Approving warm, though words of idle praise  
Fell never from his lips. Then Calvert ; tall,  
In manner grave ; deep learn'd in classic lore ;  
E'er *grounding* well his pupils, keeping long  
Impetuous spirits in the Elements ;

Not till well fledged, with strength of wing to soar  
Into Ovidian atmosphere, would he  
The honied sweets of richest flowers impart ;  
Thus keeping ever an Elysium bright  
Before the expectant eye, enjoy'd the more  
By fit appreciation due prepared :  
Then Livy, Sallust, Homer, Virgil, came  
With all their classic treasures, smiling, gay,  
Not fear'd as foes, but welcomed glad as friends.  
In Latin, Greek, pre-eminent in his day,  
From other lands admiring pupils came,  
To whom, and all his household, did he add  
To preceptorial duties stern, the kind,  
Good, well-remember'd offices of friend,  
Protector, father :—I can ne'er forget  
His tender-spoken last adieu ; the warm  
Kind pressure of his hand ; as forth,  
With new-felt aspirations, glowing zeal,  
Ambitious, hopeful of a name, I went  
To breast the billows brave of life's dark, deep,  
Unknown, and troubled sea.

Of living men

I may not speak, but till this heart to beat

Unconsciously shall cease, its warmest love,  
Its tenderest affection, holiest thoughts,  
Will gather round my Alma Mater, all  
Deep cent'ring there, a halo, starry pure  
Irradiating clear the path of life,  
Illuming bright the valley dread of death,  
Till, blent with rays celestial, it shall shine,  
Subdued, and purified, around the Throne  
To be eclipsed no more.

What shall I write—  
How ev'n begin? Events so crowd my brain,  
'Tis arduous to select.—

Our games of golf,  
All round the race-course,—Bertram at our head,—  
In coats of richest scarlet; all our clubs  
Bright polish'd, and our balls, the air to pierce  
With high velocity, of cunning make  
And feathery lightness. Football matches keen,  
We, chiefs on either side, commanding brave  
Our little armies, boldest at the breach;  
Adepts in tripping, tumbling, kicking 'hale,'  
A grander sound than shouts of victory!

Then curling, skating—*Cruisers* frozen deep—  
A mimic salt-sea lake ;—the banks around  
Bright crowded with the fair, their winning smiles,  
For dext'rous feats, our only, high reward.  
Our unskill'd boatings in the dread *Backsands*,  
Oft ending in a mimic wreck, our skiffs  
Left high and dry upon the treach'rous banks,  
The castaway young mariners at bay  
Upon a desert island ; waiting stern,  
Wet, hungry, weary, for returning tide  
Our tiny boats again to float ; the night  
Oft gathering dark her shadows ere the oak  
Old bridge was pass'd, and moorings safely reach'd.

That sudden, strange commotion in the class  
Amidst the stillness of the Latin prayer ?—  
The doctor solemn ; scholars grave, devout—  
A long, loud roar of mortal agony  
Bursts like a tempest on the calm ;—all eyes  
From whence the sound proceeds now turn in fear,  
Adventurous spirits gath'ring quick in groups  
Round one unhappy wight, he, blubb'ring loud,  
All writhing keen with pain—some one had pull'd  
Straight out a hair from off his curly head,

While rapt in dreamy, deep devotion—he  
Full knowing well the daring culprit, yet,  
Though warmly prest, his name would not reveal.  
*I* pull'd the hair ; my victim long since high  
In royal service :—Noble boy ; a trait,  
This, in thy youth, of character, full, clear  
Develop'd true in after-life in deeds  
Of friendship, greater than the deeds of arms  
In sea-fight brave, or gory battle-field.

The tales, deep thick-ribbed lies, shall I recall,  
Of John O'Arnha' ; the old Town-Guard  
Subservient to him as their chief ; his tongue  
Not once e'er known to speak the truth, all men,  
By his high standard, liars but himself :  
Or speak of Beattie, who in polish'd rhyme  
John's deeds of heroism, cantrips wild,  
Immortalized through time ; or of his own  
Sad, miserable end—a suicide,  
Poor victim to a woman's vile caprice,  
His ' Letters ' speaking more of wounded pride,  
Than broken heart-affections—then his last,  
Strange journey by the mail ; his warm adieus  
To all his fellow-travellers ; his course

By old St Cyrus, glad the villagers  
All greeting kind with courtesy and grace ;  
Sad entering calm the lone churchyard—Alas !  
Upon a sister's grave he sobs and weeps :—  
A pistol loud report—his body lies  
Deep weltering in its gory bed—his soul  
Uncall'd, unshriven at the bar of God !

Forget you cannot, how the first steam-boat  
Pass'd swiftly o'er the Northern Sea.

We stood,

Two units in a wondering group of boys,  
High on a sandy hill thick crown'd  
Sharp bristling with the hardy bent ; the sea,  
In glorious beauty, spreading far around ;  
Excitement trembling keen in every nerve,  
Each eye fix'd steadily on farthest verge  
Of jutting headland in the east—a faint  
Black line of smoke—a ringing joyous shout—  
And sailing grandly on she quickly came,  
And pass'd, life-like, before our wond'ring sight,  
Slow disappearing from the sunny bay ;  
The distance, that loved medium which conceals

Unsightly, rough details, revealing dim,  
In haze-like spirit-beauty, bright the scene,  
Remember'd fondly as a pleasant dream !

The Foreign Ship, upon the Ennet dread,  
Deep stranded, sunk 'mong treach'rous sands,  
The billows, lash'd to fury by the storm,  
In rolling mountain-masses heaving high,  
Then breaking o'er her shiver'd timbers white  
With feathery spray ; the Life-Boat dashing on,  
By heroes manned, all boldly through the surf ;  
The rope caught firmly by the shipwreck'd men,  
Who, quickly treading the ærial bridge,  
In safety reach'd their brave deliverers.

Not so the sailor-boy—by cruel wave  
Dash'd quick from off the wreck, he struggled long  
Against the roaring breakers, calmly still  
Upon the billows floating ; soft at last  
Cast by a murmuring wavelet at our feet :  
His ringlets flaxen white ; complexion fair  
And ruddy ; open wide his bright blue eyes,  
Intelligent, expressive ; in his hands,  
Firm clutch'd, a richly-mounted book.

We gazed  
Long through our gushing tears, all deeply touch'd  
By this, a parent's parting-gift, and thought  
Upon the sea-boy's distant home, and Her,  
Now waiting his return—his Mother !

All  
Our ramblings wild by Ferry-den ; our jokes  
With fishers Tam and Rab ; the lasses' smiles,  
We learning keen their nets to mend ; our walks  
Along the pebbly beach ; cod-fish in heaps  
Ranged thick along white bleaching in the sun ;  
The black rocks' slippery pathway—coated thick  
With tangled sea-weed, shell-fish fresh and sweet—  
Zigzag us leading to the lighthouse tower,  
From which, all seaward, rapturous we gaz'd  
With straining eyes, all eager to descry  
The fairy land beyond.

Our visits oft  
To manse of Craig, the good man's boys our friends,  
Our fellow-pupils, studying oft with them  
Our Greek and Latin Exercises ; then,  
Wild roaming Rossie's spreading woods ; or, *douce*,

The lowly cottars visiting, grave talk,  
The burden of our converse high.

One day,—

A day to be remember'd,—we had got,  
By stealth, the sacred keys ; sly to the church,  
All bent on mischief, rapidly we went ;  
Each, in his turn, the pulpit mounting grave,  
Keen mimicking the well-known preachers round  
With artless truthfulness ; the gown and bands  
Alternate wearing, the disrobed transform'd  
At once into the beadle ; but the play  
Grew stale at last ; and, mounting bold the tower,  
We reach'd the belfry ;—

Ropes so tempting hung,  
I pull'd, and pull'd ; ding, dong, ding, dong, the bell  
Went swinging round, its sharp, clear chimings heard  
Abroad o'er all the parish—looking out,  
The cottars running to the church in haste,  
Surprised we saw ; forgetting, then, the bell  
The alarm sounded, through the week, of fire :—  
'Fire, Fire,' resounded from below—to hide,  
Descending to the church we ran : some slouch'd

The high-back'd pews between ; while others, cow'd,  
Surrender'd at discretion ; I, their chief,  
Cool in the pulpit taking refuge ; all,  
Unearth'd at last except myself.

I heard

The shuffling, dull, retreating footsteps grow  
More indistinct and faint :—a loud voice cries—  
' O we've forgot the poopit '—on they came,  
Victorious peasants to the dread assault ;  
And opening rude the door, their victim seized,  
While smiling grimly at the strange conceit :  
All march'd as pris'ners to the manse ; when there,—  
Before the gentle Brewster grave arraign'd,  
In single file ranged in a long array,  
His own lov'd boys doom'd culprits 'mong the rest—  
The peasants so outdid their parts, he smiled,  
Our dire offence forgave, and archly said—  
He hoped my pow yet in a pulpit grave  
Ere long would, penitential, wag.

Our walks

To North Esk bridge, with fishing-rod, and line ;  
Returning, baskets minus oft of fish—

The sky too clear, the sun too strong, the trout  
Too sly the fly to catch—sound reasons these  
For want of sport, and empty creels ! How once  
My unsuccessful rod I struck, and roam'd  
Along the woody banks, then on the Links  
Exhausted laid me down ; and you, at e'en,  
Glad, after weary searchings, finding lone  
The wand'ring truant boy in slumbers sweet  
Between two playful lambs !

Of all our tricks

On honest Snipe the cobbler, sitting lone  
On winter evenings, hard at work, up high,  
Rush lighted, at his little casement ; oft  
Scared, terrified by turnip lanterns, black  
With soot and paint, like negroes grinning wild  
Upon the window-sill ! Or helping each  
Above another, high at last I stood—  
A human face keen peering into his,  
Enough the nerves of bolder men to shake,—  
E'en as it was,—the hair up standing straight,  
The awl, all trembling, falling from his hands,  
His eyes protruding large, mouth open wide,  
He look'd dread fear aghast personified !

Poor Snipe ; if still thou livest, O forgive  
Thy young tormentor, who, now far in life,  
Of all his freaks oft thinks with self-reproach ;  
Yet, fearful, if his life, begun anew,  
In these wild pranks would much amendment shew :  
Boys must be, ever will, nay, should be boys ;  
'Twere vain the course of nature to contract,  
Mature philosophy expect of crude,  
Wild, joyous, inexperienced youth.

Strange freaks

On starry winter nights—up went the kite  
With lighted lantern at her tail, till high  
Among the nebulae, soaring too and fro,  
The red-like light a wandering comet seem'd,  
Wiseacres congregating grave to mark  
The new discovered luminary—lo !  
The candle to its socket burnt ; faint, faint,  
It flickers for a while—at last expires,  
The astronomically muddled pates  
In deeper darkness for the reason why !

The ev'ning funeral—all stealthy, quick it came,  
Seen dimly through the moonlight ; by the bier,

Four dark cloak'd figures walk'd ; on to the gate  
Of lone St Peter's on the Links they went,  
Surprised and awed, we following 'mong the tombs,  
No priest or clerk the funeral service sad  
Performing for the dead : at last they stop  
A little grave beside ; the velvet pall  
Removing quick,—out of the coffin falls  
An unswathed infant—then a shriek so shrill,  
So full of anguish, bursting from the group,  
A woman could alone have utterance giv'n  
To such deep cries of poignant grief !

No more ;

Else all the incidents of early youth,  
Would, like a vivid panorama, pass  
Again before our vision :—

Yet, those nymphs,  
Sweet, sylph-like goss'mer creatures, shedding bright  
The golden sunshine on our path ; at books,  
Or playful sports, their mystic influence felt,  
Our boy-life hallowing with tenderest love,  
Have we forgot ? No ! no ! within the heart they dwell  
All blessed evermore ; not as e'en now,—

Poor Snipe; if still thou livest, O forgive  
Thy young tormentor, who, new far in life,  
Of all his freaks oft thinks with self-reproach;  
Yet, fearful, if his life, begun anew,  
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The astronomically muddled  
In deeper darkness

The ev'ning  
Seen dim

[illegible]

Else all the incidence of war.

Would like a visit

Answer: 70%



Staid matrons, wives, and mothers—but all young  
As when they hallow'd sweet our youthful joys,—  
Bright flashing sunbeams flitting 'mong the flowers,  
Elves, fairy myths, ærial sprites, devoid  
Of aught material, yet, in our souls,  
A living, holy, felt reality,  
All dwelling pure, the essence sweet of love !

Where art thou domiciled, my early friend—  
In populous city ; rich, a man of mark ;  
Thine influence felt in Council, Senate high ;  
In place and honour, wife and children glad  
Bright sunshine shedding o'er thy happy home ?  
Or, wanderer art thou still 'mong backwoods wild,  
The sport of fortune ; zealous cleaving brave  
The great pine-forest with thy trusty axe :  
Thy little shanty rude, 'midst fields of corn  
Thick studded o'er with blacken'd stumps of trees ;  
Thy scanty flock in wild-wood pastures rich  
Luxurious grazing idly where they will ;  
Thy hard won Clearance darkly wall'd around  
By sombre harping pines, whose music wild  
Remembrance brings of thine own mountain land ?

If, when thou sittest by the logwood fire,  
In depth of stormy, dreary winter, lone,  
Thy mate, the wild red Indian, by thy side,  
Some wand'rer fresh from home shouldst enter glad  
Thy snow-roof'd wigwam with this little book,  
Thou readest grave—'My long lost, earliest friend,'  
The red man wond'ring strange to see thee weep ;  
Soft tell him kindly these are tears of joy  
Shed for a loved one far away, whose soul  
Now mystically blent with thine, a flood  
Of pure and holy blessedness comes o'er  
The strange re-union, hallowing all with love,  
Such as thou felt in thine own youthful home  
When life itself was young.

What of myself?—

The starting-point of every poem a fact,  
My life is written in my books ; to some  
The undercurrent flowing dimly seen ;  
What lies beneath the rugged surface hid  
To others ; yet a current running strong,  
Deep, and pellucid, far below, its bed  
Rich gemmed with purple shells ; these, fitly strung,

A long unbroken chain from first to last,  
From boyhood upwards, stands to thee reveal'd,  
More vivid, more enduring far than words  
Wrought up in fine Biography !

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### MY LOST BROTHER.

I HAD a brother once ; now have I none ;  
In bloom of youth he died.

Dear, gentle boy,  
I grieve not now for thee ; the gulf between  
Is slowly bridging o'er ; stray silver hairs  
The coming daybreak mute foretell ; the dawn,  
E'en now, is on my brow ; the distant sound  
Of Jordan's swelling waves, the harpings sweet  
From the celestial hills, the chorus soft  
Of cherubim and seraphim I hear ;  
And as the rolling music, mingling grand,  
Comes earthward swelling near, I recognise,  
Above the melody of anthems clear,

Thy well-known silvery voice—‘Come, brother, come,  
Thy robes of white, thy crown of gold, the palm  
Of victory I bear ; thy place on high,  
Beside me at the throne, is now prepared ;  
I long to greet thee in a last embrace,  
Last, for we meet to part no more : Come, come,  
Why tarry on that desolate earth ; O why  
Now linger on the threshold dark of time,  
A bright eternity of joy is yours.’

Sweet, gentle wert thou in thy temper ; ever kind,  
Affectionate and true ; companion blest  
In all my walks, in country and in town ;  
In years the youngest, yet e’en checking oft  
My wild, impetuous spirit ; hallowing all  
By converse innocent and pure.

To me

The gift of song came early ; at eleven,  
I penned a rustic poem—’twas my first ;  
The subject—sorrow for a brother’s death—  
The muse I woo’d not, to me first she came  
Unbidden, of her own accord ; and yet,  
Though rosy words went tripping from my pen

Without an effort, strange e'en to myself,  
These infant notes in secret long I hugged,  
Afraid, asham'd the air would breathe the song,  
And men the notes would ridicule with scorn.

'Twas spring ; the sky all vocal sweet with birds,  
The valleys fragrant with their thousand flowers,  
All nature bursting into life, new, fresh,  
Rejoicing to the heart of man : we walk'd  
Along the level Links which fringing skirt  
The spreading bay ; till on a grassy knoll  
With wild flowers fragrant, tired, we sat us down  
To gaze upon the outbound ships, and mark  
Their still decreasing size ; receding slow,  
Till, like white specks upon the distant sea,  
Careering on they faded from the view.  
With head averted, and abash'd, I drew  
From out its secret hiding-place, my poem,  
Which, faltering, hesitatingly I read ;  
Then paused for a response—none came—'These words,'  
Said I, 'are mine, my brother :—' 'Read them o'er  
Once more,' replied he calm : again I read,  
And wondering, paused—then looking up—his lips  
Seem'd motionless ; his large blue eyes

All brimful, dim with tears ; his heart deep touch'd,  
Too strong, acute, for words : my hands he clasp'd  
So tenderly in his, and, rising, said—  
'The night draws on, my brother—let us go.'

Time roll'd along, and many years had come,  
And quickly pass'd away ; a brighter sphere  
Now op'ning to his youthful vision, forth  
To view Edina's palaces he went,—  
His prized high holiday, before the toils  
Prospective dread of busy life had come  
To cast their shadows on his spirit.

Home,  
At the expected time he came, but changed ;  
And, sick and weary, laid him on the bed  
From which he never rose again : long days  
Of wasting sickness, nights of sad unrest,  
Exhaustion painless, flush'd and feverish cheeks,  
Alternate paleness—livid, ashy cold—  
The chill and clammy sweat, the quiv'ring lip  
E'er whisp'ring words of hope ; foreshadow'd dark  
Consumption's early doom.

'Twas summer-time :


The sun shone bright upon the window-panes,  
The birds soft twitt'ring in the eaves ; the trees,  
Both pear and apple, full in blossom sweet,  
The fragrance of our little garden came  
In at the open window :—

' Lift me up,

My brother ; pile these pillows high ; my head  
I fain would raise once more, and look around  
On each familiar thing ; then gaze abroad  
To mark the blossoms of my favourite flowers ;  
Inhale the sweetness of the balmy air,  
And list the cheering melody of birds ;  
I yet the bloom may gather sweet of flowers,  
And eat the ripe autumnal fruit :—

Now, sit

Beside me, brother, reading soft and low  
Some grand old psalm, or prophecy, or song ;  
From David's, Solomon's, Isaiah's harp  
To me the sweetest music comes ; 'tis like  
The melody of voices far away,  
Yet ever swelling near ; not strains of earth,  
But high celestial chimes.'—



And, as I read,  
The bright vermillion on his pallid cheeks  
More deep, more lovely grew ; his lustrous eyes  
Burn'd brighter with intensity of light ;  
Divinely spiritualized, a being more  
To heaven than earth akin ; etherealized  
And spirit-like, yet calm with human joy !

The day pass'd quick away, and twilight came.

The casement shut, no apple-blossoms breath'd  
Their fragrance fresh into the sick-room sweet ;  
Nor song of birds, glad children's voices soft,  
Nor city sounds were heard ; the curtain dark  
Of ebon night was falling o'er the world,  
And silence, deep, profound, encircled all.—

' Come, sit beside me, brother, trim the lamp,  
And cause it brighter burn ; I long to hear  
Of rivers pure as crystal, orange groves,  
Great golden valleys, everlasting hills ;  
Of holy cities, crowns, and harps of gold,  
Archangel music, high seraphic songs ;  
To see God's throne, and Him that sits thereon ;

The four and twenty elders ; Christ the Son,  
Redeemer, Advocate ; the Martyrs, Saints,  
In robes made white by Jesus' blood ; to join  
Heav'n's hallelujahs, and the voices loud  
Triumphal singing, ' Worthy is the Lamb,  
Power, wisdom, riches, glory, honour, strength,  
And blessing to receive.'

My Saviour, come ;  
Come, Jesus, quickly ; O why tarry now  
Thy golden chariot wheels ; I fain would fly  
From earth and all earth's scenes ; my spirit longs  
A holier atmosphere to breathe ; to roam  
In glorious sunshine on the mountain tops  
Of the empyreal heavens, and, grandest thing  
Of all grand things, to walk with Christ in white  
Amid the Father's smiles.—

My brother, read '—

And, catching his intensity of joy,  
Long, rapturously I read—inspired the theme—  
The holy city with its gates of pearl,  
Inwrought with precious gold ; its dazzling walls  
Of amethyst and jasper, emerald,

And sapphire ; rivers, seas, all pure as glass ;  
The rainbow round about the throne ; the crowns,  
And sceptres, jewelled harps, white robes, the palms  
Of victory : elders, angels, saints—ten  
Thousand times ten thousand—voices strong,  
Like sound of many waters, thundering loud,  
And harpers harping with their harps—the song  
‘ Hail ! Alleluia, glory, honour, power,  
Salvation to our God.’

‘ I fain would rest ;  
Good night, my brother ; early come—at dawn.’

And I retired ; a strange presentiment  
Of coming change dread fast’ning on my soul ;  
And in my troubled sleep my brother came,  
In travelling dress array’d, and, with a wave  
Of his thin white hand, he bade farewell : then strange,  
Low, muffled voices struck my ear ; the cock  
Crew cheerily at daybreak ; footfalls quick  
Fell on the oaken stairs, and pass’d along,  
All hurriedly from room to room ; and lights,  
Faint flick’ring, came and went ; and voices low,  
With death-sounds in their whispers, to me came ;

And, as I trembling pass'd along, faint sobs,  
Low wailings from the sick-room issued deep—

‘He’s dying,’ caught my ear—

My hand he clasp’d,  
Faint pressing it in his ; and, with a smile,  
As if rapt list’ning to some distant sound,  
At early dawn his spirit pass’d away,  
Calm, sweetly, heralded by angel’s songs,  
To God, the Great Original.

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### MY BIRTH-PLACE.

THE house where I was born !

Yes ; there it stands,  
Dear, hallow’d, ever blessèd, sacred spot,  
E’en as it stood, when, as a little child  
I listen’d to the plaintive lullaby  
Of a fond mother bending o’er my couch  
In life’s bright early dawn.

Let me draw near,  
And listen to the voices of the Past.—  
All silent? And how changed! The once white walls  
Now dingy brown; moss-cover'd all the eaves;  
And from the eastern gable hath decay'd  
My fav'rite apple-tree, which blossom'd sweet  
Around my little window, where, at morn,  
The sun peep'd through the leaves; arch'd round the door  
No honeysuckle-porch its fragrance breathes,  
Nor flower-beds in the little garden bloom;  
The stranger's hand, all ruthless, hath been there,  
And green corn waves in place of rose and briar.  
And now, from out the creaking door there looks  
An old and wither'd crone, all wondering keen  
What interest to me, her domicile,  
Thus strangely could afford!

The little farm  
Merged greedily in another, servants stay  
Where once the happy farmer lived; and all,  
Except the walls and roof, is changed: The mill,  
To strangers let, beats yarn instead of flour;  
The noise of wheels grates heavily on the ear,  
Rude blended loud with laughter coarse and harsh,

Akin to city sounds ; the very air  
Impregnated with odours foul ; the burn  
Impure, unwholesome, poison'd rank, and dead.

But the associations ? *They* remain !  
Gold will not buy them, neither time destroy ;  
New places cannot bribe them ; from the old  
They never can be separated ; hence,  
My birth-place ever hath to me a charm  
Nought aught on earth can ever true possess.  
What care I for these changes rude : the glen—  
My own dear glen—Is it not there ; the hills,  
Where oft I wander'd in my boyhood lone  
'Mong bleating sheep and lambs ; the rushing streams  
In which I angled for the speckled trout,  
Are they not still the same ?

I realize,  
E'en now, each happy picture of my youth,  
And young become again :—

Hark !—Rover's bark ;  
The clatt'ring sharp of hoofs ; my father comes,  
On old grey Donald, trotting up the lane.

From Friday's market : I can hear his voice,  
Now speaking kindly as he slow dismounts,  
The bridle giving to the callant boy ;  
I, not much bigger than his spruce top-boots,  
With glee, quick toddling from the garden gate  
In happy mood to meet him ; feeling quick  
His greatcoat pockets for expected sweets ;  
Then leading him triumphant to the house  
Despoil'd of all his treasures ! Then  
The new silk gown for mother, ribbons gay,  
The coming Yule to celebrate ; the cloth  
For my first *brecks* ; Glengary cap for brother ;  
A packet of 'Havanna' for the miller ;  
Powders for the sick herd orphan boy—  
Something for all, yet nothing for himself !


Then of my visits to the loved meal mill  
With mimic team ; when oft the miller, bland,  
Would, smiling, fill my sacks with seeds, then help'd  
To laden deep my horse and cart ; or took  
Me gently by the hand the Stones to view  
In whirling eddies grinding out the corn ;  
While lasses, singing, sifted clean the meal,  
The jolly millers' bass sonorous blent

With noisy happers measured clatter deep,  
And splashing dash of big mill wheel.

The feast

Of Harvest Home, with fiddling, jest, and song,  
Within the barn, well swept, and lighted up  
As for a Penny Wedding ; father first  
The ball off leading ; lads and lasses gay  
Quick joining in the mystic contradance,  
Inspired by strains the fiddlers well could give ;  
The village youngsters sitting in a row  
In Sunday suits, glad looking smiling on ;  
While in a cozy corner round the board,  
Were aged cottars quaffing nut-brown ale,  
The miller in the midst, with pawky smile,  
Replenishing the empty bickers : joy,  
Contentment, every feature lighting up,  
And mirth, heartfelt, encircling all.

The fat-brose breakfast, long'd for e'er at Yule,  
When men and callants, lasses, boys, went forth  
Among their friends a holiday to spend ;  
While mother bustled busy *but* and *ben*  
The yearly feast all fitly to prepare,—



An hospitable, liege goodwife,—till full  
The eked-out damask'd-cover'd table groan'd  
With weight of sirloin, venison, and fowl ;  
The guests from neighbouring hill and glen, all round  
Due seated happy at the smiling board ;  
Where social talk and merry song fill'd up  
The happy evening ; till the impatient steeds  
Assembling in the court, foretold the hour  
The best of friends must part : the stirrup cup  
Gone loving round, departing glad the guests,  
Each gudewife snug behind her own gudeman,  
With warm adieus, repeated oft good-nights.

Then of my boyish school-days at the *Bog*,—  
Kinnettles little school ; remembered dear—  
Where 'Donald' reign'd supreme in classic lore,  
Pure English Syntax, Fractions decimal,  
And vulgar—famous in his day—to whom  
Youths came from all the parishes around  
At learned Gamaliel's feet to sit, and drink  
Of wisdom's flowing waters, ever sweet.  
Yet, to his 'Laddies,' he was ever kind ;  
To punishment averse, e'en when deserved,  
E'er more acute experiencing the blow

Than by the culprit felt himself ; and fond,  
In after-life keen tracking their career,  
Proud of their eminence in science, art,  
In trade, or literature—his ‘laddies’ still.

The Sabbath morn ! How hallow’d, sweet the sound !  
All labour hush’d upon our little farm ;  
Subdued the voice, more reverent the gait ;  
No jesting rude, or idle converse ; all,  
Man, beast, and bird, the holy blessèd day,  
E’en, sympathetic, hallowing ; no gloom,  
Austere or Puritanical, the mind  
Deep shrouding ghastly dark, cold freezing up  
The heart’s affections warm ; but holy peace,  
Sweet calm serenity, the offspring pure  
Of a religion cheerful, yet akin  
The nearest to solemnity of truth.

Return’d from church ; the farmer with his boy  
Slow wandering by the burn, my hand in his ;  
He, telling Joseph’s story soft and sweet ;  
The shepherd-boy becoming Israel’s king ;  
The mystic ladder joining earth to heaven ;  
Young Samuel list’ning to the heavenly voice ;

Of Timothy, who God knew from his youth ;  
Christ taking children in his tender arms  
And blessing them ; or weeping o'er the sins  
Of doom'd Jerusalem ; or triumphing  
O'er death the grave, ascending gloriously,  
By angels welcomed, to celestial bliss,  
The friend, Redeemer of the human race.

The assembling of the household, old and young,  
Within the spacious kitchen ; in the midst,  
My father, patriarchal-like and grave,  
In accents solemn and subdued, the Book  
Explaining clear ; or reading pure the word  
Without remark or comment, list'ning all  
As to the voice of God himself ; then soft  
Arising from the heart the voice of praise  
Like evening incense wafted rich on high,  
While angels gazed from their celestial thrones  
In mute adoring wonder, fain to join,  
Yet could not, this high theme—a Saviour's love !

Now, Goths and Vandals, do your worst ; uproot  
Each vestige to the eye most dear ; raze, raze  
The well remember'd walls ; waft, scatter rude

To merc'less blasts each hospitable roof ;  
Associations mock—defy your power ;  
The heart's affections laugh your wrath to scorn ;  
Ye cannot still the echoes of the past,  
Rude hush the music of these holy songs,  
Gag, silence memory's hallow'd voice.

No ! no !

The sweet sequester'd glen, the mountains, streams,  
Are ever eloquent to me the same ;  
The place where once the ancient homestead stood  
Is phantom-haunted, thickly peopled still ;  
The forms I see of those I early loved,  
And well-known names come sweetly to the ear,  
And voices swell on every passing breeze.

My Home ! my ancient, dear-loved mountain home !  
If ever I do thee forget, my tongue  
To my mouth's roof let cleave, my hand  
Forget its cunning : like the Jews of old,  
Afar from thee and all I love, I hang  
My unstrung harp upon the willows ; thoughts  
Of country, home, my bosom full shall swell,  
And silver tears begem my furrow'd cheeks,

And weeping sad by Babel's streams, I'll muse  
On former joys, and all I held most dear ;  
And when I'm dying, soft to me shall come  
The low sweet voice of my own mountain burn,  
Its waters flowing round my pillow soft,  
Obliterating by their music rich  
That dim, mysterious link which separates  
Eternity from time, and not till blent  
With Heav'n's high hallelujahs, shall its notes,  
Like distant, still receding music, die  
Low, faintly, and for ever away !

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## MY DWELLING-PLACE.

My dwelling-place ?

I'd have no fix'd abode,  
But rover, roam, a citizen of the world ;  
All countries visit ; every man my brother :  
Now, on the sunny plains of Mexico,  
Luxuriating 'mong tropic sweets ; my bower

Beneath the golden helianthus, pink,  
Bright blossoms of the cleomè, entwined  
With purple rich monarda ; trailing round,  
The silver pale euphorbia ; crown'd high,  
With prodigal profusion, gorgeous rich,  
The dazzling orange asclepia,  
Sweet interlaced the scarlet malva ; all,  
Enervating to body, soul ; the mind  
Unhinged, the tensions unstrung, absorb'd  
In sensual delights ; day-life a dream  
Of mystic purpling sunshine ; night unrest,  
'Midst shifting shadows indefinable.

Anon, 'mong South Sea fair enchanting Isles—  
Tahiti, coral-girt Pacific Queen ;  
Eimeo, rich romantic Georgian gem ;  
Tethuroa, charming favourite bower  
Of sable beauty—cloudless azure skies,  
And breezes breathing soft and balmy ; sooth'd  
By murmuring billows breaking o'er the reefs  
Of spiral coral ; rushing cataracts  
Majestic dashing down the steep ravines ;  
Far distant waterfalls, like liquid threads  
Of sparkling silver, chafing o'er the rocks



In diamond brilliants ; charm'd the restless eye  
By hill and valley, mountain, precipice,  
Clothed with eternal verdure—flow'ring moss,  
Deep, rich luxuriance of the bread-fruit tree,  
The oriental foliage spreading bright  
Of tropical pandanus, waving plumes  
Of graceful cocoa groves ; the native cots  
Pure white, in contrast beautiful with wood  
And tow'ring mountain, picturesque ; the whole,  
Another Cythera, emerging grand  
From the enchanted waves ; recalling scenes  
Of sweet primeval beauty—Adam, Eve,  
Pure, happy, innocent, in dreams of love  
'Mong blissful bowers of holy Paradise !

Or, sailing calm 'mong India's Western Isles,  
The breezes redolent of perfume ; sweet,  
Rich odours fresh from Cuba's verdurous shores  
Soft wafting o'er the undulating waves  
Like honied breath of violets.

Then glad  
O'er golden plains of jewelled Hindostan  
Midst tropical luxuriance roaming wild,

Or hunting in the jungle—manly sport—  
By elephants the cover beaten, lines  
Swift forcing through the thickets ; while outside  
Spear-arm'd, the horsemen wait—exciting scene—  
The hog breaks cover ; on with Arab speed  
His dread pursuers follow in the chase ;  
Till, turn'd to bay, the foremost rude is charged,  
Each, in succession, striking with his spear,  
He, fighting boldly to the last, too brave  
To yield, too proud to flee ; no moan or sound  
Faint, truce-like utt'ring, till some vital part  
Deep struck remorseless, o'er in blood he falls  
Exhausted, dying without a groan.

Delhi,

And Lucknow visiting ; Temples rock-cut,  
High famous black Pagodas ; Juggernaut ;  
Benares, sacred city of the East,  
Ablaze with mosques, and minarets, and towers ;  
Then famous Chunar Fort ; Allahabad  
At junction of the Jumna ; Ganges—blest,  
Dread holy spot—then, Agra, beautiful  
In gorgeous ruins, marble minarets,  
Pearl mosques, bright jewelled palaces and tombs ;

The Taj Mahal, in India the chief  
Of Saracenic architecture, white  
With chiselled marble, brilliantly inlaid  
With agates, jaspers, precious stones, mosaic,  
In colour and device superbly rich :  
Gateways and fountains, gardens gay combined,  
More dazzling, costlier, than Arabian Nights,  
The enchanting scene.

Luxuriating awhile,  
All surfeited with sweets, in that bright isle,  
'The Land of the Hyacinth and Ruby;' 'Isle  
Of Jewels;' 'Pearl on India's Brow;' around  
Soft laved by rich vermillion waves; enthroned  
'Mong rocks of crystalline upheaved on high  
Like battlemented crags, fantastic shaped  
In pyramidal pinnacles and towers;  
In rich festoons, the flow'ring climbing plants  
Profusely hanging from the shelving cliffs  
In never-fading bloom.

Here would I dwell,  
In city bright of rubies; gemmed the hills  
With amethysts and sapphires; pebbled bright

The amber streams with diamonds, agates rich ;  
The woods ablaze with gorgeous foliage—red,  
Deep purple, yellow, scarlet, blood-red, white—  
Flowers from the branches pendulous rich  
Like hanging gardens, bright with every hue ;  
Palmyra palms in cool prolific groves ;  
Acacias, mustard trees, and satin wood ;  
The cinnamon, the banyan ; asoca  
Crown'd bright with crimson, orange flowers ; the fig ;  
The yellow champac with its sweet perfume ;  
The coral, shaddock, tulip, orange, lime,  
In wild and prodigal profusion blent,  
Bright rhododendron's blushing flowers on high  
Rich purpling all the hills ; more beautiful,  
More wondrous far, than human intellect,  
By loftiest imagination rich  
Luxurious inspired, could picture faint,  
Far less in words portray.

My bower I'd build  
'Mong sheltering palm-groves by the sparkling sea ;  
Perennial verdure stretching far, e'en kiss'd  
By young waves' warm and honied lips, embraced  
By undulating billows murm'ring soft,

Melodious sweet, voluptuous songs of love ;  
The scented breezes 'mong the feathery palms  
All blending soft with musical reveilles :  
The feather'd choirs of graceful form and sweep,  
And gorgeous plumage rich of every hue ;  
The daybreak heralded by flute-like tones  
Of clear-voicèd arioles ; the bulbul soft  
In plaintive notes at noon, commingling sweet  
With chirp of kingfisher, lays of thrush,  
Harsh interrupted by the paroquet ;  
The robin's cheerful calls in mellow tones  
Rich filling up the pause between ; the night  
Sublimed by vesper hymns of humming birds,  
And sacred songs of paradise !

Again,

Embower'd well pleased, in lonely Isle of France,  
Among secluded valleys far from man ;  
My cot, of palm leaves, by a crystal stream,  
Soft shaded by the gum and ebony,  
The cinnamon and olive ; cabbage palms  
High tow'ring 'bove the woods in clustering leaves,  
Lianas intermingling gorgeous rich  
Their canopies of foliage blossoming

In lavish beauty, white as clouds of snow.  
Keen cultivating glad my woodland home :—  
Here planting wheat ; there strewing maize ; while gourds,  
And leafy cucumbers, fond climb the rocks  
Luxuriantly : rich coffee on the hills,  
And rice in marshy hollows ; the plantains  
Prolific yielding juicy fragrant food ;  
With lemon, tam'rind, orange, date, the eye  
Deliciously to please, and aptly form  
Dessert luxurious ; water from the stream,  
Sweet cream from date-palm trees, of rich perfume,  
The ever simple beverage.

All trim,  
My garden tending ever with due care—  
The herb-balm, periwinkle, basil, fig ;  
Hearts-tongue wave-leaved, of purple green ; dark-starred  
Broad maiden-hair, capsicum, mingling sweet—  
Surrounding all with rose-tree hedgerows rare,  
The velvet sunflower tree, the agathis  
With snow-white blossoms pendant ; peppau rich,  
With clustering melons green ; the soft lute notes  
Of amadavid bird playing round my heart  
In plaintive songs of love ; the evening sun

With saffron beams of Indian splendour soft  
At length all soothing deep my restless soul  
To placid calm forgetfulness.

Away

O'er fair and sunny Italy ;\* the land  
Of poetry and song, of fruits and flowers ;  
Bright cloudless azure skies ; romantic scenes  
Of classic beauty and decay ; her sons,  
By hellish cruelties, imprisonments,  
The torture, lash, the blood-red dungeon chain,  
Life-long dark galley slavery, aroused  
To deeds of daring heroism ; swords  
Unsheath'd in Freedom's cause ; the battle-cry  
Wide ringing o'er the agitated land,  
In every heart responsive beating true  
To Liberty or Death.

All weary, lone,

Mong Albion's fruitful valleys glad at last,  
In some secluded nook, to be at rest ;  
To see the old familiar scenes ; to hear  
Remember'd songs of native birds, blent soft  
With human voices breaking far and near

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\* Written before the emancipation of Italy by Garibaldi.

In cherish'd tones that touch the heart ; to join,  
With sympathetic spirit, grateful, full,  
The simple village choir, on Sabbath morn,  
Responding glad to supplications deep ;  
To list, with tearful eyes, the Preacher's voice,  
All solemn, cheerful—' Bring the fairest robe  
And put it on him ; for his fingers, rings ;  
Warm sandals for his naked feet ; go, kill  
For him the fatted calf ; eat, merry be ;  
For this my son was dead but lives again,  
Was lost but now is found !'

Such, be the dreams,

The visions bright of youth ; but, like the dove  
'Mong golden cloudlets sweeping high in air  
Ærial circles wide, contracting still  
Circumf'rence of her range ; till flutt'ring o'er  
Her whiten'd window, fond at last she rests,  
'Midst cooings warm of welcome, in her cot ;  
E'en so the dreamer, whirl'd in ecstasy  
Of young delights, luxuriating afar  
'Midst tropic scenes of Eden loveliness,  
All mystically nearing home as age  
Contracts the energies of youth, till, fond,

His storm-tost fluttering spirit rests,  
'Midst joyous greetings fresh from loving hearts,  
In his own fatherland at last.

The dreams

Of rosy youth, realities of age,  
Now with me having gone and come, my tent  
All weather-beaten, shatter'd, fond I'd pitch  
'Mong friends in some sequester'd sunny nook  
Of Caledonia's cherish'd scenes, more loved,  
More dear, the nearer to life's cheerful close  
I hopefully approach.

My native glen !

Fain 'mong thy fields and woods, and streams, I'd build  
My last sweet bower of rest ; but oh, to walk  
Among the homesteads lone and be unknown ;  
To mingle 'mong the villagers, and ask  
If in me fond they recognised a friend ;  
Requiring formal introduction e'en  
To cherish'd relatives who know me not ;  
A burden 'twould be more than I could bear,  
Sure, slow, yet prematurely weighing me down,  
All broken-hearted to the grave.

Yet fond

Abide would I not far from thee, sweet glen ;  
Just o'er these Sidlaw mountain tops, embower'd  
'Mong gently undulating hills, seaward,  
All round wide opening to the spreading Tay ;  
Thus, fresh the breezes from my own loved vale,  
With melody of birds, would softly come  
At morn and e'en, deep swelling o'er the hills  
In well-known tones of native music, rich,  
Soft gushing, tender, soothing to the heart  
As childhood cherish'd songs.

This, is the place—

A reed-thatch'd cottage in that furze-crown'd holm,  
On margin of the breezy Links ; the sea  
Far stretching eastward to its utmost verge ;  
Long lines of golden hills, flat tawny sands,  
White lighthouse towers, black tangled rocks, between.  
The village to the west ; from bay to hill  
Cots, villas, churches, intermingling sweet  
'Mong terraced gardens, flow'ry lawns : the town—  
Wreath'd black in clouds of smoke, belch'd high in air  
From out a thousand factory chimney throats—  
Still farther westward ; river, wooded heights,

The cultivated field, luxuriant Carse,  
Unrivalled amphitheatre of hills,  
Combining to perpetuate its old,  
Historical renown.

Here would I dwell,  
Out of, yet in the world ; removed, perchance,  
From all life's busy scenes ; yet mingling glad,  
Alternate, with my fellows ; morn and e'en  
Inhaling fresh the breezes from the sea,  
Or fragrant breath of thyme, or blooming furze ;  
Free roaming o'er the downs or golden sands ;  
Or climbing, unimpair'd, the breezy hill,  
The far-wide stretching panorama grand  
Of hill and dale, wood, water, rapt to view  
With a poetic eye, the gorgeous scene  
In purpling splendour still increasing strong  
The holiest ecstasy and love ; my mind  
Expanding ever in immortal youth ;  
Age only serving to develop true  
Its capabilities for mental toil,  
High intellectual imaginings.

Rest thee, my soul :—

Rest ! rest ! there is no rest  
For man this side the grave : work, work he must,  
E'en to life's latest close : how little then,  
Toil as he may, knows he or comprehends !  
The nearer to eternity we quick,  
Unconsciously, approach, our deeds recede,  
Abash'd, to insignificance ; asham'd,  
So much to do, so little we have done,  
Our feet the first step of the ladder, faint,  
Just touching, from ourselves we e'en recoil  
As idlers in the vineyard.

Death will come  
Too soon to all, but chief to him who toys  
Child-like, irresolute with talents, powers,  
By God vouchsafed for holy purposes  
Of high achievement, moral good ; to sow  
The seeds of godlike virtue, Christian worth,  
And his vicegerent be on earth, to spread  
The heavenly maxims of eternal truth.

## MY GRAVE.

THE tinkling sound of the country church-bell  
Chimes sweetly over the village.

We walk,

On this bright summer Sabbath morning rife  
With flowers and golden sunshine, melody  
Of hymning brooks and woodland birds, to church—  
Now on the upland lea 'mong bleating lambs,  
Anon in shady groves of beech and elm,  
On through the hazel copse or gowan'd holm ;  
The mountain streamlet, murmuring at our feet,  
Reflecting on its bosom tremulous  
The passing vision—pilgrims on the march,  
By smiling faces, silvery voices cheer'd  
Of God-sent happy children—all, at length  
Emerging from the sylvan solitude  
Into the white and dusty road, to join  
Groups, stragglers here and there, each starting far  
From different points, yet glad arriving all  
A band devoted true of worshippers,  
With preparation shod, beneath the same

Blest sacred roof at last : bright emblem true,  
By sects and parties here on earth, the church  
Unhappily divided, gathering all,  
One glorious company of ransom'd souls,  
Triumphant at the gates of Paradise.

The bell still ringing, on this flat tombstone  
Now by me sit thee down, and inward mark  
This Sabbath morning scene.

The modest church,  
Its tall white tapering spire o'ertopping high  
The green old sombre woods ; the pleasant manse—  
Sweet home of love—with garden trim beside ;  
The ancient straggling village on our right  
Embosom'd warm 'mong great ancestral trees,  
Laburnums, lilacs, hedgerows white with May,  
Bright showers of silver blossoms falling soft  
Reft by the breeze from pear and cherry trees ;  
Before us stretching far the Hunter-hill  
The Fiery Pans its culminating point,  
Associations tender clinging round  
The hallow'd spot, to infancy so dear,  
So sacred to old age.

And there, begemmed  
With daisies, buttercups, the village green,  
Where boys and girls slow wander hand in hand,  
Or stoop to pluck the budding flowers ; and here,  
The smithy, and the burn ; the rustic bridge ;  
The loved meal-mill, its blacken'd wheel at rest ;  
A dense umbrageous wood far spreading green  
In sylvan beauty on our left ; the dead,  
With unpretending pomp, in quiet churchyard  
All wrapt in silence, sleeping calm between.

A pleasant sight, these hearty greetings warm,  
Those kind inquiries after absent friends :—  
There, resting on that mould'ring tombstone rude,  
Two old greyheaded farmers gravely talk  
Of rain and sunshine, drought, expectant crops ;  
Murrain among the cattle, 'mong the sheep  
The epidemic rot ; the price of corn  
At Friday's market ; rates of butter, cheese ;  
And butchers' estimates for heifers, calves,  
Perchance of sucking pigs : then, with a sigh,  
A mournful tribute to their helpmates bear,—  
Removed for ever from the toils of life,  
Calm sleeping in the churchyard at their feet.

Here, in a sunny corner 'mong the graves,  
A group of gay gudewives incessant talk,  
All couthily, about domestic plans,  
Their several homesteads' most minute affairs ;  
The marriage of some buxom daughter ; or  
The long expected wedding of a son  
With rich *providing* of the bonnie lass,  
The trig snug farm new *plenish'd* for the pair  
By friends on either side : inquiring kind  
And oft, for tidings from afar,—the sailor boy,  
Pursuing wild his passion for the sea,  
Yet mindful of his distant home ; as shells,  
Unique, and rich, gay feathery groups of flowers,  
The chatt'ring green and golden paroquets,  
Within his mother's cottage tell :—the young  
Intrepid farmer in Australian wilds,  
Bold pioneer of loved ones left behind  
Whose home affections now divided seem  
'Tween their own fatherland and prospects new  
In their adopted country in the West.

By yonder lowly grave close by the burn  
An aged widow'd mother meekly sits—  
In snow-white cap and shining scarlet hood,

With large-eyed spectacles all firmly set  
 On high-bridged nose—slow reading grave the Word ;  
 Fit preparation for the House of God,  
 The temple service shadowing faint on earth  
 The rest remaining for the saints above  
 In blissful, holy Paradise ! The young,  
 In smiling bands group'd on the hillocks green  
 Gold buttercups to pluck, or sily catch  
 The white-wing'd butterflies, alighting quick  
 In gowan'd hollows 'tween the graves ; or, lone,  
 By crumbling tombstones, conning earnest, grave,  
 The tasks appointed for the Sabbath-school ;  
 Their mothers at a distance looking on  
 Well pleased and proud their children so intent  
 In storing knowledge of the way to Heaven.

On that low gravestone, with averted face,  
 Sits blushing an affianced bride ; behind,  
 Meek leaning o'er the upright neighb'ring stone,  
 Her bashful lover broods, for lack of words  
 His feelings to express—primeval sight—  
 Pure, innocent affection, budding fresh ;  
 Two hearts united true in tenderest love,

All trembling with emotion, yet the tongue  
Unable faint to utter all it feels !

Now, 'mong the graves a maiden comes  
With hesitating step and slow ; her eye  
Bent ever on the ground ; a deep'ning blush,  
Red mantling o'er her blanch'd and pallid cheek,  
As if the hymning songs of happy birds,  
The fragrant breath of summer woodland flowers,  
Too holy, pure, to enter sweet her soul  
All clouded, tortured by some secret grief,  
Prospectively the future op'ning dark  
In mystic chaos undefinable.  
See how each footfall startles, and inspires  
Instinctive terror, trembling fear ; she shrinks  
From passing contact with her kind ; abhors,  
Nay, loathes the face of man !

Curse thee I not,  
Inhuman villain, though in mortal shape,  
Thou vile seducer base of innocence,  
Despising, fiend-like, what thou hast deflower'd ;  
To God I leave thee, whether squire or clown ;

By thee His vengeance shall be felt in aught  
Pertaining to the things of time ; a blight  
Shall scorch and wither up thy stricken soul ;  
Remorse within thy breast a very hell  
Through all eternity shall burn ; the lost,  
The base, most miserable among the damn'd  
Despising thee—more deeply vile than they.

Now, let us walk among the tombs, and mark  
The old decaying sepulchres, their quaint  
Old, rude inscriptions ; some in homely verse ;  
While others, thickly chiselled o'er, record  
Successive deaths through generations past—  
The father, children, on the homestead quick  
Each other e'er succeeding ; meeting, all,  
In one cold narrow house at last !

To sleep  
The last unbroken sleep 'mong kindred dust ;  
Become familiar with your grave ; each day  
To pass it, musing, on your way ; at church  
Anticipate the time, when shrouded cold,  
You too in death shall sleep below, and friends  
About you soft shall talk, and realize

The time, not distant, when beside you laid,  
Their ashes mingling fond with yours, they rest  
Till dawn of resurrection morn. Our grave !  
Where shall it be ? 'Mong Afric's dreary swamps,  
Or burning plains of scorching Hindostan ;  
In Western silent prairies vast ; or cold  
Dark ice-bound shores of Labrador ; or in  
The ever-surgingsounding sea ?

My grave ?

Like weary wounded dove, at close of life,  
I'd wing my way to this sweet place of rest,  
Long, yearning wish'd for—churchyard loved of Glammis—  
Down in that hollow by the murmuring burn  
Beside St Fergus' holy well ; and sleep  
Amongst my kindred, 'midst umbrageous woods,  
The honied fragrant breath of woodland flowers,  
The ringing melody of happy birds,  
Soft blended oft with human voices sweet  
Clear breaking o'er my native village :

Come

Thou often with thy little ones and look  
Upon my lowly grave, repeating glad—

‘Now after life’s hot, fitful fever, he  
There sleepeth well’—another in the group,  
With child-like innocence, the epitaph,  
In measured cadence, grave pronouncing slow—  
His faults condemn, but grant him still your love.



## THE MINSTREL HARP.

'Twas on a golden sunny day  
In blooming, rosy, laughing May,  
Upon a hillock by the shore  
Where loud the North Sea's billows roar,  
An old man sate in dreamy mood  
Like hermit in his solitude ;  
His hair all white like flakes of snow,  
All gnarled and furrow'd deep his brow ;  
Yet mild, though sparkling bright, his eye  
Through which beam'd sacred minstrelsy.

Wrapped in a plaid of Kendal green,  
He looked like Harper true, I ween ;  
Yet not of earth he seem'd to be,  
No song, no lute, no harp had he :  
He took no note of weeping waves  
Who requiems sung o'er seamen's graves ;  
Nor of the sea-mews' reeling throng,  
Or fishers' rude yet pleasant song :  
The stately ships went rushing by,  
The larks loud carolled in the sky ;

The voice of children gathering shells,  
The distant chime of city bells,  
No sounds of earth, or sea, or sky  
Would rouse him from his reverie.

Behind a troop of laughing boys  
Rejoicing in their new-born joys,  
One linger'd in sedative mood,  
Till he before the stranger stood  
With curious, yet inquiring eye,  
Though awed by fear and mystery.  
The sight, to him, so strange and new,  
He nearer, nearer wondering drew,  
Till by some talismanic spell,  
He felt his bosom heaving swell,  
And drawn by strange impulses sweet,  
He knelt now at the stranger's feet,  
Who, gazing on the kneeling boy,  
Broke forth in one wild shout of joy :—  
' Ha ! art thou come, my jewel, at last,—  
I thought my weeping days were past—  
But these are tears of joy that flow ;  
Ah ! thy blest features well I know !'—

‘Dost thou then know me?’ said the boy ;  
‘No, not by name, but as a joy  
Of well-remember’d, treasured youth,  
A portraiture of love and truth—  
‘List,’ and he prest the boy’s white hand ;  
‘I’ve journey’d from a far-off land,  
With tottering step and tearful eye,  
Among these dear-loved scenes to die :  
Resign’d, I wrapped me in my plaid,  
And bow’d, content, my weary head ;  
While hymning angels hover’d by  
To bear me to yon azure sky ;  
Yet, ‘mid their songs to me so dear,  
Faint strains of earth aye reached my ear ;  
I heard the silvery wavelets’ song,  
The linnet’s chant the *whins* among,  
The sea-mews’ sad and mournful cry,  
And fishers’ sea-loved minstrelsy ;  
Soft came the chime of distant bells,  
Like songs in sea-gemmed silver shells,  
While voices sweet of children rose,  
Like mellow hymns at evening close,  
When hush’d and silent grew the rest,  
*This* sound still linger’d in my breast,

And as it faint and fainter grew,  
Resign'd, my plaid I closer drew ;  
Yet, when the strain was nearly gone,  
I wept, I mourn'd to die alone ;  
Then something whisper'd—'Do not fear'—  
I felt some human soul was near,  
And opening slow my weeping eyes,  
Saw thee with joy, not with surprise,  
For, oft by His mysterious power,  
God sweetly cheers the darkest hour :  
My lovely boy, Him fear and love,  
Assured of thy reward above.  
I love, dear youth, thy features fair,—  
There, let me stroke thy golden hair,  
And look into those eyes of blue,  
Though old, I once was young as you,  
All bounding merrily by the sea  
In glad rejoicing revelrie ;  
Or, gambolling on yon daisied green,  
With heart as light as yours, I ween.  
My years are fewer than appears—  
Bereavements, griefs, and toils and tears,  
And lonely wanderings in the wold,  
Make one grow prematurely old.'

‘Didst thou,’ now, wondering, said the boy,  
‘Spend here in youth thine years of joy ;  
Are these green fields, yon bonnie sea,  
Those glistening sands all known to thee ?’

‘Yes, these the Links I loved so well ;  
There, is the house where I did dwell ;  
Each note of that low moaning sea,  
Each skylark’s hymn is known to me ;  
Familiar every linnet’s song,  
These banks, and braes, and whins among.  
On yonder rocks I’ve gather’d shells,  
While chimed St Cyrus’ evening bells,  
And there, where seas and tempests rave,  
I’ve dropped a tear o’er Beattie’s grave.  
Kinnaber’s woods low skirt the shore,  
Dark sheltering treacherous love no more :  
Rosemount still basks on sunny hill,  
Where oft in youth I’ve roam’d at will ;  
Yes ! many a happy day I’ve run  
Among the shelter’d woods of Dun ;  
Or where Kinnaird’s grim towers uprose,\*  
Or by the shores of Ald Montrose.

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\* The Old Castle, since remodelled.

Ah ! these 'backsands,' a sad, dark scene,  
Have writ upon my memory green—  
To Rossie's spreading woods we'll turn,  
And wander by the wimpling burn,  
Until the Manse of Craig we reach,  
Where oft I've heard the good man teach ;  
Schoolmates, companions were his boys,  
Who shared in all my youthful joys ;  
And welcome was I ever there,  
In that loved, holy house of prayer :

'Brewster !—a name to science dear—  
For thee, of Craig, I shed the tear ;  
While ebbing life remains to me,  
Thy worth shall aye remember'd be.

'These, the dread Ennet's treacherous sand=  
Where gallant ships from foreign lands,  
Oft, lone, have met their awful doom,  
In whirlwind, tempest, midnight gloom.  
Adown these Links with Love I've strayed,  
Or Scottish game of golf oft played :  
There, is my Alma Mater, dear—  
Fond memory sheds the silent tear ;

Another—flow then full and fast,  
A grateful tribute to the past,  
The palmy days of golden rule,  
Of Calvert, Norval, Hay, Rintoul.

‘ But what, my boy, need I say more,  
Of bank, or brae, or golden shore,  
My heartstrings through these words are wove—  
The Island City of my love !  
See, yonder :’—as he raised his arm,  
The boy was awed by dread alarm,  
For something glittered at his breast,  
As if arisen by his behest :—

‘ O what is this that shines like gold ?’

‘ My boy, I am a harper old,  
And this my harp ; a richer gem  
To me than jewelled diadem :  
I found it by yon blooming bush,  
Where sings so sweet the warbling thrush ?’

‘ O, I should like to hear it play  
A strain of countries far away :’—

‘ And so thou shalt, ’twill be the last,  
Time’s running sands are ebbing fast :’—

## THE MINSTREL'S LAY.

THE winds were whistling loud and shrill,  
Fast fell the wild and sobbing rain,  
While in my desolate home I mused  
Of joys which ne'er come back again.

My thoughts were melted into tears  
That ran like rivers to the sea ;  
Sore yearn'd my heart for those I loved,  
With them I long'd, Oh ! long'd to be.

Thus weeping, weeping like a child,  
I heard no sound of opening door,  
Nor human voice admittance claim,  
Nor footsteps pace the oaken floor.

Yet, there my own loved brother sat,  
And smiled so sweetly now on me,  
That lighter grew my heavy heart—  
I wonder'd what his words might be !

‘ With hope, dear brother, have I come,  
To guide you ’cross the stormy sea ;  
No longer mourn, weep, weep no more,  
But come, my brother, come with me.

‘ All that thou lovedst on earth have gone,  
No one remains thy heart to cheer ;  
A welcome waits thee in the sky,  
Oh ! why then linger, tarry here ?

‘ The world unheeds, nay mocks thy grief ;  
Night’s gone ; ’tis near the break of day ;  
The voyage is short ; the shore soon reached—  
Come, come my brother, come away !’

I rose, enraptured, to embrace,  
To take him kindly by the hand ;  
Then go together to rejoin  
My all in that bright sunny land.

But he was gone ! remembrance came :  
I, trembling, held my stiffling breath—  
My brother dead for twenty years ;  
Oh ! I have shaken hands with Death

The ghostly warning well I know,  
I'll welcome glad the break of day :  
Hush !—listen—full the chorus swells—  
'Come, come my brother, come away !'

## THE LAMENT.

ALL weeping, and sad, in grief forlorn,  
A mother awaits her boy's return ;  
The sun has long sunk in the western sky,  
The dark evening shadows portentous lie ;  
She listens for footsteps bounding light—  
'Tis the breezes' low sighing in dead of night—  
Alas ! for his bier ; Alas ! for her boy !  
No !—list—he cometh, he cometh with joy :—

## THE GOLDEN TOY.

'My mother, let me clasp thee  
Unto my little heart,  
To feel it flutt'ring, beating,  
As if from me 'twould part.

‘O, mother, in the morning  
I tarried, sad, behind  
My merry young companions,  
For something prest my mind.

‘When, as I slowly wander’d  
Upon a hillock green,  
There, sat a shrunken old man,  
Who said, once young he’d been.

‘That on the Links he sported  
A free bright happy boy,  
And fond, while idly roaming,  
He found a golden toy.

‘He said, he was a harper,  
And this his harp of song,  
And he touch’d its chords so sweetly,  
I listen’d, listen’d long.

‘And when the song was ended,  
From bush to bush I ran,  
From bank to brae I wander’d  
Till sunlight faded wan.

' But golden harp I found not ;  
I wept in grief alone ;  
And when I sought the Minstrel,  
Alas ! he too was gone !

' O list my prayer, my mother—  
Get me this harp of gold ;  
Then, singing, would I wander  
O'er sunny slope and wold.

' That strange, sweet strain still lingers,  
Within my raptured breast—  
I fain would strike with angels  
The music of the blest !'

The harp thou hast found, gentle boy,  
Vibrating numbers meet,  
Thy heartstrings soft, like silver chords,  
Attuned to music sweet.

Guard, cherish, love God's greatest gift,  
Through life, in death 'twill be  
Thy joy, thy comforter, thy hope ;  
Throughout eternity

Its chords, struck by a seraph's fire,  
At Jesus' high behest,  
Shall swell in rolling anthems high,  
The music of the blest.

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## THE ALTAR IN THE WOOD.

THE very spot, yes ! just the same  
As thirty years ago,  
When all unknown to wealth or fame  
We knelt together low,  
Two early friends in prayer to God,  
That he our lives would spare  
To tread together o'er life's road,  
Its joys and griefs to share.

The morning broke in splendour bright  
O'er then our youthful home :—  
The Island City gay bedight  
With bridge, and tower, and dome ;

And steep'd in dreamy murmurings sweet  
Of ocean minstrelsy,  
Our Alma Mater, seated meet  
In beauty by the sea.

Forth by the level sands we walk'd  
That skirt the basin round,  
And long and earnestly we talk'd  
Of Christ a Saviour found ;  
For he, a Gospel herald now,  
Felt sweet a yearning joy,  
That cloth'd with might his burning brow,  
Though but a sickly boy.  
That day, the blest, sweet Sabbath-day,  
Would first his voice he heard  
At God's own altar soft to pray,  
And preach His holy word.

Rich fragrance perfumed sweet the breeze,  
Bright shone the summer sun,  
As slow we enter'd, 'mong the trees,  
The little church of Dun.  
And, of the two, when he assumed  
The black Geneva gown,

I trembled most, lest he was doom'd  
To feel his hopes break down.  
The last soft tinkle of the bell—  
To me so full of gloom,  
As on the ear it tremulous fell  
Like note of final doom—  
Had sounded faint ; within the church  
All sounds deep hush'd and still,  
Save fitful twitterings in the porch  
Of swallows from the mill.  
Then firm, and strong, with courage grown,  
Arose amidst the calm,  
His youthful voice in silver tone,  
In the holy morning psalm.

‘How beautiful on mountains high,  
The feet of him that brings  
Good tidings blest to sinners nigh,  
Of holy peace that sings.’—  
Such, to his maiden sermon given,  
The high appropriate theme,  
As borne, I seem'd, from earth to heaven,  
In rapt, ecstatic dream ;

For beautiful his golden words  
Fell on the raptured ear,  
Vibrating sweet hearts' tenderest chords,  
And bringing oft the tear ;  
Then holy filling deep the soul  
With soft melodious joy,  
As onward came in solemn roll  
The voice of the preacher boy.

In silence home we slowly walk'd,  
Our yearning hearts were full ;  
At length in burning words he talk'd,  
So grand, so beautiful !—  
' I felt, my early friend, like one  
Commission'd high by heaven,  
To plead in warm, beseeching tone,  
That sin might be forgiven.  
And when to sinful men I spoke,  
Though sickly, and so young,  
Angelic visions on me broke,  
The words dropt from my tongue  
So full of fire, so full of love,  
All sainted did I seem,

Rapt speaking from the realms above—

But tell me, do I dream ?

Oh ! no, list ! all is real, my friend,

Let both now humbly kneel,

And pray that God may us defend

Through life in woe or weal.'

Then, bending low the willing knee,

E'en where we transfix'd stood,

Beneath the branches of a tree

Within that lonely wood ;

When sweet the voice of prayer arose,

From sins our spirits shriven,

We after death might safe repose

Together blest in heaven.

Years passed, alas ! my early friend,

Now far upon the sea,

Prays God in mercy, love, to send

His richest gifts to me.

All consecrated heart and soul,

He sails across the main,

Not heeding tempest's thunder roll,

If so might he again

Lost sinners to the Saviour bring  
From India's sunny clime,  
And make the Isles in concert sing  
His praise in notes sublime.  
But destined ne'er in joy to land  
Upon that golden shore,  
He lies among a sickly band,  
While all his fate deplore,  
That one so young, so full of life,  
Descend should to the tomb,  
With love so deep, and hopes so rife,  
So fair in beauty's bloom.

Yet so it was ! sick unto death,  
Upon the poop he lies,  
Slow, faintly comes the struggling breath,  
All art his case defies.  
Upraised by kindly hands, he sees  
Fair Ceylon's jewelled strand,  
And on the soft, sweet balmy breeze  
Comes richest fragrance bland.  
But fondly turn his wistful eyes  
Across the Western main,

For dear and early memories  
Come crowding back again.  
'Farewell, my earliest friend'—he cries,  
Then drops his weary head ;  
An angel from on high replies—  
'Sleep gently with the dead !'

Of canvas quick they make a shroud,  
The undulating wave  
Becomes, 'midst lamentations loud,  
The Missionary's grave.  
The bluff old captain heaves a sigh,  
The rough young sailors weep,  
As o'er the bulwarks tenderly  
They cast him to the deep.

Full thirty years have come and gone  
Since, lone in solitude,  
We knelt together at the Throne,  
Within this ancient wood.  
All seem the same ; the branches high  
Above our altar green,  
The joy-birds' choral melody,  
The gowans' silver sheen.

But oh ! these long, eventful years,  
So chequered, and so sad,  
So full of griefs, and sighs and tears,  
With none to make me glad,  
Have changed the once free, happy boy,—  
So changed, that now I seem  
Bereft of every earthly joy,  
Lone walking in a dream.  
But by thy shade, at this our shrine,  
My earliest, dearest friend,  
E'en as of old, in love divine,  
My orisons ascend.  
For ever shall thy spotless life  
Ensample be to me ;  
When weary, sad with worldly strife,  
My thoughts shall turn to thee.

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## THE CITY BY THE SEA.

O BRIGHTLY it comes like a beautiful dream  
Of ocean melody,  
While o'er it the silver moonbeams stream,  
And round it the wavelets dancing gleam—  
The City by the Sea.

Lo! here the old bridge hung high in the air  
Like gossamer tapestry ;  
The boats, and the ships, and the sailors rare,  
The spacious streets, and the daughters fair  
Of the City by the Sea.

And Alma Mater, all proud as a queen,  
With her subjects high in glee,  
And the beautiful Links of emerald green,  
The pebbly beach, and the rocks, I ween,  
Of the City by the Sea.

Soft voices I hear all blending full sweet  
In joyous rivalry,

Of stalwart brave youths at their pastimes meet,  
The wild ringing shout, and the pattering of feet  
In the City by the Sea.

Hark ! hark !—'tis old ocean's plaintive song,  
With the billows in revelry  
Like white-crested snakes wild hissing along  
By the rugged black rocks, and the lighthouse strong  
Of the City by the Sea.

Ha ! list to the stroke of the fisherman's oar,  
Keeping time so steadily  
To the march of the sea-songs old and hoar,  
As over the Ennet they near the shore  
Of the City by the Sea.

Like faëry wild sprites, how the moonbeams dance  
In dreamy ecstasy  
On the crests of the waves, retreat, and advance,  
With elfin apt quickness, and eldrich glance  
Near the City by the Sea.

Hush ! soft comes the chime of St Cyrus' bells,  
And the plaintive minstrelsy

Of echoing murmur of sea-tost shells,  
As over the golden sands it swells  
To the City by the Sea.

Very dear to me ever the sound of the waves,  
With their weird-like mystery  
Of siren music, and mermaid caves,  
White phantom ships, brave sea-kings' graves,  
Near the City by the Sea ;

For I love with the bird of the tempest to fly  
A rover so joyous and free,  
Now breasting the waves, now poised in the sky,  
Wild darting aloft, now hovering nigh  
The City by the Sea.

O brightly it comes like a beautiful dream  
Of ocean melody,  
While o'er it the silver moonbeams stream  
And round it the wavelets dancing gleam—  
The City by the Sea !

## DEN OF FOWLIS.

AN ! bonnie den, my weary heart  
Oft wanders fond to thee ;  
The memory of thy sylvan groves,  
How very dear to me !

Remembrance of thy beauty brings  
No mixture sad of pain,  
For then to me had Eden come  
In pristine bliss again.

No clouds my pathway then had cross'd,  
I walk'd in angel-joy,  
My lusty pulses beating high—  
The happy poet-boy !

Thy winding walks o'ershadow'd cool  
By boughs of lovely green,  
With footstep firm I proudly trod,  
Of fame assured, I ween.

The glad larks sang 'mong golden clouds,  
The finch 'mong blushing bloom ;  
The mavis piped upon the thorn,  
The linnet 'mong the broom.

The wild flowers flung their fragrance rich  
To every passing breeze ;  
Upon the senses stealing came  
The drowsy hum of bees.

Earth, sea, and air rejoicing free,  
Glad anthems rolling high ;  
Within my soul a deep, deep joy—  
Divinest melody.

What grand thoughts stirred my youthful soul,  
What aspirations high ;  
What longing—wistful—tearful looks  
Into futurity !

Ah ! then throughout my silver veins,  
Flow'd swift in golden streams,  
My warm, rich blood, imparting form,  
And substance to my dreams.

My voice rose full upon the breeze,  
Bright flash'd my golden curls ;  
And, O, my little fluttering heart  
Was tender as a girl's.

But now :—no moralizing, sad,  
'Mong shatter'd feelings rife ;  
No ! sweeter may the evening be,  
Than was the morn of life.

What though the rose hath left my cheek,  
Dark billows o'er me roll,  
My heart is ever young ; unchanged  
The rapture of the soul !

---

### WILL'S BRAES.

WE love but once : in after-life,  
'Midst sorrows, hopes, and waes,  
How fondly turns my yearning heart  
To Will's bonnie braes !

Upon a flower-enamelled bank  
We sat in golden joy ;  
Within our inmost heart of hearts  
What bliss without alloy !

The glad birds sang their even-song  
Above each guarded nest,  
Then folding soft their dewy wings  
Sank lovingly to rest.

Coy with her sunny ringlets fair  
Did arch the zephyrs play,  
While murmur'd fondly at our feet  
The wavelets of the Tay.

Expressive silence reign'd around ;  
I clasp'd her hand in mine—  
She raised her eyes—I read it there—  
Her answer—' I am thine !'

Alas ! cruel Mammon with his wand  
Hath cleft the rocks in twain ;  
And all our favourite pathways sweet  
Have crumbled in the main.

All, all is changed ; yet not more changed,  
Woes me ! alas ! than she ;  
Yet no reproach escapes my lips,  
Though ever lost to me ;

No turning love to scornful hate,  
No wailing o'er my waes ;  
I only dream of early joys  
On Will's bonnie braes.

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FAIR AND PLEASANT VILLAGE,  
BROUGHTY.

(*Air*—Druimion dubh.)

FAIR and pleasant village, Broughty,  
By the German Ocean shore ;  
Golden sunshine rest above thee,  
Though I see thee now no more.

Flow on grand thou noble river,  
By its shell-gemmed tawny strand,  
Bearing on thy heaving bosom  
Ships from every distant land.

May thy Castle, rich in story,  
Keep the invader e'er at bay ;  
Rally, youthful, brave defenders,  
Stalwart Rifles of the Tay.

While, o'er hill, and smiling valley,  
Wealthy Cits, your mansions rise,  
Have, with lands and earthly riches,  
Homes eternal in the skies.

Plenty dwell in every cottage,  
Fragrant be the gowan'd lea  
With the whins' luxuriant blossom  
And the odour of the sea.

Row the boats, brave jovial fishers,  
Shout 'Ahoy' with mirthful glee,  
As your nets to overflowing  
Bring the treasures of the sea.

Fair and pleasant village, Broughty,  
By the German Ocean shore,  
Golden sunshine rest above thee,  
Though I see thee now no more.

---

### THE LINKS O' BARRY.

*(Air—'Corn rigs.')*

IN young life's sweet spring-time, one morn,  
My heart like wax inclining  
Some pure impression to receive,  
My future keen divining ;  
A comely maiden fair I met  
That made my footsteps tarry,  
And bless the hour I wander'd forth,  
Adown the Links o' Barry.

*Chorus—*

O, fragrant flowers 'mong sylvan bowers,  
No longer can I tarry,  
Far dearer to my heart the breeze  
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Her eyes like violets steep'd in dew,  
Her hair like sunshine glancing,  
Like cherries ripe her pouting lips  
Her lily cheeks enhancing.  
And O, her voice so soft and low,  
Like music did she carry  
My fluttering heart within her own,  
Adown the Links o' Barry !

*Chorus,—*

O, bonnie streams, sweet mountain streams,  
With you I cannot tarry,  
Far dearer to my heart the sea  
That laves the Links o' Barry.

I took the rosebud from my breast,  
She, blushing, kiss'd its blossom ;—  
' Will you be mine ? ' ' I will ; ' the flower  
She laid upon her bosom :  
Then hand clasp'd hand, and lip met lip ;—  
No longer could we tarry,  
But vow'd oft-times to meet again  
Adown the Links o' Barry.

*Chorus,—*

O hazel glades, sweet hazel glades,  
'Mong you I cannot tarry,  
The trysting-hour approaches, love,  
Adown the Links o' Barry.

O cruel fate ! why thus our hearts  
So early, sadly sever ;  
Woes me ! I mourn like wounded dove  
For ever, and for ever !  
Where'er you be, sweet early love,  
My blessing with you carry,  
Ofttimes I muse on love's first joys,  
Adown the Links o' Barry.

*Chorus,—*

Bowers, glades, and streams, now fain would I  
Among you ever tarry,  
The trysting-hour now comes no more,  
Adown the Links o' Barry.

## THE BELL IN THE OLD BRECHIN TOWER STRUCK ONE !\*

THE bell in the old Brechin tower struck one,  
Like a chime from th' eternal shore,  
As away in the golden bright sunshine  
I rambled in days of yore ;

Adown the long straggling Tenements grim,  
Or high up the dark-wooded ridge,  
Along by the banks of the bonnie South Esk,  
Where spans the high Stannochy bridge.

Or musing in mystic fond dreamings  
In the old churchyard of Aldbar,  
With no care, or sorrow, or weeping,  
The joy of my young heart to mar ;

While happy loved voices soft chiming,  
Fill'd the air with melodious sweet joy ;  
Tumultuously joyous, O, happy ! how happy !  
The free, fair, bright poet-boy !

---

\* Written, when at Brechin, in 1859.

The bell in the old grey tower strikes one ;  
Alas ! on a far southern shore,  
Its well-known soft chime comes fond in my dreamings  
As I heard it in days of yore ;

And the voices I loved vibrate on the ear  
Like distant music sweet :  
Yes ! I hear the old silvery laughter still,  
And the pattering of restless feet.

In an atmosphere blest of bright young love  
By the musical Esk I roam,  
Along on its banks by the old meikle mill,  
Where the bridge breaks the wavelets in foam.

And there, in his scanty old grey tatter'd kilt,  
Chased by boys and stalwart rude men,  
Runs daft Sandy Malcolm yelling, ' Whee ! hoo ! hoo !  
Till earth'd in the classic Witch Den.

The bell in the old grey tower strikes one,  
And I wander, how happy ! once more,  
Along by the one-arched high Stannochy bridge,  
My heart e'en as green as of yore.

And I gaze on the scenes so touchingly beautiful—

The castle, the uplands, the stream ;

And feel that I see in reality true,

And not through a mystic wild dream.

But where, O where gone those voices so joyous

That tuned my young heart-strings to love ?

The woodland, the river, the birds soft reply

In a musical chorus—‘ Above !’

Oh, God ! have I lived e’en too long, and all sadly

Now reck’ning the slow fleeting hours ?

Hush ! hush widow’d soul, live on, they’re all happy gone

To a better world than ours !

---

## LIFE’S TWO DECADES.

FALSE-HEARTED, perjured one—farewell :

No ! no ! it cannot be,

My early, only love is still

The same true love to me.

At that decade of thy changed life,  
Vows sacred rent and riven,  
Thou at the altar bold renounc'dst,  
Before high God and heaven

Him thou hadst sworn alone to love,  
(In silence standing by,)  
And to another gave thine hand  
Without a blush or sigh ;

Two beings then started out of one—  
One, ne'er to be forgot ;  
The other changed in heart and soul,  
So that I knew her not.

When cold and proud, all flaunting gay  
At home, in courtly hall,  
She fix'd all keen her glassy eye  
Th' unwary to enthal ;

Or when the music of her voice  
Swept through the summer air,  
And crowds, unknowingly, admired,  
One so sirenly fair.

A body reft of heart and soul,  
For earth, or heaven unfit ;  
The shadow of the substance, false,  
A sham—a counterfeit ?

In form and feature though the same,  
All seeming what she's not,  
Unmoved I see her pass along,  
Because—I know her not.

The other, my own early love,  
O ever bright and young,  
Unchanged as when at first I heard  
The music of her tongue.

Unseen, she ever by my side,  
My blest companion still,  
In solitude, or city throng,  
By favourite grove, or hill ;

Fond leaning on my trembling arm,  
Rapt gazing in my eyes,  
Soft whispering like an angel blest  
Come down from paradise

To comfort, cheer me on my way  
To honourable fame ;  
My second self, in love to soothe,  
When men would rude defame :

At morning's early dawn to kiss,  
Her lips prest warm to mine ;  
At twilight hour my hand to clasp,  
Soft whispering—' I am thine !'

The genius, theme of every song,  
My soul from grossness shriven,  
The last dear object seen on earth,  
The first to greet in heaven.

Yet—never since, in darkest hour,  
Or heyday bright of fame,  
Have I e'er breathed, or whisper'd low,  
The well-remember'd name !

## CHEERFULNESS.

'Tis said all nature groans  
In tempest or in calm,  
That ceaselessly she moans  
A dirge-like deathless psalm,  
In arctic seas, or torrid zones,  
By cedar, pine, or palm.

But all to me is bright  
On earth, in heaven above,  
All places full of light,  
All voices full of love ;  
Within me ever fond delight  
Soft nestling like a dove.

I ever cheerful seem  
While others mourn and weep,  
Not revelling in a dream  
In some Elysium deep,  
But roaming by the silver stream,  
Or on the mountain steep.

Love filling sweet the soul,  
All must be harmony,  
The weary to console  
By endless minstrelsy,  
For ever sounding glad the roll  
Of perfect melody.

In God let all rejoice,  
No one was made to mourn,  
Lift up the cheerful voice  
Ye souls with anguish torn ;  
All nature makes a joyful noise,  
Why should we feel forlorn.

Then let the poet's song  
Be e'er a song of joy,  
The sons of earth among,  
That all may rapt enjoy  
The anthem as it rolls along,  
With nought to mar, annoy.

A thousand voices raise,  
With harp of cherubim,

Harmonious notes of praise,  
Hosannahs loud to Him  
Who loves that we our hearts upraise  
In one eternal hymn.

---

## CONTENTMENT.

WHAT though the night be stormy,  
'Twill break before the day ;  
What though the day be cloudy,  
The clouds will pass away.

Like swelling ocean billows  
That cannot be at rest,  
The heaving of our bosoms  
May speak of deep unrest.

But as beneath the surface,  
The waters peaceful roll  
So love lights up serenely  
The chambers of the soul.

Depress'd by care and sadness,  
Toss'd idly by the wind,  
We find a safe, sure anchorage,  
In the pleasures of the mind.

How few our days of sickness,  
How many those of health,  
How slight the gripe of poverty,  
How firm the hold of wealth.

When pierced by cold and hunger,  
How little will suffice ;  
With thankful hearts, we're happy,  
Contented in a trice.

Come, let us e'er be manly,  
Treat life not as a toy,  
There's manliness in sorrow,  
There's manliness in joy.

Pray ever calm contentment  
May make its voice be heard,  
And set our hearts a-singing,  
Sweet like a little bird.

Away with cant and whining,  
 Religion hath no gloom,  
 No shadows cross our pathway,  
 O'erhead no cloud of gloom.

No more unjust complaining  
 Of ills we never feel ;  
 All rousing now put boldly  
 Our shoulder to the wheel.

Fie ! why be ever fretting,  
 And all our gifts despoil,  
 Let all e'en work the harder  
 Each at his daily toil.

Let him who wields the hammer,  
 List music in the sound,  
 As from the sturdy anvil  
 The sparks fly thick around.

Let him who guides the shuttle,  
 See through the misty gloom,  
 The dignity of labour,  
 E'en at the humble loom.

And let the pale mechanic  
    No cause see of chagrin,  
While handling man's invention,  
    The complicate machine.

The scholar in his study,  
    With shatter'd, wearied brain,  
By healthful thought may banish  
    The throbbings dull of pain.

The peasant at the ploughshare,  
    May oft his heart upraise,  
As from the woodland rises  
    The melody of praise.

The self-denying pastor,  
    His time to labour given,  
Sees ever in the distance  
    Sweet visions blest of heaven.

So may the ship-tost sea-boy,  
    Aloft upon the shrouds,  
Hear God above the thunder,  
    And see Him in the clouds.

And loud in voice angelic,  
    Be heard the poets' song,  
All cheerful, hopeful ever,  
    The joy-notes to prolong ;

Nay, rather in the vanguard,  
    With jewelled harp of gold,  
And singing robes of glory,  
    The anthem to unfold,

Let him the choral melody  
    Lead forth on hill, and plain,  
Until through space resounding,  
    Re-echo back again

Its rolling notes of gladness  
    Which through the soul deploy,  
All heaven in rapture list'ning  
    To earth's high song of joy !

---

## RESIGNATION.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, God of love,  
Accept the tear, the sigh ;  
Thoughts will not mould themselves in words,  
But Thou art ever nigh

To list the breathings of my soul  
All shrouded dark in gloom,  
No ray of hope to chase away  
The shadows of the tomb.

Mine eyes' desire hast thou removed,  
So that I mourn alway,  
And friend, and lover, all most dear,  
Hast thou put far away.

My harp upon the willows mute  
In sackcloth long hath hung,  
By Babel's streams I'm weeping sad,  
My heart with sorrow wrung.

The sunny lining of the cloud  
Hath turn'd to ebon night,  
And all the things now make me sad  
In which I took delight.

My cheeks all furrow'd deep with care,  
My voice in broken tone,  
The snow of death upon my brow,—  
Oh ! must I die alone,

My teeming brain with embryo poems  
All struggling into birth,  
While foes my exit celebrate  
In song of joyous mirth ?

Hush ! hush, my soul, unmanly grief,  
Despairing thoughts of fame,  
Become not the inheritor  
Of an immortal name.

The darkest hour but harbingers  
The break of early morn ;  
The depth of grief the prelude e'er  
Of rest to the forlorn.

E'en now faint come far-distant songs

In watches of the night ;

Reviving hope I faintly trace

In streaks of dawning light.

Firm on the Rock of Ages high,

My feet I'll keep alway,

Till songs of herald angels change

The darkest night to day.

Prayer, prudence, perseverance still,

Combined with faith and love,

Shall, when I stumble, me uphold,

Till safe I reign above,

Where tears shall dim mine eyes no more,

Nor sorrows rend my breast,

For on the bosom of my God

My soul shall be at rest.

---

## HUMAN NATURE.

THIS evening in my study  
I wish to be alone,  
The door securely bolted  
'Gainst each intruding one.

'My brain all hot and burning,  
You must be very quiet ;  
Do not, I pray, disturb me  
With romping, song, or riot.'

Thus, leaving slow the nursery,  
I to the children spake ;  
Methought, while round me clustering,  
Their little hearts would break ;

For all my household poems,  
Had been from first to last,  
Composed amidst their rompings,  
Among their pastimes cast.—

My brain all fruitful teeming  
    With high exuberant themes,  
My rapturous spirit radiant  
    In beatific dreams,

I seized the pen impatient,—  
    Expression would not flow  
So trippingly and fluent  
    As in rhyming long ago.

My thoughts all slow embodied,  
    Uprose the fruit and flower,  
Umbrageous waved the woodland,  
    The honeysuckle bower.

Like spiral threads of silver  
    The distant rivers ran,  
And mountains blue surrounded  
    The dwelling-place of man.

The sheep and cattle browsing  
    In meadows pleasantly ;  
The golden clouds high overhead  
    In solemn majesty.

But all was still and silent,  
    Burst forth no choral song,  
No anthems hymn'd the streamlets  
    As swift they flow'd along.

No music from the billows,  
    No murmur from the sea,  
No plashing from the mill-wheel,  
    No lilting on the lea.

No whistle from the ploughman,  
    No lowing in the glade :  
O what a world of silence  
    The landscape I had made !

Dissatisfied, yet wondering  
    What ail'd my nerveless pen,  
Where now had gone the music  
    Of woodland, stream, and glen,

I paced with hasty footsteps  
    My study up and down :  
One touch of human nature  
    Would now my labour crown.—

I heard, somewhat remorseful,  
The distant, dreamy hum  
Of voices in the nursery  
Like sound of muffled drum ;

And then a little fairy  
Peep'd archly at the door,  
And after her came bounding,  
Across the oaken floor,

Her little brothers, sisters,  
With laughing merry sound,  
An atmosphere of music  
Encircling me around.

'Now, at your play, my children,  
You'll meet with no rebuff—  
A contradance, or forfeits—  
List ! strike up blind-man's-buff.

'There, let your ringing laughter,  
As through the air it swells,  
Re-echo from the rafters  
Like sound of silver bells ;'

I said, and to my landscape  
My thoughts all turn'd again :—  
Prolific flow'd the rhyming  
Now from my ready pen.

Arising from the valleys  
Came soft a choral hymn,  
And through the air celestial  
The song of seraphim.

The lilting of the milkmaid,  
Came cheerily from the lea ;  
While dreamy came the murmurs  
From billows of the sea.

The mavis, and the blackbird,  
The linnet, and the wren,  
Awoke the thrilling echoes  
Of wild wood, brake, and glen.

The smoke rose curling upwards  
Above the village trees,  
And from a thousand voices  
Gush'd swelling melodies.

The whisperings soft of lovers,  
Which matron-notes prolong ;  
The voices glad of children,  
The aged's even-song ;

The lowing of the cattle,  
The bleating of the sheep,  
The piping of the shepherds,  
The wild-wood echoes deep ;

All blending sweet and softly  
In musical deploy ;  
On meadow, moor, and mountain,  
A revelry of joy !—

Can there be fruitful autumn  
Without the verdurous spring ;  
Can swallows bounding migrate  
Bereft of sunny wing ?

Can there be golden sunshine  
Without the blazing sun ;  
Without true gravitation  
Can seas or rivers run ?

So, with my labour'd landscape,  
With all its colours rife,  
It wanted human nature,  
And, therefore, wanted Life.

---

## COMMON SENSE.

‘WELL, KATE, you’re merry, eh ! that eye  
Has mischief in’t, I trow,  
That puckering sly around the mouth  
Forbodes some chaffing now.’

‘Yes, father, I can scarce contain  
My gravity to say,  
That this to me of all my life  
Has been the merriest day.

‘For Harry has been playing such pranks,  
With fervour so intense,  
I really wish he’d less of wit,  
Some more of common sense.

‘ But as to wit, I’m not quite sure,  
You’ll judge now for yourself,—  
You know he never was admired  
At least for love of pelf.

‘ So now—but laugh outright I must—  
So like a game at chess ;  
He, list ! conceives himself to be—  
What think you ? only guess.’

‘ A hero ’—‘ No, ’tis fortunate,  
He’s so outrageous fat ; ’  
‘ The opposite—a donkey, dunce ’—  
‘ No, no, much worse than that ! ’

‘ Worse ! then I give it up ; ’ ‘ Why so,  
An ass is not so bad,  
Than on a grave old donkey’s back,  
I’ve never felt more glad.

‘ Then I will tell you—but my sides  
So ticklishly do ache,  
I do believe that every rib  
Each other will forsake ;

‘ And that crazed boy the death of me  
Will be by their mad riot—  
Take breath I must—he says—ha ! ha !  
He’s e’en—ha ! ha !—a poet !

‘ And that he now a hermit’s life  
Will lead in solitude,  
Afar from haunts of busy men  
In some wild Alpine wood.

‘ His food, the angels’ food ; his drink,  
The nectar flowing spring,  
All guarded by good genii  
Aloft on silken wing.

‘ His sheepskin garments, rough, unclipped,  
By leathern girdle bound,  
His grizzly beard (when it has grown)  
Fierce flowing all around.

‘ Thus, far removed from vulgar scenes,  
Contact with swinish brood,  
Soul-rapt, inspired, etherealized,  
In high poetic mood ;

‘ In close communion with the gods,  
Afar in spirit-land,  
He’ll write (what I can well believe)  
As none can understand !

‘ And rouse the trumpet-voice of fame,  
Resounding through the earth  
The heaven-born poet’s music grand  
Which usher’d in his birth ;

‘ Till men shall place the fadeless bay  
Upon his burning brow,  
And kings, and princes, mighty ones,  
Shall at his footstool bow.

‘ All this he said, and when I laugh’d,  
My gravity o’erthrown,  
Said he should stay in Jericho  
Until his beard was grown ;

‘ He from his altitude look’d down,  
With such contemptuous look,  
Replying,—“ Of earth, your earthy, pshaw !  
Such talk I cannot brook.” ’

‘ He did ? ’ ‘ O, yes, and meant it too,  
And therein lies the fun,  
He scowl’d because I would not look  
Sad, like a cloister’d nun.

‘ And when I coolly answer’d—since  
My state he did bewail,  
And he a hermit, would there be  
No more buck-cakes and ale ;

‘ And archly ask’d, if nectar cheer’d  
Like generous, golden wine,  
And if the fairies, eldrich sprites,  
Wore skirts and crinoline ;

‘ His eyes in frenzy wild he roll’d,  
His soul with passion rife,  
“ Good night,” said he, “ You’re all unfit  
To be a poet’s wife ! ”

‘ Poor boy ! so true a thing he never said,  
In all his wayward life,  
Than when he growl’d—“ You’re all unfit  
To be a poet’s wife ; ”

' For 'mong these bright imaginings,  
These sunny fancies fair,  
I could not, fasting, long exist  
In castles in the air ;

' Nor 'midst ambrosial dainties long,  
And such outrageous sputter,  
Could I appease my appetite  
Without my bread and butter !'

' Kate, too severe.' ' Not I, to wit,  
I never made pretence,  
But thankful am I that I have  
Some grains of common sense.

' So, I've no patience with such rants,  
Spasmodic fancies wild,  
In these day-dreams of gossamer,  
The man a very child ;

' The black'ning thunder, stormy winds,  
In dark perpetual strife,  
Rembrandtish light let in to shew  
The eternal gloom of life.

'A poet must have fancy, Kate,

His visions to unfold'—

'Yes, yes, but that will never turn

Base metal into gold ;

'Nor change our natures while on earth,

'Midst all its wild turmoil,

Keen cold, and hunger, burning thirst,

Incessant daily toil.

'The man of science may unfold

His plans in sober words ;

By simplest notes the poet strikes

The heart's most tender chords.

'The knights of old their ladies won

By skill at tilt and fence ;

And still, love's shafts that deepest pierce,

Are those of common sense.

'And fools who rave, and shout in dreams—

"A kingdom for a name,"

Will never gain the singing robe,

The poet's crown of fame.

'The greatest gift while here to man,  
'Midst all his pounds and pence,  
Earthward desires, poetic flights,  
Is the gift of Common Sense.'

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## THE DINGLE.

O THAT lone, bosky dingle,  
It haunts my memory still,  
Where, with my happy children,  
I rested by the mill.

Long in the dell we'd wander'd  
On that bright summer's day  
Through devious lanes, and pathways,  
They shouting loud alway.

Now by a bank of violets,  
In a sunny leafy nook,  
Round which, with lapping murmur,  
Soft ran the little brook.

Now 'mong the golden buttercups,  
And silver daisies sweet,  
Like diamonds rare, the dewdrops  
Begemming bright their feet.

Now 'mong the prickly brambles,  
Raspberry bushes wild,  
That climb'd the tangled brushwood,  
Romp'd free each happy child.

Now lost behind some hillock,  
Away they'd shouting run,  
Then flush'd with joy returning  
To the point where they'd begun.

While from a sunny eminence  
Of spangled green and gold,  
I gazed upon the landscape,  
Where England's rivers roll'd

By verdurous plain and woodland,  
By cottage, palace fair,  
By hamlet, tower, and city,  
Through scenes of beauty rare,

Such as no other country  
Has ever given birth ;  
O blessèd land of loveliness,  
Unparalleled on earth !

Yet, land of beauty, ever,  
Much as I love thy dells,  
Thy rivers, plains, and woodlands,  
Thy merry village bells,

My thoughts aye fondly wander  
Far to the stormy North ;  
Its straths, its glens, its mountains,  
Its noble Tay and Forth.

Bloom bright thou purple heather,  
The hills set all aglow ;  
World-famed bluebells of Scotland,  
In matchless beauty blow.

Awake ye forest echoes,  
Bleat lambkins on the hills ;  
O birds break into singing,  
Gush forth ye mountain rills.

Dash, dash ye roaring billows  
To the march of the Norsemen free,  
Ye winds blow martial music  
As ye ride o'er the Northern Sea.

'My father'—words spoke softly,  
Now by a romping child,—  
'See what a flowery garland'—  
Dispell'd my reveries wild.

So binding round her forehead  
The chaplet she had made,  
I parted soft her ringlets  
And kiss'd the little maid.

Then hand in hand, all shouting,  
Did brothers, sisters run,  
Dishevelled tresses golden  
Bright flashing in the sun.

Till tired with wandering, romping,  
Through den, o'er mead, and hill,  
All cover'd gay with wildflowers,  
We rested by the mill.

Yet, scene was it of still-life,  
Save for the rushing stream,  
The carol sweet of joy-birds  
In some illusive dream.

For all around was silent,  
Oppressive, sadly still ;  
No sound of human voices  
Within that ancient mill.

The black old broken mill-wheel,  
Its day of labour o'er,  
With long grass thickly coated,  
Gray mossy lichens hoar.

The olden doors, and window-panes,  
All broken up and gone,  
Far scatter'd sieve, and clapper,  
And ponderous crushing stone.

No living thing inhabiting  
That place of eldrich rest,  
Save bats among the rafters,  
And swallows in their nest.

And o'er the dam, now stagnant,  
Grow sedges, rushes rank,  
While vile malaria odours  
Come from the foetid tank.

Deserted now the cottage,  
Where once the miller gay,  
Lived with his merry children  
In happiness away.

Nay—feel not sad, my children,  
Look on the other side,  
Each picture hath its bright phase,  
And sunny gleams beside.

Now we shall e'en imagine.  
A bright and cheerful dream—  
But open first your baskets,  
Bring water from the stream ;

And while we take our pic-nic  
Of biscuit, fowl, and ham,  
We'll skirt around—still dreaming—  
The mill-lade, mill, and dam.

Now—run the waters softly,  
    Their music sweet and clear,  
All blending with the lowing  
    Of browsing cattle near ;

And birds among the branches  
    Of oak, and elm around,  
Which cover green the hill-sides  
    Like amphitheatre round.

The dam a silver basin,  
    With curling mimic waves,  
While from the banks its waters  
    The weeping willow waves.

Right lustily the mill-wheel,  
    All white with dashing spray,  
Turns round, and round, ne'er tiring  
    The long bright summer day.

While stone, and sieve, and clapper,  
    Instinct with joyous life,  
Make such a din and clatter,  
    Such unremitting strife,

That, join'd to warbling wild notes  
Of lasses sifting keen,  
The miller's voice uplifted  
In chorus bass, I ween ;

His men in rude soprano,  
All wild with merry glee,  
Their part right well sustaining  
Of the rustic minstrelsy ;

The echoing glen resounding,  
Makes merrier the birds,  
And blither on the uplands  
The bleating of the herds.

Or—round the smiling cottage,  
Its garden all in bloom,  
The miller's happy children  
Without e'en shade or gloom,

Bound like the sportive lambkins,  
The bushes green among,  
The mother busy knitting,  
Enveloped sweet in song.

And where these gushing streamlets,  
At the outlet of the glen,  
Meet in each other's cold embrace,  
Sit the miller and his men

Upon a rugged boulder,  
Beside the shady pool,  
For trout still patient angling,  
Although with baskets full.

For thus in drought of summer,  
With water scarce alway,  
They while away their leisure,  
And make long holiday :—

Now gather up the fragments  
Of our open-air repast,  
And quick we'll homeward wander,  
The sky gets overcast.

'Tis better thus, my children,  
On the sunny side to dwell,  
Than fill your souls with shadow,  
Or deep funereal knell.

An error in Mechanics  
All useless to create  
Unnecessary friction,  
Speed thus e'er to abate.

We need not bridge the river  
Before it comes in sight,  
Nor darkness, clouds anticipate  
While all around is bright.

There is a time for pleasure,  
Of mirth without alloy :  
Youth is that time of gladness,  
Bright youth that time of joy.

---

## THE GRAVE.

In beauty broke the morning,  
Blest morning sweet in spring,  
When poised the lark in melody  
Aloft on dewy wing ;

While all the birds in chorus  
Sang in the budding bowers,  
And upland meads unfolded  
Their early blushing flowers.

I left the murky city,  
With nought to grieve, annoy,  
With all my happy children  
To hold a day of joy.

How fresh the new-born vigour  
Inspired by early spring,  
As loud the choral anthems  
Among the woodlands ring ;

And all the face of nature  
In beauty blushing rare,  
Begemmed with scented violets,  
Primroses bright and fair ;

The farmer hieing to market,  
His heart in summer gleam,  
Glad music in his footstep  
As walks he by his team.

The young wheat green upspringing  
    'Midst changing hopes and fears,  
Upon its tender leaflets  
    The dew like angels' tears !

The little finches picking  
    The sweet buds off the trees ;  
The cuckoo's notes rich floating  
    Upon the balmy breeze ;

The poplar leaves all golden  
    In glancing beauty bright,  
The feathery elm encompass'd  
    In a gush of silver light ;

The hanging bright laburnum,  
    The willow with its palms,  
Great budding chestnuts, hedgerows,  
    Rich incense-breathing balms ;

Strong ploughmen at the furrow,  
    Rocks black'ning all the ground ;  
Fair milkmaids at the homestead,  
    Impatient cattle round ;

Blithe shepherds piping cheerily,  
Lambs gambolling on each knowe,  
Bright children in the meadows,  
Glad birds on every bough ;

Bespeak a resurrection  
To new ecstatic life, ,  
Instinct with joyous gladness,  
Tumultuous feelings rife.

With hearts elated, grateful,  
We reach'd a shady bower,  
And by a murmuring streamlet  
Spent sweet a happy hour ;

All gazing on the landscape,  
Lest aught might it destroy,  
Rapt list'ning to the wild birds  
In their revelry of joy ;

And fancying fond the cloudlets  
In fleecy white array,  
Bright herald angels hymning,  
Each on his golden way ;

Dark rocks, green meadows blending  
    With woodlands high above,  
That light and shade producing  
    Which poets so fondly love.

Then opening slow the wicket,  
    We enter'd now the grove  
That to the village churchyard  
    Leads canopying above.

O'erhead the budding branches  
    All scenting sweet the breeze,  
We walk'd upon the greensward  
    Beneath the linden trees ;

Till we had reach'd in silence  
    The little village church—  
Old-fashion'd, quaint, red-tile-roof'd,  
    With mossy-cover'd porch.

Aloft the tottering belfry,  
    With clinging ivy crown'd,  
The village bells safe guarding,  
    Prophetic look'd around.

For like some bearded hermit  
That had outlived his time,  
All tremulous now its music,  
Soft, plaintive faint its chime.

Yet these old bells at funeral,  
Had wept in grief and pain,  
Or clash'd in joy at wedding,  
And so would oft again.

Still twitter soft the swallows,  
With their silver shining breasts,  
Around the eaves and turrets  
Lined with their gray old nests.

All round the lonely churchyard,  
Embower'd by ash and elm,  
The grassy mounds upheaving,  
Speak warnings true and solemn

In sharp old-letter'd epitaph,  
Or trite high-sounding verse,  
With trump and angel, sand-glass,  
Inscriptions quaint and terse.

I love not your Necropolis  
    With all its studied art,  
But these gray hoary tombstones  
    Speak straightway to the heart.

A winding path now tracking,  
    We stand beside a grave,  
The branches of a willow  
    Around it weeping wave.

No other grave beside it,  
    Lies lone that nameless one,  
And yet how calm and peaceful  
    Though sleeping all alone !

‘ Is it a grave like this, father,  
    Where our dear brothers sleep,  
And where among the willows  
    We oft could come and weep ?’

A chord is touch’d, and turning  
    Unto the child that spake,  
With tears mine eyes o’erflowing,  
    My heart all like to break ;


'Tis not a place like this, loves,'—  
Now all had crowded round—  
'Where sleep your younger brothers  
In one green grassy mound ;

'But 'midst a city's tumult,  
Close by a crowded street,  
The clang and flash of enginery,  
The tramp of restless feet.

'Yet it was once secluded,  
A place of peaceful rest,  
Where oft might come the mourner  
To ease his troubled breast.

'And still the Howff looks solemn,  
'Mong hum of busy men,  
And oft arrests the passers by,  
To look, and look again

'Upon its tombs, and monuments,  
Fit records of the past,  
Proclaiming 'midst man's revelry  
His destiny at last.



‘ When late I fondly visited  
That distant rugged strand,—  
For dearly do I love thee  
My own, my native land—

‘ I prized the hearty welcome  
That greeted me ashore,  
And bless’d her hardy people  
With warmth unknown before.

‘ O proudly rose fair Deedun  
With her steeples, chimneys high,  
The azure hills surrounding  
Far piercing sharp the sky.

‘ The uplands richly wooded,  
Relieved by pastures green,  
Towers, churches, castles, priories,  
The Gowrie Carse between.

‘ While grandly on the river  
In stately volume roll’d,  
The white-wing’d ships slow sailing  
’Mong isles of breezy gold.

## THE GRAVE.

‘ Yet one spot, to me dearer  
Than all on earth beside,  
I yearning long’d to visit,  
With no one by my side.

‘ And as I stood all tearful  
By that lone, sacred tomb,  
Each dear name reading fondly  
Of those in youthful bloom

‘ Who lay beside each other  
In loving blissful sleep,  
A known voice softly whisper’d—  
“ My father do not weep,

“ For high in heavenly mansions,  
In pure felicity,  
’Mong seraphs, saints, and angels,  
We wait to welcome thee.”

‘ So ever, dearest children,  
To you, as well as me,  
The same voice softly whispers—  
“ We wait to welcome thee.”

‘ In pleasure, or in sorrow,  
In pain, or mirthful glee,  
The same voice ever whispers—  
“ We wait to welcome thee.” ’

---

## MORNING.

‘ COME, rest awhile, my Edwin,  
Now let us have some talk,  
Fatigued you seem, and languid,  
With your long morning walk.’

‘ How named this sylvan valley  
That lies beneath our feet,  
With undulating woodlands,  
Bright silver rivers deep ?’

‘ Scene much like our own Scotland,  
Combining hill and vale,  
Far stretching misty moorland—  
The famed Yorkshire Airedale.

· See, Edwin, to the eastward,  
In farthest nook of glen,  
Reposes favourite Apperly  
Afar from haunts of men.

‘Then in the winding hollow,  
Lie Shipley, and Saltaire ;  
While nestling cozily opposite,  
Basks Shipley Glen so fair.

‘And there old-fashion’d Bingley  
Warm seated in the west ;  
O’er Skipton’s distant moorlands  
The morning sunshine blest.

‘The silver bounding river,  
In tortuous winding flow,  
By side of iron railway,  
And foul canal below.

‘While as a lofty background,  
Hemmed in on either hand,  
Bright purple blooming heather  
Far stretching girds the land.

‘The golden sun in glory  
O’erhead in beauty bright,  
The silver cloudlets canopied  
With a gush of summer light.’

‘But poets sing, than summer,  
How grander autumn’s phase,  
In light and shade deep bronzing  
The woodlands mystic haze?’

‘My Edwin, study Nature,  
List! ever for yourself,  
At every cost and hazard,  
● Regardless e’er of pelf.

‘In proof how false the picture  
These would-be poets bedight,  
Calm gaze on yonder woodland  
To left of Bingley bright.

‘The light and shade, the tinting,  
Which there the landscape crown,  
Delight the eye e’en richer  
Than autumn’s nutty brown.

'The deep green of the chestnut,  
With beech and lime entwined,  
The ash in fresh'ning foliage,  
With poplar boughs combined ;

'The oak's bronzed tender leaflets,  
Like dazzling sunshine bright,  
In wavy gold adorning  
The upland's shelving height.

'This richness deep of colour,—  
Luxuriant green and gold—  
October's wither'd aspect  
Can never bright unfold.—

'Hark ! 'tis the railway whistle,  
See the engine plunging fast,  
O'er levels, through steep deep cuttings,  
Defiant of calm or blast.

'While in strange old-fashion'd contrast,  
Canal boats creep along,  
Slow dragged by skeleton horses,  
To the boatman's drowsy song.

‘But yonder bursts the rain-cloud  
O’er Haworth’s spongy hills,  
To flood the dashing streamlets,  
The leaping mountain rills.

‘Now let us wander homeward :’—  
‘O father, list the song,  
Which bursting from some wild bird  
Yon fleecy clouds among,

‘Fills all the soul with music,  
The yielding heart with joy :  
Now let me shade my eyelids,  
As did I when a boy :—

‘O, ’tis the minstrel sky-lark,  
Far upwards bounding free,  
The jewelled gates approaching  
Where harping angels be.

‘Now like a speck he seemeth,  
I scarce can hear him sing,  
Still see I in the distance  
The quivering of his wing.’

'Thus, ever, dearest Edwin,  
In calm, by tempests driven,  
Soar we up, like the sky-lark,  
To paradise—to Heaven.'

---

## EVENING.

Come, kiss me now, my child—  
Not weary yet at play?  
Thou hast been romping wild  
This long, long summer's day,  
By bird and flower, and brook beguiled,  
In happiness alway.

My wee sweet Annie, come  
And lay your little head  
Upon my lap at home,  
The light hath nearly fled,  
And night unfolds her starry dome,—  
'Tis time to be in bed.

There, dearest, rest awhile  
    Before you go to rest,  
And to your mother smile,  
    While nestling on her breast,  
And I will softly talk the while  
    Of visions of the blest.

Then with me softly sing  
    The hallow'd even-song,  
On love's bright sunny wing  
    The incense borne along  
To yonder glory shadowing  
    The blest celestial throng.

Now in thy cot so warm,  
    Hush'd every grating sound,  
To thee shall come no harm,  
    For angels guard around ;  
The Saviour's all-protecting arm  
    In love encircles round.

A lovely sight to see  
    At this calm hour of even—

A mother bends the knee  
That sins may be forgiven—  
Hush ! like a low-breath'd melody  
Her voice is heard in Heaven !

---

## DREAMLAND.

I WATCH'D wee Annie sleeping  
With all a mother's love :  
No heaving sighs or weeping  
With thee, my gentle dove.

Thy sunny hair of chestnut,  
Bedropt with spangled gold,  
Adown thy silvery shoulders  
In massy ringlets roll'd.

Upon thy cheeks, soft rounded,  
The fresh flower-flush of spring,  
Thine eyes of deep cerulean,  
Dark lashes shadowing.

Thine hands of pearly whiteness  
    Clasp'd gently on thy breast ;  
A picture sweet of innocence,  
    Deep in Elysian rest.

Now o'er thy brow of marble  
    Would crimson blush be seen,  
As if some burning seraph  
    Did walk with thee, I ween.

Anon, all radiant smiling,  
    Deep steep'd in blissful joy,  
As through the heavenly arches  
    The harpings did deploy.

Now rapt intently listening  
    To some harmonious sound,  
An atmosphere of melody  
    Encircling thee around.

Then from thy lips soft whisperings,  
    Like hum of summer streams :—  
Wert talking with the angels  
    In thy celestial dreams ?

Adown the golden meadows,  
By silver rivers clear,  
Didst thou espy thy brothers,  
And their known voices hear ;

And did they bid thee welcome,  
And take thee by the hand,  
O, never to be parted,  
In that bright happy land ?

All this, and more, my loved one,  
Didst thou both hear and see,  
Thy little heart all beating  
With rapturous ecstasy.

It may be, soon, and softly,  
May come thine own last sleep,  
And o'er thee in thy coffin  
Shall mourners sigh and weep.

But then I'll know you're happy  
In these celestial bowers :  
Thus Heaven becoming dearer  
The more it holds of ours !

## SHADOWS.

No sound of cheerful welcome,  
No laughter at the stile,  
No greeting at the doorway,  
By look, or word, or smile.

A hush'd, sad, settled stillness,  
The shadow deep of death,  
Dark broods around our household,  
All speak with bated breath.

For in his little dove-cot  
Wee Charlie dying lies ;  
Above with fadeless amaranth  
The herald angel flies.

And all so calm and peaceful  
Within that gentle breast,  
We scarcely know, so softly  
He sinks at last to rest.

Now close I soft thine eyelids,  
Long lash'd with silken hair,  
And part upon thy forehead  
Thy golden ringlets fair.

Thy hands, so white and wasted,  
I softly place in mine,  
And gaze upon thy features,  
So spiritual, divine.

Yet, dearly as I loved thee,  
My own sweet, darling boy,  
Whose voice amongst my heartstrings  
Dwelt like celestial joy ;

The first in joy to meet me,  
The last at night to kiss,  
Whose love awoke the fondest,  
Sublimest earthly bliss ;

I would not now recall thee,  
With all that it endears,  
To this far land of exile  
With its sorrows and its tears.

No—but I hear the hymnings,  
As when an angel sings,  
I list the seraphs' whisperings,  
And the music of their wings.

Go, go 'midst joyous harpings  
To thine eternal home,  
O'er us you leave e'er wafting  
The sweetest welcome—'Come.'

'How is it with the child, love?'  
'My dearest,—it is well;'  
'Speak, is it well? oh, father!'  
'My children,—it is well.'

---

## SUNSHINE.

TO-NIGHT, my little Annie,  
Thy lips I cannot kiss,  
I may not list thy singing,  
Thou reveller in bliss.

The day all dark and cloudy,  
I never could feel glad ;  
To-night I'm very weary,  
My heart is very sad.

Things go not well, my Annie,  
Whatever be our doom ;—  
The past a toilsome journey,  
The future full of gloom.

With all my earnest strivings  
In the bustle and the strife,  
I cannot make much headway  
In the battle keen of life.

Thou dost not understand me ?  
Then was I very wrong  
To mar thy childish pleasure,  
And damp thy merry song.

Come, come, my little Annie,  
Climb quick thy father's knee :—  
Gone now the cloud of sadness,  
The care that wearied me !

There, fondle in my bosom,  
Thy cheek lay soft on mine,  
And then my heart shall vibrate  
In unison with thine.

Now turn thine eyes cerulean,  
With steadfast gaze on me,  
And sing all sweet, and softly,  
A sacred melody ;

For the end of all my longing  
Is to see thee glad rejoice ;  
The antidote of sadness  
The music of thy voice.

Then never mar their gladness,  
Or check their romping mirth,  
For O, these blessed children  
Be the sunshine of earth.

'Tis they who sweeten sorrow,  
Give life perpetual bloom,  
And strew with fragrant roses  
The pathway to the tomb.

## DARKNESS.

‘My head, my head’—‘I’ll bind it  
With softest circlet round,  
And hush’d be every murmur,  
Each rude disturbing sound.

‘What aileth thee, my Annie?  
As birdie in its nest,  
As in its fold the lammie,  
Now nestle in my breast.’

Thy hands all hot and feverish,  
Thy pulses wildly beat,  
Thy cheeks in hectic flushings,  
Thy brow in burning heat.

Oh! closed now are thine eyelids,  
Cold, clammy damp thy brow;  
I cannot hear thy whisperings,  
So weak are they and low.

What would I give, wee Annie,  
To see thee at thy play,  
Thy spirit ever basking  
In melody alway ;

To hear thy faëry footfalls  
Upon the parlour floor,  
And feel thy warm caressings  
Of welcome at the door !

The sunshine of our household,  
How very dear to me ;  
My blessèd, own belovèd,  
Would I could die for thee !

It may not be ; still watching  
The fitful, labouring breath :  
With Thee, O God ! the issues  
Of healthful life, and death.

And yet how deep the silence  
That reigns in every room,  
Our spirits sad depressing  
With strange, foreboding gloom.

Suspense to bear, how painful,  
All so intensely still ;  
To be resign'd, how difficult :  
Lord, mould us to Thy will.

---

## THE DAWN.

'THE pain is gone, my father,  
Give Annie thine own kiss : '—  
' Yes, yes, beloved, dearest,  
Sweet, unexpected bliss ;

' For long we've gently watch'd thee,  
Long held thy feverish head,  
And now we glad receive thee  
From the portals of the dead.

' Here come thine own dear mother,  
Thy brothers, old and young,  
Attracted quick so sweetly  
By the music of thy tongue.'

Then 'midst your soft caressings,  
Your tears of grateful joy,  
Receive a father's blessing,  
Heartfelt, without alloy.

For now the clouds that darken'd  
Our hearts and earthly home,  
Have fled before the dawning  
To us in beauty come.

Again shall little Annie  
Glad join you at your play,  
Like cherub from yon spirit-land,  
To gladden you alway.

And some, till she gets stronger,  
Will wheel her in her chair,  
Adown the garden shrubbery,  
'Midst nature's beauties fair.

And some will build an arbour  
Among the shady bowers,  
And for her gently gather  
The rarest, richest flowers.

And sweet will softly mingle,  
The bleatings of the herds,  
The voices glad of children,  
The melody of birds.

While gratefully I wander  
Along the gravelled walk,  
All hid from view, yet list'ning  
To all your gentle talk.

'Tis said all human gladness  
Partakes somewhat of pain,  
But this is bliss celestial,  
Loved Eden come again !

---

## KINNETTLES' MILL.

SURROUNDED rich by hill and dale,  
Midway in Brighton's bonnie vale,  
    By Kerbet's waters still,  
Outside the little village street  
Near by the manse, and garden neat,  
Is seated cozily and sweet  
    Kinnettles' ancient mill.

O very quaint it is, and old,  
A pedant he, and very bold  
    Who dared its age to tell ;  
For gray and hoary though it be,  
And sad its batter'd state to see,  
The mill-wheel goes so steadily,  
    And does its work so well,

That antiquarian, seer, or sage,  
Could neither guess, nor tell its age,  
    With an approach to truth ;

So while the peasant wondering stares,  
Judicious bit by bit repairs  
Transforms its aspect unawares,  
And oft renews its youth.

Ah ! ancient mill, though far from thee,  
Still very dear art thou to me,  
Nay, never art forgot,  
For thou our name in days of yore,  
For many generations bore :  
'Tis known there now, alas ! no more,  
Still sacred, blessèd spot.

My sire's, and grandsire's birth-place dear,  
Accept the tributary tear  
Which far from thee I shed,  
Recalling scenes, narrations rare,  
Of eldrich visions in the air,  
Sepulchral warnings to beware,  
And visits from the dead.

With earnest voice, yet full of fire,  
I've heard my venerable sire  
Enthusiastic tell,

How *Spunkie* danced in sportive glee  
Along the marshy peat-moss free,  
An awful sight on earth to see,  
Blue lighting all the dell !

And how by Brigton's spreading woods,  
When Kerbet tumbled down his floods,  
He's heard the well-known splash  
Of *waterkelpie's* ponderous weight,  
Enough an Indiaman to freight,  
And all the old wives mad affright,  
So terrible the smash.

And then to hear him *lauchin'* fast,  
As wildly roar'd the stormy blast,  
And plashing fell the rain ;  
'Twas like to shake the very earth,  
And woe to that doom'd household hearth,  
Which check'd not revelry and mirth  
In *waterkelpie's* reign !

'Twere vain to tell of all his pranks,  
To those on horseback, those on shanks,  
But chief, and best of all,

The one he played that wintry night  
To our good Dominie, a knight,  
Not very difficult to fright,  
Though hating sore a fall.

Returning home from Thornton late,  
Pshaw ! what cared he for kelpie's hate,  
For oft with all his pith,  
'Gainst protestations, tremulous fears,  
Old men's rebuffs, and maidens' tears,  
This nondescript, with scornful jeers,  
He'd voted rude a myth.

Brave Daniel reach'd without a word  
The middle of the trembling ford,  
When guff-gaw from the bank,  
A sound arose—his fate deplore—  
A cry of terror reach'd the shore—  
'I'll never see my *laddies* more'—  
And 'tween the planks he sank !

'Whare are ye,' said a voice behind,  
'For I the bodie canna find,  
I'll tell't to a' the clachan :—

On there ye are, wat, drucket hen,  
Half-droon'd, I wot ye'll no again,  
Mak' sport wi' ony in the glen,  
O' waterkelpie's lauchin !'

So thus, like April hopes and fears,  
There cometh laughter with our tears,  
From thee, O ancient mill ;  
Good luck attend thee evermore,  
Have *melders* plenty oft in store,  
The miller thrive as aye before,—  
My blessing with thee still.

---

## THE DOMINIE AT SCHOOL.

PRECEPTOR dear, I've sung thy praise  
Elsewhere in rustic, Doric lays,  
Now for thy courtly rule,  
Supremely exercised by thee,  
With all the pomp and majesty,  
Of uncontrolled authority,  
Within thy little school.

With triple crown upon thy brow,  
A despot, not a tyrant thou,  
    For oft would play the smile  
Of pawky condescension sweet  
Around thy lips, and praises meet,  
The willing ear would often greet,  
    Free from all art and guile.

Mix'd rule thou never wouldst permit,  
Democracy however fit  
    For older nations free,  
Was all unsuited to thy taste,  
Implying recklessness and haste,  
Proud self-respect, pshaw! going to waste,  
    Sheer madcap rivalry.

Hence, e'er resulting from thy sway,  
Decorum, order reign'd alway  
    Among thy *laddies* wild;  
Although, beyond thy sanctum dread,  
Oft stroked thou every curly head,  
And tears of joy would often shed,  
    E'en as a little child.

Of tricks we plenty had in store,  
But oft did we our fate deplore,  
    When boldly in the act,  
Down came the merciless *taws* unseen,  
Our tiny fingers smarting keen,  
While blubbering *greetin'*, forced, I ween,  
    Proclaim'd aloud the fact.

Or when, in spite of cry or frown,  
The *breaks* by force were taken down—  
    But I record no more,  
For oft the culprit, in disgrace,  
Could scarce again hold up his face,  
But 'midst much laughter and grimace,  
    His fate long meekly bore.

Deep learn'd in classic lore wert thou,  
Few equals then hadst thou, I trow,  
    For many counties round ;  
Attracted by Kinnettles' name,  
Thy teaching apt, and growing fame,  
From farthest cities pupils came,  
    And at thy feet were found.

One day, whilst 'midst thy little flock,  
A gossip with his whip did knock,  
    Then pranced along the floor,—  
'Sir, duty now forbids—away—  
Back come again some other day,  
But not in school hours, list ! I pray,'  
    And turn'd on him the door.

Thus to thy pupils ever true,  
They oft in gratitude review  
    Thy rectitude, and truth ;  
And now, the toiling world among,  
The bar, the pulpit, poet's song,  
The mart, exchange, the strains prolong—  
    'How nobly train'd our youth !'

---

## THE DOMINIE AT DINNER.

AMIDST excitement, hopes, and fears,  
Lived Daniel ripening fast in years,  
    With locks of silver gray ;  
Some mark of honour seem'd his due,  
From those to whom he'd been so true,  
Who with affection ever new,  
    Respected him alway.

So, gay in Deedun, 'bonnie' town,  
A goodly gathering fond sat down,  
    The Poet in the chair ;  
Their guest, with bashful, honest pride,  
Not knowing what might him betide,  
In seat of honour by his side,  
    To him a great affair.

Prompt justice done to Denholm's feast,  
Now at the chairman's high behest,  
    We drank to our loved Queen :

Then calling for a bumper round ;  
With tingling, genial, silver sound,  
Each brimful fill'd his glass around,  
With right good will, I ween :—

‘ The speaker’s tact I cannot boast,  
While now I give next greatest toast,  
But from my inmost heart,  
On this bright, memorable day  
I thus, with you proud tribute pay  
To him, our tutor, friend alway,  
Without pretence or art.

‘ Instructor, guide in early youth,  
Beau ideal of wisdom, truth,  
’Twere difficult to hit  
On proper phrases to unrol  
The traits of thy capacious soul :’—  
More racy jottings could I scroll,  
Did modesty permit.

At last the peroration came—  
‘ All honour to our teacher’s name,  
Learn’d Daniel Robertson

Hip, hip, hurrah ! and one cheer more '—  
The like was never heard before,  
The chorus rang from shore to shore,  
And burst o'er Catterthun !

'Midst silence then uprose our guest,  
With pale blanch'd cheek, wild heaving breast,  
    'Dear laddies'—but his breath,  
Gave way, alas ! in sighing soon,  
And down he tumbled in a swoon,—  
'A doctor present ?' what a boon,  
    He's at the point of death !

Upon the couch with happy knack,  
We laid him gently on his back,  
    Cast water in his face ;  
All tremulous, watching tenderly,  
Returning signs of life to see,  
Keen wondering what the end would be  
    Of such a piteous case !

At last with *pechs* and heaving sighs,  
Poor Daniel oped his wondering eyes,  
    And wildly stared around :

At once the truth flash'd on him keen—  
O what a babe in truth he'd been—  
While tears of sorrow fill'd his een,  
And groanings shook the ground.

'My laddies,' said he faint at last,  
His breathing coming thick and fast,—  
    ' My speech some other time.'  
'Don't name it,' said we, one and all,  
'Nor with remorse yourself appal,  
We'll finish off ourselves the ball  
    In toast and speech sublime.'

And so our feast came to a close,  
But round the table ere we rose,  
    'Midst many a bantering laugh,  
Unto the chairman's poesy,  
Was traced the dread catastrophe,  
But ah! too old a bird was he  
    To be thus caught by chaff!

## THE DOMINIE IN THE WEST.

WHEN full in ear the golden grain  
Waved over hill and fruitful plain,  
    Came school-boys' holiday,  
The Dominie annual visits paid  
To pupils old, selection made  
Of well-to-do in art or trade,  
    With prudence cool alway.

By this wise forethought did he gain,  
Without e'en causing stint, or pain,  
    The free-run of the house ;  
His carpet-bag—the maiden stares—  
He to his bedroom sends upstairs,  
The parlour storming unawares,  
    All noiseless as a mouse !

Great tidings coming from the west,  
A former 'boy'—of course his best—  
    On high road grand to wealth ;

Go would he to congratulate  
This lordly Cræsus on his fate,  
And, good men's deeds to emulate,  
Resolves 'twould be by stealth.

Soon found he out the crescent fine,  
Where he'd made up his mind to dine ;—  
Himself announced—when lo !  
Espying the master in the hall,  
Bang went the door against the wall,—  
' My laddie,' loud as he could bawl,  
And hugged him to and fro !

All uproar, consternation o'er,  
The great man welcomed as before,  
His old preceptor bland ;  
And forthwith to the banquet spread,  
His guest himself in honour led,  
Though Daniel, bashful, hung his head,  
Among the company grand.

At night when he retired to rest,  
His host at Ladye's high behest,  
With graceful courtesy,

Up to his couch conducted kind,  
Hoped pleasant dreams he'd sweetly find,  
With conscience clear, unclouded mind,  
    No worse of all his revelry.

'Good night'—yet just when at the door,  
He turn'd abrupt and paced the floor,—  
    'You'll put quite out the light—  
I mean—beg pardon—know the way?'  
'Of course I do ; your master, pray,  
Come you to teach : please go thy way,  
    I'll make all square and right.'

Our host's own bedroom right beneath,  
Soon could he neither speak nor breathe,  
    While low and stifled moans  
Came from the stranger's room above,  
So, 'gainst opposing force he strove,  
Until the yielding door he clove  
    'Midst sighs and dying groans !

Unheeding these—the windows clash—  
Hurled upward with tremendous dash—  
    The safty-valve of life—

For gas enveloped every room,  
And lighted tapers awful boom,  
Would, in an instant, seal their doom,  
    'Midst death and wailing rife.

'I'm choked'—the gasping Dominie cried—  
'The light?' 'I blew it out'—he sigh'd ;  
    And when recover'd right,  
He begged his hostess, as a boon,  
To let him homeward go at noon :—  
'I'll gang nae mair to yon toun,  
    I've gotten such a fright !'

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## THE DOMINIE IN THE DITCH.

Less able now the ruts to bridge  
Of rugged road or shelving ridge,  
    He 'mong the farmers round,  
A horse was wont to borrow oft,  
On which he primly sat aloft,  
To visit county town, or croft,  
    Though oft brought to the ground.

Old pupils had this honour paid  
Much oftener than they wish'd, 'twas said,  
    But no excuse avail'd,  
For Daniel with persuasive wile,  
Soft, flattering, fond and pawky smile,  
The gudeman frowning all the while,  
    In triumph aye prevailed.

His boast it was gudewives to tell,  
How often he had *skelpit* well  
    A certain nameless place  
Of the gudeman,—if he were big,—  
(He being himself, though very trig,  
A rather little jaunty prig—)  
    With guff-gaw and grimace.

Dishonour'd thus before his wife,  
A burly laird with vengeance rife,  
    Resolved to bide his time ;  
So, when the Dominie next would ride,  
Swore that whatever might betide,  
He should, equipped and spurred, bestride  
    His steeple-racer prime.

Blinkbonny, skittish, and in trim,  
And Daniel relishing the whim,  
    Of riding such a horse,  
Away they went at courtly pace,  
The rider bold, without grimace,  
Erect and holding high his face;  
    Then reining in by force

As they approach'd an ugly ditch,  
The rider using smart his switch,  
    Which, understanding well,  
The hunter measured distance true,  
And o'er the yawning chasm flew,  
But Daniel—pitiful to view—  
    Whack in the puddle fell !

Unskilful rider off her back,  
Blinkbonny took her homeward track,  
    'Midst titterings loud of all,  
And quick the laird, who thought him dead,  
Upraised the affrighted Dominie's head  
Besmear'd with mud, and inward said,—  
    His pride had got a fall !

The earnest talk between the two,  
We dare not publicly review,  
    But with electric speed,  
A mutual solemn compact bore,  
That he of *skelping* speak no more,  
And *canny* horse, as aye before,  
    Would tend him in his need ;

The laird to be still further bound,  
A secret from the country round,  
    To keep the unlucky hitch,  
And never to his 'laddies' tell,  
What to their master then befell,  
Lest on their lips too oft might dwell—  
    'The Dominie in the ditch !'


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## THE DOMINIE IN THE GRAVE.

POOR DANIEL ! all is over now,  
At last at rest in peace art thou,  
    Death on thee sets his seal ;  
And o'er God's-acre, lone, below,  
Where Kerbet's waters whispering flow,  
They bear thee grieving, silent, slow,  
    To the land o' the leal.

All is over now—the pawky smile,  
The simpering laugh, persuasive wile,  
    The energy and zeal ;  
Desire of excellence, pride of lore,  
Exciting labour, joys of yore—  
These follow not beyond the shore  
    Of the land o' the leal !

The last fond annual visit paid,  
The last adieu impulsive made,  
    The last prayer for our weal,



Death took thee gently by the hand,  
And led thee o'er Time's rugged strand,  
To rest in that dark, silent land,—

The land o' the leal.

Though round thee shouts of youthful joy,  
Burst ardent from each school-freed boy,

His freedom to reveal ;  
E'en fond as thou wert wont to be,  
To list their roistering merry glee,  
Thy 'laddies' voices reach not thee

In the land o' the leal !

Yet oft they, by remembrance led,  
Shall tears o'er thy last dwelling shed,

With no art to conceal ;  
And, Time's sand-glass all ebbing fast,  
When quick a few short years are past,  
We all shall meet with thee at last

In the land o' the leal.

## GUDEMAN OF AIRNEYFOUL.

WELL made, of middle size, his head  
In Roman mould fine cast,  
The rose's bloom upon his cheek,  
Impervious to the blast.  
Contentment twinkling in his eye,  
With him no dowie dool,  
Esteem'd by all he ever knew—  
Gudeman of Airneyfoul.

Top-boots, all shining polish'd bright,  
Whip poised in bridle hand,  
At kirk, or market, favourite beau  
Throughout broad Angus' land.  
Yet firm of purpose, true of speech,  
Bland, kind, yet ever cool,  
Presuming prigs found to their cost—  
Gudeman of Airneyfoul.

All work about the mill and farm  
Did he so nicely poise,

Things went like working of a watch,  
 Without discordant noise.  
 Yet none enjoy'd with greater zest  
 Glen gatherings glad at Yule,  
 Nor blither spread the festive board—  
 Gudeman of Airneyfoul.

His sons like olive plantings grew,  
 About the table round,  
 Religion cheerful compassing,  
 Like sunshine all around ;  
 In fruitage ripening rich betimes,  
 At home, in church, at school,  
 The future, cloth'd in colours bright—  
 Gudeman of Airneyfoul.

In times of dearth when meal was dear,  
 And others hoarded keen,  
 He, open-handed, gave to all  
 Without reward, I ween.  
 So to this day the grateful poor,  
 Their hearts with gladness full,  
 His name and memory fondly bless—  
 Gudeman of Airneyfoul.

And when he left his native glen,  
'Midst sighs, regrets, and tears,  
He woted not how eagerly  
Men would in after years  
His children honour for his sake :—  
So now all dutiful,  
'Tis meet that I this tribute pay—  
Gudeman of Airneyfoul.

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## GUDEWIFE OF EAST DRUMGLEY.

AUNT BARBARA when just sweet eighteen,  
Tall and majestic as a queen,  
As bonnie a lass as e'er was seen,  
(Before she graced Drumgley.)

Throughout the Strath and Earl's land,  
Had many a beau and courtier bland,  
Who sigh'd in vain to gain her hand,  
She was so very fey.

At last in spite of family pride,  
 Not caring what might e'en betide,  
 Nor who might frown, nor who might chide,  
     She kept them all at bay ;

And wed the lad that she liked best,  
 Who to his rough, yet manly breast,  
 The flower of Brighton fondly prest,  
     And bore her proud away

To his but poorly-furnish'd cot,  
 Yet blest with love, the happy spot  
 Was heaven on earth to them, I wot,  
     They thriving day by day.

By skilful toil, industrious thrift,  
 Soon set they poverty adrift,  
 To rear their children made a shift,  
     And shot ahead alway.

From cot to croft, from croft to farm,  
 The way secured by stalwart arm,  
 All envious frowns did they disarm,  
     When seated at Drumgley.

Around the land her praises grew,  
More lovely wife than maid to view,  
Glad sunshine she around her threw—  
Gudewife of East Drumgley.

And twice each year our gracious Queen,  
Was by her homestead smiling seen,  
Returning court'sies meet, I ween,  
To the Dame of East Drumgley.

Though servants now at her behest,  
Attended quickly each request,  
Among them all work'd she the best—  
Gudewife of East Drumgley.

O well I mind my Auntie's smile,  
Her winning way, fond loving wile,  
My children fondling all the while,  
Whene'er at East Drumgley.

Yet shadows on her path would dwell,  
In death her sons in beauty fell,  
Sore trial when call'd to bid farewell  
To the hopes of East Drumgley.

Low stricken by life's wintry blast,  
Resign'd and calm she faded fast,  
And fell asleep in peace at last,—  
Gudewife of East Drumgley.

From far and near the horsemen come,  
Amidst funereal muffled hum,  
To bear thee to thy last long home—  
Gudewife of East Drumgley.

The marshalled cavalcade array,  
Which stretch'd in outline far away,  
Thy worth proclaim'd that funeral day—  
Gudewife of East Drumgley.

Thy grave in churchyard sweet of Glamis,  
The rustling pines like waving palms,  
O'er thee vibrate to voice of psalms—  
Gudewife of East Drumgley.

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## UNCLE ROBERT.

WHILE some are doom'd to wander lone  
Far from their native land,  
Beyond the seas their name to found,  
On some wild rugged strand.

Lo ! others from their native vale  
Scarce ever restless roam,  
The father, son inheriting  
One never-changing home.

Yet those who unambitious toil,  
With no pedantic lore,  
Who virtuous live, and virtuous die,  
As sires have done before ;

Are heroes real and valorous  
In the battle-field of life,  
E'en as the belted cavalier,  
The foremost in the strife.

Thus, mused I thoughtful by the hearse,  
As down the uplands slow,  
My kinsman sorrowing we bore—  
Now many years ago—

To his last resting-place, beside  
His fathers in their tomb,  
To be succeeded meet betimes,  
In age or beauty's bloom,

By those he left behind to come,  
When here their mission done ;  
How comforting to them the thought,  
They would not sleep alone !

Descended from Kincaldrum's knights  
Of that ilk courtly, grand,  
The goodman lived, and farm'd, and died,  
Still marching with their land.

From southern slopes of Foffarty  
He happy saw alway  
The ancient mill where he was born,  
The green where he did play

With brothers, sister, near him still  
In sunny farms around,  
Encircling like one family  
Their patriarchal ground.

But one by one, like shocks of corn,  
In harvest ripe, they fell,  
And he, the youngest, and the last,  
Now too hath bid farewell :

And to Kinnettles' old churchyard,  
By Kerbet's waters deep,  
Sooth'd by the mill-wheel's cherish'd sound,  
He goes in death to sleep.

Thrice happy fate, ye sons of toil,  
From God your destiny given,  
One home on earth, one home in death,  
One home above in heaven !

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## MY GRANDMOTHER.

A MOTLEY crowd quick gathers round,  
All jostling one another,  
A little blubbering frighten'd boy  
The cause of all this pothor ;  
Who, sent an errand, loses all,  
Vain trying his grief to smother,  
Till by another urchin roused—  
‘ Why, haven’t you got a grandmother?’

What words of true philosophy,  
From youthful lips fresh rushing,  
How full of wisdom rudely spok’n,  
Right from the heart outgushing !  
Intuitive, the urchin knew,  
With instinct of a brother,  
How all this tumult, calm would end,  
If Jem had got a grandmother !

Ah ! yes, dear granny, oft hast thou,  
My boyish faults safe shielded,  
When high ’bove my devoted head  
The rod was fiercely wielded.

Things oft to thee have I confess'd,  
I would not to my mother,  
All wondering whether every boy  
Had got so good a grandmother.

Out oft from thy capacious pouch,  
'Neath ample flower'd short-gown,  
Wouldst thou distribute peppermint,  
White, red, and nutty brown ;  
And stroke my head with trembling hand,  
So ending all the bother  
Which through the day my heart had vex'd,  
In the smiles of my good grandmother.

Rest then in peace in land o' leal,  
Down by the broomy hollow,  
Grandchildren, young, alas ! no more,  
Sad one by one now follow,  
Around thee fond all calm to sleep,  
In arms of one another,  
Encompass'd by thine honour'd shade—  
Our dear loved, good grandmother.

## CASTLE GUTHRIE.

In plume and doublet rides the knight,

On a summer morning early,

Of noble bearing, comely face,

His steed cap'risoned rarely,

And loud he knocks at Brighton's gates,

The warder asking sternly—

'From whence come you?'—Sir David cries,

'I come from Castle Guthrie ;

'Go quickly tell your ladye fair,

I would her see thus early,

I to the tournament away,

And cannot longer tarry.'

The ladye looks from her lattice high,

Her lover gazing fondly—

'The Guthrie would the Douglas wed ?

Back hie to Castle Guthrie ;

'Aside your tilting trappings throw,

Your armour buckle fairly—

The wars ! the wars ! haste to the fray,

Then, having suffer'd sairly ;

And won your spurs by noble deeds,  
You ever fighting bravely,  
Come back and claim your willing bride—  
Then ho ! for Castle Guthrie.'

Forth to the wars Sir David went,  
His pride and love tax'd sorely,  
The foremost ever in the fight,  
His spurs he won right bravely.  
And homeward speeds he proud in haste,  
To claim his bride, now fairly,  
Upon her own conditions won—  
All hail to Castle Guthrie.

'What sounds are these in Brigton's halls  
Of revelry thus early ?'  
'Tis e'en our ladye's nuptial day,'  
Leer'd the warder very glibly.  
In haste again Sir David sped  
To the wars now raging fiercely—  
In battle slain, ne'er saw again  
His own loved Castle Guthrie !

## THE BONNIE WOODS OF LOGIE.

THE poet walks forth in the sweet March air,  
In the spring flower-flush of its freshness fair,  
To nature's great God soul-rapt in deep prayer,  
    'Mong the bonnie woods of Logie.

The birds 'mong the budding, dewy rich-scented groves,  
Keen wooing their mates like the fond turtle-doves,  
In liquid soft numbers telling sweetly their loves  
    'Mong the bonnie woods of Logie.

Espying his presence, see ! they hastily meet  
In council all musical their Laureate to greet  
In songs glad, mellifluous, harmoniously sweet,  
    'Mong the bonnie woods of Logie.

But checking now quick their melodious wild mirth,  
To this fond request the blackbird gives birth—  
That the bard would e'er sing his praise through the earth  
    Of the martial laird of Logie :

‘Who spreadeth for me the wild hazel bush,’  
Rich warbles the bright-eyed, gold-speckled thrush,  
The key-note high sounding without e’en a blush,  
In the bonnie woods of Logie.

‘Who reareth unpruned my favourite hawthorn,  
For me loud to greet the herald of morn,’  
Chimes the merle, his ebony wings upborne  
’Mong the bonnie woods of Logie.

‘Who plants fond for me the fir and the elm,’  
Hymn the green and the goldfinch low and solemn,  
Lest the caw of the rooks should rude overwhelm  
Their song in the woods of Logie.

‘Who raises for me the whin and the broom,  
That I may repose ’mong their bright golden bloom,  
All safe’—sings the linnet—‘from the death-dreaded boom  
Of guns in the woods of Logie.’

‘And letteth the brushwood all tanglingly grow,’  
Chirps sharp the wee wren from the thicket below,  
‘For me in the holm where the wild roses blow  
In the bonnie woods of Logie.’

'Who shelters the oak and the high linden trees,  
Alive with the hum of the loved honey bees,  
For me'—cries the cushat afar on the breeze  
O'er the bonnie woods of Logie.

'My friend and protector : '—the robin, I wot,  
Sings lute-like alone from a far distant spot,  
Sad thinking himself 'mong the conclave forgot,  
In the bonnie woods of Logie.

'Caw ! caw,'—from the rookery, thunders the rook,  
'Just jot, dearest poet, this in your note-book,—  
No cruel slaughtering sportsmen our little ones took  
Last year in the woods of Logie.'

But symphony now to wild chorus gives way,  
The chaffinch, jackdaw, golden plover, and jay,  
The lapwing, curlew, the glad roundelay  
Join in praise of the laird of Logie.

Hush ! hush ! 'tis the lark slow ascending the sky,  
Every feather sharp quivering with sweet melody,  
Looking down from his cloud-capt kingdom on high,  
To the distant woods of Logie :—

' I join your sweet carol ye birds far below,  
And bear on my wings glad the rapturous flow  
Of gratitude's offering from linden and sloe,  
In the bonnie woods of Logie.

' Thus singing, I too all grateful ascend,  
My notes with the harpings of angels to blend :—  
The lover of birds is ever God's friend—  
Sweet, bonnie woods of Logie !'

The poet deep moved then all modestly spake :  
' Not for worlds would the charm I now ruthlessly break ;  
May your sweet grateful minstrelsy never abate  
'Mong the bonnie woods of Logie.'

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## THE HILL OF DUNOON.

LONE hill of Dunoon, so bright and so green,  
'Midst sterile scenery,  
Fit haunt for the fairies' favourite queen,  
In gossamer robes of sparkling sheen,  
In her midnight revelry.

When silvery moonbeams all lovingly sleep  
    'Neath the azure canopy,  
And when in the dew the angels weep,  
Out from the bluebells the elfins creep,  
    With their mimic revelry

Of magic white wands, and lances so bright,  
    In array of chivalry ;  
And their floating robes of ethereal light,  
As in silence all they coquetish alight  
    In long file rapidly.

Now swift to the music of zephyrs they dance,  
    Each keen for the victory ;  
How quick they defile, how flauntingly prance,  
How roguish they skip, how oglingly glance,  
    In their riot so gloriously !

Hark ! from the ' Picts Mill,' the chanticleer shrill,  
    Puts an end to their revelry ;  
In ether they vanish—all, all now is still,  
Save the magical sound of the wild mountain rill  
    Rolling down so silverly !

## THE HUNTER-HILL.

HARK ! 'tis the bugle sounding  
At gray cold break of day,  
The antler'd wild-deer bounding,  
The huntsmen borne away

To the royal sylvan forest  
Afar on the Hunter-hill,  
Where ladies fair on palfreys  
Display their chivalrous skill.

The hunter's horn resounding,  
Awakes the echoes high  
Of shouts of victor cavaliers,  
Now met to do or die.

All gory on the heather,  
The struck deer's blood is red ;  
The wild boar dyes the river,  
By purple streamlets shed.

And crown'd with spoils victorious,  
All homeward bend their way,  
To the march of war-songs martial,  
Or ladies' roundelay.

And now at the feast spread sumptuous,  
In baronial banquet-hall,  
Of viands rare and venison,  
In wild rude revelry all !

Hark ! 'tis the skylark singing  
With the voice of the mountain rill,  
In wild-wood chorus ringing  
Afar on the Hunter-hill.

Away to the breezy woodland,  
The gray old shelving rock,  
To the silver lapping streamlet,  
The beech, ash, elm, and oak.

Away to the hazel's shadow  
By the rippling burnie cool ;  
Where sporteth free the minnow  
In bright transparent pool.

Among the blaeberry bushes  
Let us ramble far away,  
And bound 'mong the purple heather  
This long bright summer's day.

Around romp the fox and the coney,  
The squirrel from tree to tree  
Leaps ever in joyous transport,  
In wild free liberty.

The bells of blue and purple,  
The mountain breezes brave,  
The graceful ferns embroider'd,  
In silvery beauty wave.

And fair grow the clustering mosses.  
The star-leaved anemones :—  
Hark ! children's voices blending  
With forest melodies.

And all without is music,  
And all within is joy,  
In revelry of ecstasy,  
The man a very boy ;

And from the glorious summit,  
The enchanting scene he scans;  
While round is spread the pic-nic,  
Upon the 'Fiery Pans.'

And sweet the cheerful voices  
Arise upon the breeze,  
Re-echoed back in symphonies  
From the great ancestral trees.

Pshaw! talk not now of chivalry,  
Wild deeds of the olden time,  
This pic-nic with my children,  
To me is more sublime.

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## THE VILLAGE.

FAIR, sweet the scene which from this height I view,—  
The hanging woods bedropt with spangled dew,  
The distant mountains wreath'd in mist afar,—  
Black Cairn-a-Month, wild classic Lochnagar.

The fruitful Strath luxurious teeming fair  
With woodlands, streams, old eldrich castles rare ;  
The bonnie 'How' converging all the scene  
In one grand focus—Nature's fairest queen !

Sweet village ! nestling 'mong ancestral trees  
Alive with birds, and butterflies, and bees ;  
The smoke, to leave all loth the cottar's hearth,  
Still lingering round the precincts fond of earth.

Loved children's voices glad I list so sweet,  
With song of birds rich blent with numbers meet,  
Faint silvery sounds of unseen streamlets near  
Commingling sharp with crow of chanticleer.

Fair scene ! in land of beauty doubly bright,  
O, ever welcome to my tear-dimmed sight,  
Far dearer that by mental vision now  
Can I alone behold my native 'How.'

But is the scene as fair when near we come,  
And visit close each farmer, cottar's home ;  
Does in reality the moral true  
Not e'en belie the showy outward view ?

Or does the air pestiferous, foul with crime,  
Blast in the bud the fairest flowers of time ;  
Do painted sepulchres deceive the eye,  
And with false frontlets mock the passers by ?

Go, snarling sceptics, slow the parish round,  
Examine keen each narrow inch of ground ;  
No searching glass, howe'er so fine, I wot,  
Can e'er discover true what there is not !

That village manse, th' abode of peace and love,  
Reflects around the bliss of Zion above ;  
That tapering church-spire, oft with lightning riven,  
The suffering, weary, points in joy to heaven.

That man of God, of highly-cultured parts,  
And flowing eloquence, in pity starts,  
While humbly like his Heavenly Master low,  
He lists the tale of misery and woe.

As round 'mong his parishioners he goes,  
In summer's heat, and winter's drifting snows,  
For each heart-wound deep searching true the cause,  
Their good he seeks, and not the world's applause.

But he the young with ardent longings rare,  
Makes, like the shepherd, his peculiar care,  
The tender lambkins in his bosom warm,  
Protecting safe from every deadly harm ;

Them ever keeping in his loving eye  
Throughout the years of helpless infancy ;  
Advice e'er rendering, warning, and reproof,  
When in wild paths of wayward, devious youth :

Till at the holy, high Communion blest,  
With tearful eye, yet joyous throbbing breast,  
At Christ's own feast, 'midst sounds of low-breath'd hymn,  
Each heart and life they consecrate to Him !

But of both worlds e'er making wise the most,  
So learning here its classic shrine can boast,  
Whose teachers apt, with winning grace impart  
That knowledge true which elevates the heart.

No backgoing spot with commerce-silent wheels,  
Beneath the haunted traveller's quick'ning heels  
The long, rank grass upspringing noxious, rife ;  
Deserted, lone, no signs of active life.

No ! 'Forward ! forward !' bravely now the cry,  
On wings of progress led by faith we fly ;  
Still onward, onward, 'midst the voice of psalms,  
Be, under God, the destiny of Glamis !

---

## MY NATIVE VALE.

(*Air*—'Annet Lyle.')

SINCE young life's morn all crimson'd gay  
With hues of rosy gold,  
When fairy dreams of splendour rich  
The future bright unroll'd,—  
I've roam'd afar, but now return  
My wanderings to bewail ;  
For O, there's not a spot on earth  
Like my own native vale.

I've seen the streams of silver clear  
O'er beds of amber run,  
And graceful palms, bananas wave  
In islands of the sun.

But dearer to my heart the pine,  
The bounding river's wail,  
For O there's not a spot on earth  
Like my own native vale.

I've heard the eastern princess sigh  
In balmy myrtle groves,  
While birds of brightest plumage sang  
The story of her loves.  
But sweeter maid's and linnet's song  
Blent with the breezy gale,  
For O there's not a spot on earth  
Like my own native vale.

---

## GLEN OGILVY.

BARBARIC darkness shadowing o'er,  
Among the Picts in days of yore,  
St Donald lived, devoid of lore,  
Within the Glen of Ogilvy.

Beside the forest's mantling shade,  
His daughters nine a temple made,  
To shelter rude his aged head  
    Within the Glen of Ogilvy.

Charred wood, burn'd ashes form'd the floor,  
The trunks of pines around the door  
Supporting walls of branches hoar,  
    Turf-roof'd in Glen of Ogilvy.

Nine maidens were they spotless fair,  
With silver skins, bright golden hair,  
Blue-eyed, vermillion-cheek'd, nowhere  
    Their match in Glen of Ogilvy.

Yet these fair maids, like muses nine,  
God-like, etherealized, divine,  
To perfect some high-soul'd design  
    Within the Glen of Ogilvy,

Did with the aged hermit toil,  
With their own hands in daily moil,  
Hard labouring rude the barren soil  
    Around the Glen of Ogilvy.

Poor barley-bread, and water clear,  
And that but once a day, I fear,  
Was all their fare from year to year,  
    Within the Glen of Ogilvy.

A chapel built they rude at Glamis,  
From whence, like sound of waving palms,  
Arose on high the voice of psalms  
    Near by the Glen of Ogilvy.

The hermit dead, they left the glen,  
E'er shunning dread the haunts of men,  
In Oratory sacred then,  
    Far from the Glen of Ogilvy,

On Abernethy's holy ground,  
From whence their fame spread soon around,  
Although no more their songs resound  
    In their loved Glen of Ogilvy.

Nine maidens fair in life were they,  
Nine maidens fair in death's last fray,  
Nine maidens fair in fame alway  
    The maids of Glen of Ogilvy.

And to their grave from every land,  
Come many a sorrowing pilgrim band,  
The oak to kiss, whose branches grand  
Wave o'er the maids of Ogilvy.

---

## THE SWIFT FLOWING KERBET.

(*Air*—'Saw ye my father.')

SWEET were the days by the swift flowing Kerbet  
When I trudged to Kinnettles' wee school ;  
Or, fond wi' young Jessie, oft willingly linger'd  
To gaze in the deep minnow pool.

Fair were the lawns and the fields of sweet Brighton,  
Surrounded by woodlands so green ;  
The sheep feeding rich in the haughs and the meadows,  
The river meand'ring between.

Wild were the pranks with the kind-hearted miller,  
As o'er the lade waters we swam ;

Or, sly, stopt the voice of the noisy loud happer  
By shutting the sluice of the dam.

Loud, long our glad shoutings on holiday mornings  
As we play'd on the sunny bright knowes ;  
Or piled the ripe fruit in our burnish'd-white flagons,  
As we lay 'mong the blaeberry boughs.

I've drank of the waters of many strange rivers,  
And gaz'd on fair maidens divine,  
But my hearts turns to thee, my own native Kerbet,  
The sights, and the sounds o' langsyne.

---

### MY AIN BONNIE DEAN.

*(Air—'Mrs Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.')'*

Or a' the streams that gently flow  
By moorland, strath, or den,  
I love the Dean meand'ring slow  
Where dwells sweet Lizzie Glen.

She's dear to me as ane can be,  
• Love sparkles in her een ;  
Her voice sae sweet oft mingles meet  
Wi' my ain bonnie Dean.

Sing by her cot, my bonnie stream  
Her charms sae rich and rare,  
Gay deck wi' diamond jewels bright  
Her gowden tresses fair.  
Then on thy bosom tenderly  
Bring safe my bridal queen,  
By gowany how, and broomy knowe  
Come thou, my bonnie Dean.

I carena for the winsome swains,  
Nor each admiring e'e,  
No a' their art wi' dext'rous dart  
Can wile her heart frae me,  
Wi' lav'rocks liltin' in the lift,  
And linties by the green,  
True, constant both, we'll pledge our troth  
By thee, my bonnie Dean.

In after-days when bairnies play  
Upon thy hazel braes,

And Lizzie sings o' wedded joys,  
While spreading out her claes,  
The burden o' her sang will be,  
While fond I listen keen—  
'O blessings rest, the sweetest, best,  
On thee, my bonnie Dean !'

---

## GLAMIS' BONNIE BURNIE.

(*Air*—'Katherine Ogie.')

FROM springs on Sidlaw's highest hills  
Flows Glamis' bonnie burnie ;  
And down the glen it murmurs sweet,  
Wi' mony a jinkin' turnie.  
It laves the meadows bright and green  
Where lasses soft are singing,  
And wild woods with the melody  
Of happy birds are ringing.

Oft by its verdant banks I've roved,  
My heart all free from sorrow,  
In life's fresh spring-time, hailing glad  
Each bright returning morrow.  
For with the music soft of love  
My heartstrings low did quiver,  
Sweet blending with the minstrelsy  
Of bird, and tree, and river.  
  
All nature sang fair Isa's charms,  
Heav'n's smiles in bliss revealing,  
As to mine own her lips I prest,  
And nought from her concealing.  
She vow'd her heart was wholly mine.  
Forsake me would she never ;  
Believing then her words sincere  
My love I gave for ever.  
  
On still thou flow'st my bonnie burn,  
But thy voice is wild and dreary ;  
Birds' dowie songs attune no more  
My heart so faint and weary.  
Ah me ! the sunshine of my soul  
With her hath all departed ;  
No longer mine, yet from my heart,  
Ah ! never to be parted !

## THOU BONNIE HOW O' SWEET STRATHMORE.

(*Air*—'Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee.')

Soft flow thy streams, bright bloom thy flowers,  
Thy birdies liltin' as of yore,  
The music of thy fragrant bowers  
The voice of love awakes once more.

Thou bonnie How o' sweet Strathmore,  
Thou bonnie How o' sweet Strathmore,  
Life's early spring I spent in thee ;  
My blessings on thee evermore.

And must I leave thee, bonnie How,  
To brave the broad Atlantic's roar,  
By gowan'd lea, and broomy knowe,  
Are all my youthful ramblings o'er ?

Thou bonnie How o' sweet Strathmore,  
Thou bonnie How o' sweet Strathmore,  
Life's early spring I spent in thee,  
And must I leave thee evermore ?

Far from thy bonnie woods and streams  
My fate I, weeping, sad deplore,  
Yet oft my sunny golden dreams  
Do all thy charms to me restore.

Thou bonnie How o' sweet Strathmore,  
Thou bonnie How o' sweet Strathmore,  
Life's early spring I spent in thee,  
And shall I never see thee more?

---

BY MY OWN NATIVE STREAM.

By my own native stream  
With its fields of wavy gold,  
I muse as in a dream  
Of the happy days of old.

There's a sadness in its tones  
And a requiem in its waves  
For all the lost belovèd ones  
Now sleeping in their graves.

Hush ! by the homestead glad  
It sings a song of joy,  
Forgetting I am sad,  
And now no more a boy.

With a dashing merry sound  
It leaps in laughter still,  
The old wheel driving round  
Of my father's ancient mill.

Then rushing on in song  
Along its pebbly bed,  
It warbles soft among  
The lone and silent dead.

O yes ! my bonnie stream,  
There is no change in thee,  
I do but idly dream——  
The change is all in me !

Then roam the pastures wild  
In joy ye fleecy herds ;  
I'll listen as a child  
To the singing happy birds.

Shout, shout, ye children glad  
As ye plait the rushes green,  
Let not a note be sad,  
Or trace of grief be seen.

Join glad the poet's rhyme  
That o'er the landscape swells,  
Roll on the joyous chime  
Of these sweet village bells.

The sorrows of the heart,  
With their dull sadd'ning pain,  
From youth should swift depart,  
Nor rude intrude again.

For why should I destroy  
The young heart's bursting bloom,  
Sad darken all its joy  
With the shadows of the tomb.

---


Its magic tones a halo flung  
Of rainbow-radiant light,  
Reflecting far o'er earth and sky  
A mystic glory bright.

A simple song was it I sang,  
Without pretence or art,  
Yet, being my first, it gush'd so sweet,  
Rich welling from the heart,

Methought the burnie at my feet  
Meander'd silent round,  
And all the birds hush'd quick their lays  
To list the new-born sound,

Which, like a song from far-off lands,  
Did in my soul arise,  
Like herald angels' swelling notes  
On hills of paradise !

Fain would I oft in bliss recall  
That melting spiritual strain,  
But O, like first love's pristine joy,  
It never comes again !



Beneath the fragrant shadow cool  
Of classic, graceful broom,  
Did Virgil's herdsmen oft recline,  
O'erhung with richest bloom.

Elijah to the desert went  
Of wide Sinai lone,  
Beneath the broom he sate him down  
And wish'd to die alone.

But when beneath its sheltering boughs  
Asleep the prophet fell,  
God sent his angel glad to cheer,  
Soft whispering—' All is well !'

And thus for ever shall it be,  
With you, God's people, sad,  
In lonely watches of the night  
Will angels make you glad.

---

## SWEET HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

SWEET home of my childhood ! though desolate, lone,  
And hush'd now the wild notes of each happy one,  
Which fill'd the old homestead with mirth and with joy,  
Of love the pure offspring, no griefs to annoy ;  
But they, happy spirits, all strangers to care,  
Bright bask'd in the sunshine like choristers fair,  
With winglets of silver, and feathers of gold,  
Soft carols of sweetness in richness untold ;  
Or, in carnival revelling, exub'rantly gay,  
As they frisk'd, like young lambkins, on hillocks at play,  
High tossing his ringlets, each brave, happy boy  
The air with glad music, the soul with deep joy  
Soft filling, as gushing, untutor'd by art,  
The heaven-inspired anthems came fresh from the heart.

Loved home of my childhood ! though all like a dream,  
Is gone now and vanish'd, and sad now the theme  
Which memory weaveth, and broken the chords  
Of my weary heart, stricken, wild trembling the words  
Which fitfully vibrate, as each bright career,  
I trace now so fondly my spirit to cheer.  
Alas ! none remain the sad story to tell,

Or break the long silence whose magical spell  
Is ev'n more powerful, more eloquent still,  
Than sounds of known voices from homestead or hill ;  
For it shadows all peaceful th' abodes of the blest,  
Where the tempest-tost spirit for ever at rest,  
All calmly reposes on that happy shore,  
Where sorrow and sighing shall vex it no more.  
Brave youths ! 'tis unmanly for thee now to weep,  
You struggled, and wrestled on land, on the deep,  
Ever nobly and bravely the fight to maintain  
Of life ever chequered, and though 'mong the slain,  
You're numbered too early, in harness you fell  
With face to the battle, this still your death-knell—  
'Shrink not from true duty, foul weather or fair,  
Be *Nil desperandum*—Yes ! Never Despair,  
Your watchword and motto through each scene of life,  
Till weary with wrestling you fall in the strife,  
The bays of the victor, as on high you ascend  
'Midst trumping of angels, on you bright descend,  
And yours be the glory 'thwart death and the grave,  
The crown of the noble, the good, and the brave.'

Blest home of my childhood ! my silver'd white hair—  
Eternity dawning—now bids me prepare

For life's latest struggle ; the pale horse shall come  
With death for his rider, the dart striking home ;  
Yet calmly the message wait I without fear,  
My bosom it heaves not, I shed not a tear ;  
Yea, hailing thy coming, thou messenger grim,  
My footsteps dark stumbling, my vision grown dim,  
For the sounds fain I listen of angelic choirs,  
My soul full of music, high heavenward desires :—  
Hark ! hark ! in the distance all faintly they come,  
The wand'rer's glad welcome to his last peaceful home,—  
And, hush ! every streamlet and wild bird again,  
Rewaken the echoes of yonder sweet glen,  
And voices long silent burst forth into song,  
While meadow and mountain the anthems prolong,  
All sweetly commingling, the last sounds of earth  
Coming softly and fondly from my own natal hearth,  
Ascending and blending with angelic strains,  
Triumphal resounding through heaven's sunny plains,  
Where I join the long lost ones, with nought to annoy,  
For all is celestial, seraphic, pure joy !

## MARY LINDSAY.

‘WILL ye gang to the Lowlands, Mary Lindsay,  
Will ye gang to the Lowlands wi’ me,  
Will ye gang to the Lowlands, Mary Lindsay,  
My bride and my true love to be?’

‘To gang to the Lowlands wi’ you, sir,  
O no, that never can be,  
For I’ve plighted my troth to another,  
Though could is his heart now to me.’

‘O, hae ye forgot, Mary Lindsay,  
The voice that is speaking to thee,  
And the smile o’ the yellow-hair’d laddie  
Sae fondly endearing to see?’

The bloom o’ the rose saft mantles her cheek,  
Bright sparkles her bonnie blue e’e,  
And she’s aff wi’ the yellow-hair’d laddie,  
His bride and his true love to be!

## SAD, EVERMORE.

(*Air*—'Robin Adair.')

In life's sweet early spring  
How full of joy  
Heard I the wild birds sing,  
Nought to annoy :  
Bright shone fair Phœbus' beams,  
Soft musical the streams,  
Soul-rapt in golden dreams  
Fair, happy boy !

True hearts beat fond for me,  
What did I care,  
It seem'd my destiny  
HER fate to share ;  
Dame Fortune treach'rous smiled,  
By siren music wild,  
Was I, ah me ! beguiled  
Into the snare.

The anguish and the strife  
Soon will be o'er,  
And dowie woes of life  
Vex me no more :  
Unkind and false to me,  
Yet wroth I cannot be,  
Though now I mourn for thee,  
Sad, evermore !

---

## THE FALSE ONE.

'Twas on a wild and gusty night, in winter's dreary gloom,  
I sate in meditation wrapt, within my lonesome room,  
While, like a panorama, pass'd the days of love's sweet joy,  
And all youth's blissful visions bright which cheer'd me  
when a boy.

The winds let loose, mad shrieking howl'd among the leaf-  
less trees,  
Sad from the distance hollow came the murmur of the seas,

While on the trembling window-panes wild dash'd the  
sobbing rain,

Like a maiden by her lover left in sorrow and in pain.

Clear, high above the blast arose, like an ancient melody,  
The silver tones of a well-known voice :—‘ I come my love  
to thee ;

My broken vows forgive, fain I would come to thee for rest,  
And pillow soft my weary head upon thy faithful breast’

Like summer cloud across the blue, a shadow on my soul  
Fell dark and heavily, but quick, it vanish'd like a scroll;  
Yes ! freely I forgave, forgot, the change she'd wrought in  
me,

And seizing quick the lamp, I cried—‘ I come my love to  
thee !’

The door I open'd wide and blush'd, to welcome to my  
hearth

Her to my heart the dearest jewel, most precious gem of  
earth :

Alas ! the flick'ring taper frail, it went out like a spark,  
And, lo ! all weeping, left me lone, faint crying in the  
dark—

‘Belovèd ! O, belovèd, come, I wait to welcome thee !’  
But no refrain came answering back save the wailing of  
the sea ;  
Yet still I cried—‘ Belovèd, come !’—altho’ I’d cry my last,  
Heard only by the rushing wind, mock’d by the stormy  
blast.

Deserted, sad, woes me ! return’d into my widow’d room,  
The chambers of my soul hung round with dark funereal  
gloom,  
Loud on the shivering window-panes wild beats the sobbing  
rain,  
Like a lover by his False One left, in sorrow and in pain.

---

## THE FOUNDLING ORPHAN BOY.

'Twas on a festal Christmas night,  
Young hearts beat high, fond eyes shone bright,  
Loud rung the jocund song ;  
I traversed quick, 'midst rain and sleet,  
The dimly lighted, lonesome street,  
To join the merry throng.

Beneath a lofty arch I stood  
Bewilder'd by the solitude—  
Methought I heard a moan—  
Some outcast weary wanderer sad,  
No one his stricken soul to glad—  
Again another groan !

I groped in darkness round and round,  
And, huddled up 'mong rubbish, found,  
With strange tumultuous joy,  
A shrivelled creature, chill and cold,  
Not more than seven or eight years old,  
A little weeping boy.

His small shrill voice I bent to hear,

It scarcely trembled in my ear,

'Twas e'en so very weak—

'I have no father, mother, home,

No workhouse guardian bids me come,—

I scarcely, sir, can speak :

'I've wander'd long from door to door,

No one would let me soil their floor,

Which made me hungry cry ;

And now amidst this stormy blast

I've laid me down to breathe my last,

To weep until I die.'

Soft gently calming all alarms,

I took him fondly in my arms,

And homeward bent my way :

I warm'd his naked little feet,

Benumb'd and chill with drenching sleet,

And for his life did pray.

Upon his thin white face I gazed,

Then saw a sudden change, amazed,

Like day turn'd into night,

Pass o'er his pinch'd, sharp features wild—  
Alas ! the spirit of the child  
To God had ta'en its flight.

I miss'd the Christmas happy throng,  
The hearty cheer, the wassail song,  
The sympathizing joy ;  
Yet happier felt I'd sooth'd the death,  
And felt the tremulous passing breath  
Of the foundling orphan boy.

---

## DEATH OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

With portly form and medalled breast,  
By all his soldier comrades blest,  
Warlike to view ;  
The foremost ever on parade,  
At mounting guard, unsheathing blade,  
Or grand review.

At Balaclava, Inkerman ;  
On heights of Alma brave to scan ;  
    He led the way ;  
On, on he went 'midst shot and shell  
The cannons' roar, the vanquish'd yell,  
    First in the fray.

Peace with the Russ at last proclaim'd,  
Victorious, honour'd and unmaim'd,  
    Crown'd bright with fame,  
From Crimean trenches, fields of gore,  
Back welcomed glad to England's shore  
    The veteran came.

With his battalion mounting guard,  
His comrades' love all his reward,  
    The years pass'd by ;  
All hoped, though not a soldier's death,  
In green old age he'd yield his breath,  
    And peaceful die.

Ariseth faint the city's hum,  
With cheerful fife, inspiring drum,  
    Proud at its head

He marches with his regiment bold—  
A wheel sweeps o'er him—grief untold—  
    Poor Bob is dead !

He's but a dog ! yet now ascend  
Regrets and sighs, and pitying blend  
    Grief's sorrowing tears  
With those now grieving shed by you,  
Brave Guards, the tender-hearted true  
    Scots Fusileers !

---

## LONGING TO BE AT REST.

Be calm my restless, troubled soul,  
    Soon shalt thou get release,  
The raging waves no more shall roll,  
    The whirlwind soon shall cease.

Ah me ! beneath these clouds so bright  
Do wilder tempests loom,  
Foreshadowing dark the ebon night  
Of Fate's sepulchral gloom.

O had I wings of soaring dove  
I'd find some place of rest,  
Then lay my weary head in love  
On some sweet angel's breast.

Great God ! when shall these storms be o'er,  
Those dreaded shadows fly,  
When shall I reach that blissful shore,  
That pure unclouded sky

Where storm-tost souls shall rest at last  
From care and sorrow free,  
Beyond misfortune's withering blast,  
And ever be with Thee ?

## FORGET HER?

FORGET HER? mock me not; behold  
The everlasting hills,  
Adown whose rugged fissures dash  
A thousand flashing rills;  
E'en they, inheriting decay,  
Slow moulder though unseen;  
But love, celestial sacred flower,  
Is ever fresh and green.

Forget her? gaze on that bright stream  
E'er deepening as it runs  
Its rocky channel, leaping free  
In storms and summer suns;  
So in my heart of hearts do years,  
As onward swift they roll,  
The deeper grave in diamond lines  
Her name upon my soul.

Forget her! hast thou ever loved,  
Know then love cannot die;

Eternal as the eternal God,  
    'Twill ripen in the sky.  
O yes ! sad, drench'd in tears on earth,  
    By storms and tempests riven,  
'Twill only blossom in its prime  
    In the golden air of Heaven !

---

## LOUD THE TIMBREL SOUND.

Loud the timbrel sound,  
    Clash the cymbals high ;  
Taber, sackbut, harp,  
    Swell the minstrelsy.

Beat the martial drum,  
    Blow, ye trumpets, blow ;  
Cornet, viol, and lute,  
    Hearts set all aglow.


Kill the fatted calf ;  
Shoes, the golden ring,  
Richest jewelled robes,  
Haste thee to me bring.

Music fill the air,  
Mirth and song abound ;  
Lo ! my love long lost,  
Smiles on all around.

Clouds have pass'd away,  
Storms, and sobbing rain ;  
On my faithful breast  
Rest in peace again.

To my heart she comes :—  
Bliss without alloy ;  
Chime of silver bells,  
Never-ending joy !

Loud the timbrel sound,  
Clash the cymbals high ;  
Earth and heaven is blest  
Now my love is nigh !



## LIFE'S THREE DECADES.

‘MY sole familiar, friend in youth,  
Loved comforter alway,  
Supporter of my trembling heart  
In the dark and cloudy day,

‘What aileth thee? upon my breast  
Lay soft thy weary head,  
Low breathe into my loving heart,  
Thy tears now freely shed;

‘And tell me, O beloved, tell,  
The grief that wasteth thee,  
That secret sorrow at thy heart  
Which thou conceal'st from me.

‘Dissemble not; the thunder-cloud  
Across the summer sky  
No darker shadow casts than when  
This haunting grief is nigh.

'Midst joy it comes, as 'twere a sin  
To be so freely glad ;  
When revelling in supremest bliss  
It quickly makes thee sad.

' Oblivious oft to all around,  
Fond memories gathering fast,  
Thy soul recoils within itself,  
Communing with the past.

' My own belovèd ! this sweet hour,  
Loved hallow'd hour of even—  
We seated in the ivied porch,  
Our thoughts transfix'd on heaven—

' In yearning tones now joins my prayer,  
Thus singing the refrain—  
"O come, my wandering dove, return  
To thy true love again."

' There—clasp my hand in thine ; recline  
Upon my faithful breast—  
Now tell me all ; the angels wait  
To bear thee to thy rest.'—

'Earth, sea, and air, controlled, upheld  
By the mysterious Three—  
Omniscience, majesty, and love ;  
Great Triune Deity !

All nature, providence, and grace ;  
Bright morning, noon, and night ;  
Ethereal spirit, body, soul,  
Proclaim power, goodness, might.

Past, present, future ; grief, fear, joy ;  
Faith, hope, and charity ;  
Prayer, patience, perseverance ; Life,  
Divides in decades Three.

Across my life's sad, chequered path,  
Have passed Three ebon clouds,  
O'ershadowing black, as if the earth  
Was swathed in sackcloth shrouds.

The first obscured my early hopes ;  
The second did them cloy ;  
The third a lasting shadow cast  
O'er every earthly joy.

The First—O how my young soul, wrapt  
In thoughts of future fame,  
Soar'd on celestial seraph wings  
To build itself a name.

What ! fickle fame ; an empty name ;  
Vain pæans at my birth ?  
No ! nobler aspirations high—  
A name, but not of earth.

Fond dedicated young to God,  
I long'd to tell man's loss,  
And on the towers of Zion to plant  
The standards of the Cross ;

To stricken souls by conscience smote,  
Afar their idols hurled,  
To point the shrine of Refuge safe :  
I long'd o rouse the world ;

All picturing crowds of yearning souls  
Upon my lips to hang  
For burning words of comfort, hope,  
While herald-angels sang ;

And harpers harp'd in silver tones  
'Mong golden clouds above ;  
While every bruised and weary heart  
Was melted into love !

O yes ! sole aim of life, embower'd  
In deep luxurious joy,  
An atmosphere of melody  
Around the preacher boy ;

I lived amidst melodious sounds,  
In golden sunshine bright ;  
No shadow dark of coming ill,  
All, all around was light.

The black cloud came—first sorrow deep—  
Hope, mocking, flew away,  
And long I grieving lonely walk'd  
In a dark and cloudy day.

But Love in pristine glory rose  
Upon my troubled soul ;  
The cloud dissolving vanish'd far  
In ether like a scroll.

And I forgot my first deep grief,  
The sorrow and the pain,  
For welling up within my heart  
Was hope's young joy again.

And siren music steep'd my soul  
In sweet elysian bliss ;—  
E'en now I feel her balmy breath,  
The rapture of her kiss !—

My brain on fire, dread black the cloud  
That merc'less on me fell :—  
Deserted soul, didst thou then feel  
The agony of Hell ?

Soul aimless, earth a blank, unhinged  
Each purpose deep of life ;  
Bright prospects blasted ; hope e'en fled,  
Laid prostrate in the strife.

What ! shall I curse thee, false one, curse  
The ground e'en by thee trod ?  
No ! thee I leave in silence lone  
With conscience and thy God !

O, Great Eternal ; sad my soul,  
    Dark, deep with torture wrung,—  
FORGIVENESS e'er the sweetest word  
    That dwelt upon my tongue.

Love's cup dash'd cruel from my lips,  
    From Eden's arbours driven,  
Oh ! how I wrestled, God, with thee,  
    That SHE might be forgiven !

The Second cloud too pass'd away,  
    The night broke into morn ;  
Rejoicing nature sang for joy,  
    No longer I forlorn.

My harp that long unstrung had hung  
    On boughs by Babel's streams,  
I re-attuned to silver notes  
    That haunt me in my dreams.

And shaking off that lethargy  
    Which held my soul in chains,  
I revelled free in golden joy  
    Again in sunny plains.

And hope return'd and dried my tears,  
And vow'd he'd leave no more,  
All things becoming bright with joy  
As in the days of yore.

Alas ! the cloud, e'en gathering now,  
Its length'ning shadow cast,  
The future stealth'ly black'ning dark,  
Sad deep'ning all the past :

And as it rested o'er our hearth,  
I panting held my breath—  
Out of the darkness noiseless came  
A visitant—'twas—DEATH !

Fell shaft my olive plants that smote  
With cruel relentless stroke ;  
Alas ! my wearied, stricken heart,  
At last, all shiver'd—broke !

Death revelling o'er his sinless prey,  
Quick four successive fell ;  
Scarce time to take a parting look,  
Or bid a last farewell.

' My boys ! my boys ! my own loved boys !

My heart is rent in twain ;

Must I no more your voices hear

In your blest home again ?

' Must I no more return your kiss,

Nor take you by the hand ;

A father's cries, will they not reach

You in the silent land ?

' Will you not meet me at the gate,

In welcome shoutings glad ?—

" O father, father !"—hush ! no more ;

Alas ! I'm very sad—'

' Repine not thus, sad, troubled soul,

Grieve not thy spirit more ;

O think not of the dead the less,

But of the living more !'

## ELIZA.

ELIZA ! doest thou e'er recall

The memory of the past,  
When joyous hours on golden wings  
Flew by so sweet and fast ?

Eliza ! does a vision come

Of one now seen no more,  
Who rambled with thee ever blest  
In happy days of yore ?

Eliza ! do the silver tones

Of a once familiar voice  
Come welling up within thy heart  
To make thee oft rejoice ?

Eliza ! doest thou inly mourn

In secret like a dove,  
For him who loved thee from the first  
Yet never told his love ?

Eliza ! many long sad chequered years  
Have parted thee and me,  
Yet never, earliest, fondest love,  
Have I forgotten Thee !

---

### WHAT AILETH THEE, O SEA ?

What aileth thee, O Sea ?  
Asleep or awake thy ceaseless groan,  
Thee near or away thy weary moan,  
Sad, dreamy come to me.

What aileth thee, O Sea ?  
In storm or in calm thy heaving breast  
Wild surging e'er tells of deep unrest,  
And the pain that wasteth thee.

What aileth thee, O Sea ?  
Now riding aloft on thy billowy way,  
Now drenching the rocks with thy weeping spray,  
In thy mad agony.

What aileth thee, O Sea ?

Now feigning to sleep in the soft summer beams  
Thy bosom bejewelled with diamond gleams  
To hide thy hypocrisy.

What aileth thee, O Sea ?

Do the spirits of those in thy deep coral caves  
Loud thunder above the roar of the waves—  
' Slain ! slain, O Sea, by thee !'

What aileth thee, O Sea ?

A murderer's conscience ? Ha ! ha ! that shriek ;  
A hell e'er within thee ? Speak ! O speak !  
Is it this that aileth thee ?

---

## ON RECOVERING FROM LONG CONTINUED SICKNESS.

In health rejoicing from a boy,  
With life I play'd as with a toy  
Of never-ending golden joy :

Gracious Father, hear !

Yet, ah ! beneath th' Almighty's frown,  
By sickness sudden stricken down,  
How soon life's roseate hues had flown !

Gracious Saviour, hear !

In lonely watches of the night,  
With quicken'd, clearer mental sight,  
How watch'd I for the morning light :

Gracious Spirit, hear !

Oh ! when with deep, mysterious chime,  
The swelling surges dark of Time  
Broke on th' eternal shores sublime,

(Triune God ! O hear.)

How glorious bright the purple sky,  
How grand the harpings rolling high ;  
How loath'd I life—how long'd to die !

Holy Father, hear !

Yet by Thy mercy and Thy love,  
All gently tended as a dove,  
Have angels raised my head above :

Holy Saviour, hear !

May what of life remains to me,  
In grateful songs of jubilee,  
Be consecrated, Lord, to thee :

Holy Spirit, hear,

Loving Saviour, hear,

Eternal Father, hear !

---

## SECRET GRIEF.

ONWARD, onward I must go,  
My vigils ever keeping,  
Faint and weary I must roam,  
E'er weeping, weeping, weeping.

Oft when overwhelm'd with grief,  
While shedding tears of sadness,  
I've wish'd I were yon bonnie bird  
Rejoicing in its gladness.

Basking bright in golden beams  
From twig to twig he launches,  
Then thrills a ditty to his love  
Among the shady branches.

Shadows sweep the evening sky,  
*My* grief becomes the sorest ;  
With head beneath his wing *he* sleeps  
Far in the stilly forest.

Birdie ! hie thee on thy way,  
Fill up thy time of gladness,  
HEREAFTER bringeth not to thee  
Aught e'er of joy or sadness.

Merrily revel in thy joy  
Each bursting joyous morrow,  
Nor come thou near my breaking heart  
To drink its bitter sorrow.

Onward, onward I must go,  
My vigils ever keeping,  
Faint and weary I must roam,  
E'er weeping, weeping, weeping.

---

## THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN troubled days of mental toil  
Had rack'd my weary brain,  
Oft ending all this heartless moil  
In nights of feverish pain.

Hope's blossoms scatter'd by the blast  
O'er life's dark rapid stream,  
I lonely musing of the past  
All fading like a dream.

To soothe my soul, fresh health promote,  
Forth to the summer fields  
Went I to find the antidote  
The face of nature yields.

A carpet for my feet she spread  
Of bright enamelled green ;  
The leafy branches overhead  
She decked with pearly sheen.

Aloft she waved her silver wand,  
And brooks and rivers sang,  
With choral hymns from her regal band  
The hills and valleys rang.

Still, with a weary, troubled heart,  
I pass'd through bower and glade,  
Though nature acted well her part,  
Impression none she made.

Then,—children's distant voices sweet  
Came swelling on the breeze,  
I heard the music of their feet  
Among the forest trees.

My soul was touch'd : the electric chain,  
Full charged, now bounded free,  
On which, ascending, glad again  
Myself I found with—THEE !

---

### WE MET ONCE AGAIN.

We met once again :—in the city  
Of Abbeys, Cathedrals old ;  
'Mong ruins the grandest, the noblest,  
By poets, or painters told.

The city of Sharp, and of Beaton,  
Of heroes and martyrs brave,  
Who died at the stake, on the gibbet,  
No fear of death or the grave.

As we walk'd in the land of silence,  
'Mong the tombs of great men slow,  
In the shade of the grand old Abbey,  
Her voice grew soft and low ;

Falling soft on the ear in sad cadence,  
Like some ancient weird-like rhyme,  
As she told in mystic numbers  
The deeds of the olden time.

In the classic old church we worshipped,  
And in the hallow'd calm,  
Our voices soft blent together  
In the same sweet holy psalm.

As if reading our thoughts soft the preacher  
Spoke of peace to the troubled breast,  
Of the dove fain to fly away, yearning  
To be for ever at rest.

Arm in arm at the eventide we wander'd  
Along by the rugged wild shore,  
Our lone hearts in unison musing  
Of joys that return no more.

We heard the hoarse song of the sailor,  
As at anchor his galliot lay ;  
And the long measured strokes of the fisher,  
As he row'd his boat o'er the bay.

While vessels, like swans in full plumage,  
Were sailing afar on the sea,  
And on the black rocks the billows were breaking  
Like the waves of eternity.

On the high beetling cliffs we then rested,  
Her hand now laid softly in mine ;  
O surely the angels were listening  
To whisperings so sweet, so divine ;

For as she gazed on the moon in her brightness,  
Tears stood in her dark hazel eyes,  
For she now of the future was speaking,  
Of the bliss of paradise.

Soft, unseen, swift our guardian good angel,  
Rejoicing all gently bent down :—  
Now these tears 'mong the jewels resplendent,  
Shine like stars in his golden crown.

There are tears of joy and of sadness,  
There are tears of rapture and pain ;  
Hers partook of all these, for we parted,  
Ah ! never to meet again !

Oft, oft in the midnight still watches,  
When I softly fall asleep,  
Or joyous with fond remembrances,  
I tearful vigils keep,

The sound of these bounding green billows,  
Hoarse breaking along the shore,  
Will come in their solemn deep sadness  
As I heard them in days of yore ;

And a soft sweet voice will whisper  
Of the bright and better land,  
Where after death, we united,  
Will meet on its golden strand,

To join in the songs of angels  
In the realms of joy above,  
To revel in bliss eternal  
In the bowers of celestial love.

O yes ! in the sweet holy rapture  
Of angels around the throne,  
Will our souls then be blent together,  
Our hearts for ever one !

---

### TEN THOUSAND HARPS, YOUR STRINGS ATTUNE.

Ten thousand harps your strings attune,  
Unnumber'd voices raise,  
Archangels, saints, and seraphs sing  
The great Redeemer's praise.

.

Hark ! Bethlehem's plains are vocal sweet  
With exultation high ;  
Lo ! yonder beams the promised star  
Athwart the eastern sky.

And angels to the shepherds sing  
'Hail ! glory to our God !  
The Saviour comes ! goodwill to man,  
Peace o'er the earth abroad.'

Messiah comes ! O joyful sound !

Heaven now shall be our home,  
Rejoice, ye mourning souls, the year  
Of jubilee is come.

The verdurous hills exult with joy,  
The hoary mountains sing,  
With loud celestial music rich  
Heaven's jewelled arches ring.

Yet, when the ransom'd ones return  
With songs to their own land,  
Sublimar strains shall greet them glad  
On Canaan's golden strand—

'O come, ye blessed of the Lord,  
At Jesus' high behest,  
Inherit bliss without alloy,  
Yea, Heaven's eternal rest.'

---

## O SWEET THE GOLDEN ORANGE.

O SWEET the golden orange, .  
The fragrance of the vine ;  
And beautiful the maidens  
Of sunny Palestine.  
But I like the blooming heather,  
The odour of the pine ;  
My native land, I love thee,  
And people that are thine.

How luscious, fig, and pine-apple,  
Bananas of the plain ;  
The fruitage of the palm-date,  
The vintage red of Spain.  
But I like the English apple,  
Strawberries when they're fine ;  
And after rich plum-pudding  
A cup of elder wine.

All grand the western prairies  
Where buffaloes abound ;

Or Afric's spreading valleys  
Where zebras skirt the ground.  
But I like the gowan'd meadows  
Where browse the udder'd kine,  
Where frisk the sportive lammies,  
And brooklets sparkling shine.

How rich the note of nightingale  
In balmy southern plains ;  
And minstrel gallant serenades  
Of love-sick swarthy swains.  
But I like the warbling linnet,  
The blackbird's ev'ning song,  
And whisp'rings soft of lovers  
The hazel bowers among.

All gorgeous bright the palaces  
By Indian sparkling seas,  
Soft shaded by the palm-tree,  
Fann'd by the balmy breeze.  
But I like the ivy cottage  
Embower'd 'mong eglantine,  
With porch of honeysuckle,  
White-flow'ring jessamine.

WHICH SISTER WOULD I CALL

But I like the Highland lassies,  
To me they're all divine ;  
Dear Scotland, how I love thee  
And people that are thine !

---

## MY SISTER JOSEPHINE.

### THE LAMENT.

DEAR loved cherub sister,

Art thou in the sunshine  
    Glancing on the streams,  
Radiant mystic sunbeams  
    Lighting all my dreams ?

Art thou in the rose-bud,  
    Gemmed with morning dew,  
Peeping out so slily  
    While I wait for you ?

Art thou with the skylark  
    Chanting in the sky,  
While on earth I listen  
    Thy sweet minstrelsy ?

Art thou in the welkin  
    Glist'ning like a star,  
While on earth I'm weeping,  
    Wondering where you are ?

Art thou now an angel  
    Bright with sunny wings,  
Crowns and sceptres golden,  
    Harps of sweetest strings ?

## MY SISTER JOSEPHINE.

Farewell, sainted sister,  
I can weep no more—  
Shall we meet in heaven  
If not on earth before?

## THE EPITAPH.

She watch'd my footsteps when a child,  
Sweet all my youthful hours beguiled,  
On bursting manhood proudly smiled,  
My sister Josephine.

We rambled o'er the meadows green,  
All gemmed with pearly dewy sheen,  
How happy have I ever been  
With sister Josephine.

Her soul and mine fond blent in one,  
By love supreme devoted won,  
With heavenly lustre radiant shone  
My sister Josephine.

Hush ! from the rosy purpling skies  
An angel to her couch soft flies—  
'Come with me now to Paradise,  
My sister Josephine !'

---

## SECOND LOVE.

How few believe in second love  
In city, cot, or Hurst ;  
Yet fewer still who ever wed  
The object of their first.

Love, as a passion, soon decays,  
To hate, false love may turn ;  
But heart-love, like the fairest star,  
Shall aye the brighter burn.

The fairy rose, 'tis said, oft yields,  
All gay, a second bloom,  
While lie the blossoms of the first  
Forgotten in the tomb.

But roses fresh of early love  
Decay not, old with years,  
But lovelier bloom, and richer glow  
The more they're gemmed with tears.

Those here who ever happy be  
Love not so deep as they  
Who long hath chasten'd sorrow known,  
Whose golden locks are grey.

Their very sufferings knit their hearts  
By dearer, tenderer ties,  
Fond ever yearning for the bliss  
Sad earthly fate denies.

Like troubled rivers, far apart,  
Attracted to the sea,  
Until, in ocean's waters blent,  
Is lost identity.

So, by love's magnet ever drawn,  
Though wandering all alone,  
They near each other, till in death  
Their souls, at last, are one !

## AUTUMN LEAVES.\*

THE autumn leaves are falling,  
Birds twitter in the eaves,  
And I hear the song of the reapers  
Among the golden sheaves.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
Old friends drop by my side,  
And the past recedes behind me  
Like the noiseless evening tide.

Some, on the threshold linger  
With many a look behind ;  
To others, quick the summons—  
I seek but cannot find !

For ripening grain the reaper  
And sunshine waits withal—  
Death casteth in his sickle  
And the young and aged fall.

---

\* Written on the morning of my birth-day, 27th August 1860,  
on hearing of the successive deaths of some old attached friends.

The links of life are breaking,  
But new ones now are cast ;  
Cement then, blessèd children,  
The present with the past.

And when the winds of autumn  
Vibrate the jewelled chain,  
And the tones of early memories  
Come back to me again,

Thy blended songs of sweetness  
Shall waft my soul away  
On the pinions of the future  
To everlasting day.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
Old friends drop all around ;  
May their graves to me be milestones  
To mark the sacred ground ;

And guide me, each one, truthfully  
Along the heavenly road,  
As mine to those who follow  
Shall upwards point to God.

## THE BEAUTY OF AGE.

I SAW a lovely grouping  
At summer eventide—  
A staid and stately matron  
With children gay beside.

Her hair was like the snow-wreaths  
Upon the distant hills,  
Her voice was like the minstrelsy  
That noisy tumults stills.

Her cheeks were like the lily,  
Expression calm and mild,  
And her soft blue eyes did glisten  
As she kissed each lovely child.

The scene a new thought kindled,  
Life's sorrows to assuage—  
On earth there is no beauty  
Like the beauty ripe of age.

Up sweetly rose the voices  
Of these two happy girls,  
And the flitting silver sunbeams  
Played with their chestnut curls.

Their cheeks all wreath'd with roses,  
Glad laughter in their eyes,  
In every footfall tremulous  
The music of the skies.

They were so very beautiful,  
Each like a fairy page—  
Yet I thought there was no beauty  
Like the beauty ripe of age.

The thought so sweet and holy  
Of me now forms a part,  
Playing like an endless rapture  
Around my weary heart ;

All whispering softly ever,  
Life's sorrows to assuage—  
'On earth there is no beauty  
Like the beauty ripe of age!'

## NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.\*

He, like a fair Elysian flower,  
The fairest in the fairest bower,  
Bright grew in beauty hour by hour—  
Not lost, but gone before !

Or, like a mystic spiritual tone,  
From music's source beside the Throne,  
Now swelling soft—now faint—now gone—  
Not lost, but gone before !

Or, like a bright celestial star,  
From world-bestudded spheres afar,  
To show us what their glories are—  
Not lost, but gone before.

Yet in thy coffin must we shroud  
Thy beauty 'neath death's sable cloud,  
Though guardian angels cry aloud—  
'Not lost, but gone before !'

---

\* John Tannoch, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Tannoch, died at Glamis Manse on the 19th of July ; George Macpherson, youngest son, died on the 29th of August ; and Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. Doctor, died on the 31st of August 1863.

Thy chair now vacant at the hearth,  
Forbids approach to joyous mirth,  
Solemnifying each scene of earth—  
Not lost, but gone before !

From thine eternal, happy home,  
We hear thee gently whispering 'Come,'  
And all beneath heaven's jewelled dome,  
Crying, 'Lost? No!—gone before !'

Lo ! to the earth from yonder skies  
Another angel hymning flies—  
'Come with me now to paradise'—  
Not lost, but gone before !

And borne aloft on sunny wings,  
Hark ! sweet and soft ANOTHER sings,  
While heaven itself with music rings—  
'Not lost, but gone before !'

Hush ! list that wailing, bitter cry  
That smites the earth with agony :  
Great God ! must yet ANOTHER die !  
Not lost, but gone before !

Lord ! comfort hearts with sorrow riven,  
For loved ones gone may joy be given,—  
One half on earth, one half in heaven,  
Not lost, but gone before !

---

## IVY COTTAGE.

On a sweet sunny Sabbath evening  
I sate in my ivied porch,  
Inhaling the fresh breeze's fragrance,  
Before I went to church ;

Around me all grouping my children,  
Like daisies in silver sheen,  
Some reading aloud in the summerhouse,  
Some sitting apart on the green.

Some pulling the fragrant sweet wallflower,  
Its beauties so rich to disclose ;  
Some measuring their height with the hollyhock,  
Some watching the closing rose.

While Annie the pet, loved and youngest,  
Sat prattling upon my knee ;  
O many the soft stolen kisses  
In silence she gave to me !

As if envying the wee fond lammie  
That nestled so warm on my breast,  
First one, then another, another—  
Now quickly came all the rest.

‘ Surely father,’ said joyous young Willie,  
‘ This cottage is highly prized,  
For here in their bright realities  
Your dreamings seem realized.

· You list the sweet notes of the blackbird,  
The far-off faint bleating of herds,  
Lull’d asleep by the voices of children,;  
Awoke by the singing of birds.’

‘ And when from the distant grim city,  
With its black sulphureous dome,  
You come at the eventide,’ said Harry,  
‘ At the wicket we welcome thee home.’

‘O tell us now, father,’ said Edward,  
 ‘Of our own dear native land,  
 Its mountains, its glens, and its rivers,  
 Its rugged, wild surf-beaten strand.’

‘And,’ soft said the fondling wee Alfred,  
 ‘Of the plains of bonnie Strathmore,  
 Where you rambled a rollicking stripling  
 In the long past days of yore ;

‘Of the farm, of the mill, and the miller,  
 And the firs like waving palms,  
 Of the house where you was born, near by  
 The wood-crown’d village of Glamis.’

While Kate, in deep thought now sad musing,  
 Addressing me fervently said :—

‘I know by the tears in your eyelids,  
 Your thoughts are now with the dead.—

‘Hush ! listen the distant bells of the city,  
 Calling men to the house of prayer,  
 With a solemn, low, deep, sweet melody,  
 Fill soft the summer air.

‘ The bells, hark ! of Bowling, and Clayton,  
Catch up the rich flowing chime,  
While the sharp minute notes of Manningham,  
Keep all in proper time.

‘ Along fair Thornton valley,  
Around on the hills it swells,  
( ) how sweet on this calm summer evening  
The sound of these Sabbath bells !

‘ Your own father’s God you can worship—  
Blest strains that bring no alloy—  
In the songs of Zion remember’d  
That cheer’d you when a boy.’

‘ And thoughts then will come,’ said her mother,  
‘ Of lost ones, alas ! now no more ;’  
‘ Not lost,’ whisper’d sweetly wee Annie,  
‘ They’ve only gone before.’

‘ O what a display of bright silver,’  
Said Harry, quick climbing my knee,  
‘ Neath the clustering rich ringlets of auburn.  
That hide their secrets from me.

For each gray hair once you gave me a florin ;  
 Ho ! ho ! look there, my sweet cousin,  
 Beneath this gay covering so golden,  
 I'm sure I see a round dozen.'

'Hush ! beauty, my own dearest children,  
 By contrast can only be seen,  
 So the gold looks the brighter and richer,  
 By the side of the silver sheen.

'The gold is like youth in its blooming,  
 Gay brightness and sunshine alway,  
 While the silver to good men glad heralds  
 The dawn of the better day.'

'But, father,' said Alfred, so solemn,  
 'Your heart—does *it* ever grow old ;  
 Worn, wiry, and shrunk, without feeling,  
 Like gray hairs 'mong ringlets of gold ?'

'My own dear loved children, in spite of me,  
 The tears will come in my eyes,  
 For visions beatific are floating,  
 Bright dreamings of paradise.

‘ List ! one thought blest I bequeath you,  
Keep it fond to your dying day,  
’Twill bring ever sunshine around you  
And keep you happy alway.’

All eyes on me gazed now intently,  
While my Kate with deep thoughtful brow,  
Leaning gently, eagerly o’er mè,  
Soft whisper’d,—‘ Bequeath it now.’

‘ The head may be crown’d,’ said I joyous,  
‘ With tresses of silver or gold ;  
But the heart, O, believe it, my children,  
The Heart? It never grows old.’

---

## THE DAYS O’ LANGSYNE.

As in the gloaming’s eerie calm,  
’Midst fancies fleeting fast,  
Our thoughts in unison revert  
All fondly to the past ;

So, in the evening soft of life,  
The scenes that brightest shine  
Within our inmost heart of hearts,  
Are the days o' langsyne.

Now as beside the fire I sit  
In my old rocking chair,  
Before the lighted tapers gleam,  
Disclosing beauties fair,  
How vivid come the visions blest,  
Like sweet celestial dreams,  
Of my own native valley—list !  
The music of its streams.

The gowans, whins, the buttercups,  
In all their beauty bloom,  
The gowdies and the linties sing  
Among the yellow broom.  
Again I wander by the burn,  
That skirts the homestead dear—  
My own loved home ! can I conceal  
The tributary tear ?

No ! gem with liquid silvery pearls  
This roughly wrinkled cheek,

All fondly gushing from the heart,  
Of life's bright morn they speak.  
My father's manly form I see,  
I hear my mother's voice,  
And the rhymes of some old melody  
Do now my heart rejoice.

How fresh the sough of wild-woods green  
Plays round my raptured ear,  
Recalling whisperings from afar  
Of memories ever dear.  
How clear the bleating of the sheep,  
The lowing of the kine,  
Alas ! how dear, how very dear,  
The days o' langsyne !

Each scene, each sound familiar still  
About the mill and farm :—  
There goes the ploughboy as of old,  
His coulter o'er his arm.  
The maidens clean the luggies scour,  
Stray calves encircling near,  
The goslings gabble in the dam,  
The cock crows loud and clear.

The mill-wheel dashes round and round,  
The miller spruce and gay,  
The lads and lasses lilting loud,  
I e'en as glad as they,  
As on the sunny knowe, beside  
The tufts of golden broom,  
'Midst songs of birds, soft hymns of streams,  
Wild flowers of richest bloom,

I sit and read the ancient lays  
Of classic Greece and Rome,  
Or sing with abbot, monk, and nun,  
Beneath cathedral dome ;  
My young soul stirred to ecstasy  
By deeds of the olden time,  
My thoughts, unconscious, moulding slow  
In strains of flowing rhyme.

Or wandering on the Hunter-hill,  
The dreamy poet boy,  
My youthful bosom heaving wild  
With strange tumultuous joy,  
As round me stretch the mountain groves,  
Like dim cathedral aisles,

While sunbeams flash athwart the gloom,  
Like God's own holy smiles ;

And mystic chimings floating soft,  
Like angel-voices sweet,  
From spirit-land in magic tones  
The wondering bard to greet ;  
And all the grand old hoary pines,  
With harps that seem divine,  
Awakening echoes now so dear—  
The sounds o' langsyne !

And she I loved :—but feelings rise  
That are akin to pain,  
For oh ! the joys of early love,  
They never come again !  
Yet still, in sunshine, radiant, pure,  
Within my heart she dwells,  
Her voice vibrating sweet its chords  
Like chime of silver bells.

Again the exulting soul is full  
Of early memories,  
All revelling blissful in the strains  
Of ancient melodies.

The cherished odour of the fir  
Perfumes the mountain air,  
The same glad hymn the lav'rick sings,  
The uplands bloom as fair.

The ripening grain so golden bright,  
Is waving all around,  
The brook runs lapping o'er the stones  
With its ancient silver sound.  
Lo ! there in corner of the glen,  
Beneath the shadow cool  
Of hanging woods on Hunter-hill,  
My own loved Airneyfoul.

And there old Rover wags his tail  
In welcome at the stile,  
As from my pony I dismount,  
And pat his head the while.  
Or when from distant village school  
I come at eve's decline,  
I hear his joyous bark as in  
The days o' langsyne.

The blessed Sabbath peaceful dawns  
In all its sacred calm,

Hark ! sweet arise the morning prayer,  
The holy altar psalm ;  
Again within the village church,  
My pastor's voice I hear,  
Devizes' notes, in plaintive swell,  
Oft bringing fond the tear.

The breezes fresh from heather hills  
Come fragrant as of yore ;  
My throbbing pulses bounding beat—  
Yes ! I am young once more ;  
And all is fair and beautiful,  
Each sound, each sight divine ;  
By contrast dear, how very dear  
The days o' langsyne !

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### GREY HAIRS.

LIKE evening rays 'mong roses' blooms,  
Stray silver hairs begem  
My golden tresses—regal plumes  
Of jewelled diadem.

Grey hairs, to some, foreshadow dim  
The grave's long ebon night,  
Sepulchral spectres flitting grim  
Weak spirits to affright.

Like deep bronzed woods in mazy lines  
Dry scorch'd by winter's breath,  
To souls, of others, ever signs  
Of grief, decay, and death.

To me—the immortal dawn that plays  
Around the eastern sky,  
Before whose pure celestial rays  
All earthly shadows fly.

Mine, be the crown of asphodels,  
Not cypress, sad, forlorn :  
Hail ! blissful daybreak's joyous bells,  
Glad heralds of the morn !

## GOING HOME.

'Twas on a bleak December day,  
'Midst sleet, and rain, and drift alway,  
We to the west betook our way  
    In well appointed coach.

Inside, so cozy, snug, and warm,  
The tempest us could do no harm,  
So rattling on by croft and farm,  
    We cared not for the blast.

A comely dame, well up in years,  
Beside me, told, 'midst hopes and fears,  
And many sighs, and many tears,  
    How at the eastern coast,

She'd parted with her sailor-boy,  
Her pride, her hope, her chiefest joy,  
Still ringing clear the last 'Ahoy!'  
    Of seamen 'mong the shrouds.

‘Take comfort, God is on the sea,  
As He is now,’ said I, ‘with thee’—  
‘His will be done’—then cheerfully  
The time fled fast away.

Still furious howl’d the wintry blast,  
The drifting snow fell thick and fast,—  
‘I’m landed now,’ said she at last,  
‘All safe in sweet Dumblane :

‘Still many miles have I to go,  
Through driving sleet, and drifting snow,  
In rustic waggon, weary, slow,  
Far o’er these stormy hills.’

‘So cold,’ I said—she rose to part,  
But with a smile did she depart :—  
‘Yes, but no cold within my heart,  
For I am—going home !’

Sweet words ! how oft in after-life,  
‘Midst jarring turmoil, tossings rife,  
Ambitious struggles, heartless strife,  
Hast thou solaced my grief.

Amidst the buffetings of fate,  
Deceitful friendship's cankerous hate,  
The pain and sorrow would abate,  
When whispering—'going home !'

When stormy tempests rent the sky,  
And hearts would weep, and bosoms sigh,  
The comforter was ever nigh  
Soft whispering—'going home !'

When death our hearth would rude invade,  
And riot in the wreck he'd made,  
An angel bending low his head  
Would whisper—'going home !'

My wanderings ended here below,  
The sands of life sad ebbing slow,  
May some kind voice sweet whisper low—  
'At last you're—going home !'

## FADING AWAY.

SOFTLY fresh the morning breeze,  
Verdant rich the leafy trees,  
Solemn low the hum of bees,  
    Sweet, sweet, the meadow hay ;  
Gently she who loved all these  
    Is fading away,  
    Fading away.

Woodland groves with music ring,  
Twitt'ring high the swallows cling,  
Lav'ricks chant on sunny wing,  
    All soft the zephyr's lay ;  
Silent she who loved to sing,  
    Is fading away,  
    Fading away.

Open'd now her casement wide,—  
Distant sounds the surging tide,  
Stately ships o'er billows ride,  
    The wavelets laughing play ;

Softly she now me beside  
Is fading away,  
Fading away.

Hearing now my voice no more,  
List'ning to the angelic choir  
Harping on the heavenly shore  
While dawns eternal day ;  
Slowly she whom all deplore  
Is fading away,  
Fading away.

Fragrant through the sickly room,  
Amaranthine rich perfume  
Gloomy shadows of the tomb  
Now chaseth quite away ;  
Calmly she in beauty's bloom  
Is fading away,  
Fading away !

## THE DEPARTURE.

My last night at home ! asleep on my pillow  
Unconscious I lay in sweet rest,  
Disturb'd by no shadowy doubts of the future,  
No sorrows yet wringing my breast ;

All my day-dreams in sweet visions appearing  
In gossamer splendour bedight,  
I revelled ecstatic, tumultuously joyous  
In a land of fairy delight ;

And a bay-crown'd immortal with face of an angel,  
And trumpet bejewelled of fame,  
To myriads proclaim'd, in thunder notes reaching  
To far-off bright worlds, my name.

And the poet's singing-robe in glory unfolding  
Around my young shoulders she flung,  
Then placed in my hand the gold harp of music,  
While heav'n's hallelujahs loud rung—

‘ Work, work, toil, toil, see the crown in the distance,  
No spark of true genius e’er smother,  
The flame ever fan :’—I awoke ; not an angel,  
But the face of my own loved mother !

All the night while I slept had she fondly sat watching,  
The last time to feel such a mother’s sad joy,  
Now kissing the lips, now stroking the ringlets  
Of her own dear slumbering boy.

My little trunk pack’d by the hands of a mother,  
Sad water’d oft-times with her tears,  
Now was borne to the gate ’midst the silence and weeping  
Of friends, and domestics’ strange fears.

I bade all good-bye ; the greetin’ herd laddie  
I thought would have blubber’d his last ;  
And my own faithful Rover his tail wagged so sadly,  
My own tears now gush’d forth at last.

My father low cried, all sobbing, ‘ God bless you ;’  
I clasp’d fond the hands of each brother ;  
My heart full to breaking, another embraced me :—  
‘ My own dearest boy !’—‘ My mother !’

As I pass'd on my way the birdies were twittering  
A last sad farewell 'mong the eaves,  
While in solemn sweet beauty the reapers were singing  
Afar 'mong the bright golden sheaves.

And my own little burnie in lapping soft cadence,  
Sad wept as it ran on its way ;  
But the cloudlets above, like angels soft hymning,  
Sang sweet of a far brighter day.

I took my last look :—through life ne'er forgotten,—  
My bosom with anguish rude torn,  
Of my own native glen, the hearth of my fathers,  
The house where I was born.

That night in the seething, great, dark bustling city,  
None so lone on the moorland as I :  
Thou world of my day-dreams, and nightly sweet visions,  
Hast thou wooed me O here but to die ?

How I toss'd to and fro that night on my pillow,  
'Neath heav'n's resplendent bright dome,  
Tell ye who have felt the sad bitter repinings  
Of the first long night from home !

## THE INTERVAL.

An artist depicting some famous, great battle,  
You list not the pibroch's wild wail ;—  
Part of horse and his rider :—'mong smoke sabres glancing,  
The fiercer the conflict, the less of detail.

So in life's greater warfare more sublime the narration  
When backgrounds are wreath'd among clouds,  
And fancy is left to fill up the foreground  
With massacre, coffins, and shrouds.

Why tell then of wishes, and hopes rudely blasted,  
Life's prospects all shatter'd and torn,  
Of the poor widow'd heart in sorrow and weeping,  
By the ruins of life's early morn !

Up, arise, like the war-horse far smelling the battle,  
On, on with the warrior's bold sweep ;  
The singing-robe fold, take thy harp from the willows,  
No time in this conflict to weep.

Ah, London ! so grand in our childhood's fond dreamings,  
The city of sunshine and flowers,  
With streets of pure gold, bright temples majestic,  
High marble begemmed lofty towers.

Let the poet sad paint the reverse of the picture,  
The struggle, the sorrow, the joy,  
The foreground stern rugged, for the shadowy soft distance,  
The heart of the man, for the boy.

Ah ! these are life's sharp-edged, grim, bitter realities,  
Experience alone can e'er give ;  
This the furnace, the gold from the dross pure refining—  
God speed the dread process, and live !

Strong in hope, and yet trembling, in tearful emotion,  
I, unknowing, and unknown took my way,  
With my manuscripts laid on my wild heaving bosom,  
On a cold grim November bleak day.

Up and down the famed 'Row,' I eagerly proffer'd,  
But none the poor poet did know ;  
Down Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, the Strand, all despairing,  
Sad I wander'd 'mong chill, sleety snow.

The West End? It deign'd not to list the wild musings  
Of a poet to the world yet unknown :—  
Great God ! O is this the reward of my toiling,  
Have all my sweet visions now flown ?

The cold icy sleet un pitying smote me  
On the right cheek, then on the left,  
Till my poor stricken heart gave way in the struggle,  
Of hope now so cruel bereft.

But as the poor wandering pale outcast,  
Driven rudely from every door,  
'Neath his thin cloak his little ones shelters,  
Fond loving them all the more ;

So I hugged to my faint heaving bosom,  
Now wet with the pitiless rain,  
My ' Rejected Addresses ' more fondly,  
Though on fire my wild throbbing brain.

As I pass'd by old Westminster Abbey  
The bells rung a soft solemn chime,  
My weary heart quickly reviving  
With its ancient holy rhyme.

Half in joy, half in fear pale I enter'd  
The time-hallow'd grand old shrine,  
And gazed in despair on immortals,  
On fame that might never be mine.

There, sculptured in marble, rose altars to genius,  
Loved Campbell the High Priest alway,  
To Chaucer and Spenser, Parr, Beaumont and Butler,  
Prior, Milton, Pope, Dryden, and Gay.

Sick at heart I retraced my weary lone footsteps,  
Along the dark surging Strand,  
All heartless, all hopeless, a stranger, alone,  
Woes me ! in this dense-peopled land !

The storm now had ceased, and high overhead  
The cold wintry sun sweetly smiled,  
Yet my poor widow'd heart still so weary,  
Of its sorrow would not be beguiled.

As I gazed 'midst the throng, all unheeded,  
On the Cross of St Paul's airy dome,  
An angel, methought, stood fond beckoning  
Away to my own village home.

By the great west door I tremblingly enter'd,  
Passing slow all noiseless along,  
Through the classical rich sculptured arches,  
'Midst the voices of prayer and of song.

Beneath Bishop Heber's fine statue,  
In the shade of immortal past years,  
I knelt down in sorrow and weeping,  
My face now all drench'd with my tears.

Still the sweet chanting voices were singing,  
Filling all the great arches around  
With a grave, full rich solemn melody,  
Like some far-off celestial sound.

And thus to my soul spoke the music,  
The chant of cathedral psalms :—  
'You will rest yet, how gently, how sweetly,  
In your own dear village of Glamis.'

'Midst the chiming of bells, and sweet music,  
In my heart's own jewelled bright dome,  
Now fill'd with the mountain wild echoes,  
And songs of my own cherish'd home,

That night soft asleep I fell on my pillow,  
Sooth'd to rest by cathedral psalms,  
Still hymning :—' You'll rest yet, how sweetly,  
In your own dear village of Glamis.'

Cast down, not dismay'd, but revived for the battle,  
With the lark next morn was I singing,  
All moulding my thoughts into rhyme more enduring,  
Coy, fickle sweet hope again bringing.

So, I baffle with fate, still lone toiling,  
'Midst hurricanes, tempests, and calms,  
That at last I may rest,—the thought how ecstatic !  
In my own dear village of Glamis.

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## THE RETURN.

O, MANY long years, dark, wild, and rude chequer'd  
Had I pass'd on a far southern shore,  
And many the wrongs and the pangs that had pierced me  
Since I left my own How of Strathmore.

And when at the eventide sadly reclining  
In dreams by my own bonnie burn,  
The wild birds thus sung in each copse and pine woodland,  
‘When will you, our minstrel, return?’

Soon out of sweet dreamland, I wander’d  
’Mong the haunts of rude busy men,  
Yet the same soft refrain was e’er ringing  
In the songs of my own native glen.

The soft balmy breezes, the people’s wild tumult,  
The dirge from the mouldering, damp urn,  
The bells in the steeples, the ships on the river,  
All cried,—‘When will you, loved minstrel, return?’

Oppress’d sad by day, wild feverish with dreaming,  
With a holy desire did I burn,  
To see once again my own native village,  
And to hear the sweet welcome—‘Return.’

Footsore then and weary in the budding spring-time,  
The birds through the azure glad winging,  
The ploughmen a-field, the lambs on the upland,  
The milkmaids and hinds coyly singing,

I entered Glen Ogilvy, by wild Petterden,  
And swift o'er the burn was I speeding,  
The welcome that came on the breeze from the wild birds,  
The rush of the brook all unheeding ;

For my eye on one spot all fondly had centred,  
My bosom elated and full,  
My heart now had broke with free joy, and I shouted—  
' My own loved, my own Airneyfoul !'

What mystic strange feelings prophetic of changes,  
Our hearts by presentiments torn,  
When after long absence we see in the distance  
The house where we were born !

I pass'd through the hamlet, and by the farm-steadings,  
Though each by its name well I knew,  
Not tarrying to gaze, like the swift whirring plover  
To his nest on the moorland, I flew.

Till by the old homestead I stood in suspense, wrung  
Alternate by hopes and by fears ;  
Ah ! quick my boy-joy changed rude to deep sadness,  
And I burst like a child into tears !

There still stood the house, the old apple-tree  
In bloom its gray branches adorning,  
And there in the gable my own little window  
Where the sun peep'd through in the morning ;

And there was the steading, the stack'd farm-yard,  
The haughs for bleaching the claes,  
The mill and the burn, and the dark Hunter-hill,  
The uplands, and broom-covered braes ;

But where now the mother who so tenderly nursed me,  
The father who rear'd me in truth ;  
The brothers that play'd once so fondly together,  
The schoolmates so dear of my youth ;

Where the jolly old kind-hearted miller,  
The lads and the lasses of yore,  
Where, O where the sweet merry voices  
That stirred once my heart's deepest core ?

All gone ! gone ! gone ! the solemn deep silence  
Oppress'd lone my wild heaving breast ;  
And I cried for the wings of the dove to flee upward  
To some far place of rest.

My back sad I turn'd on the hearth of my ~~father's~~,  
And by the lone burn took my way,  
By the base of the Hunter-hill vocal with music,  
The linnets soft singing alway :—

'O welcome, our minstrel, we hail your returning, •  
In strains we fond chanted of yore,  
Come, build now your home in your own native woodland,  
O, leave us, O leave us no more !'

My heart deeply touch'd, my eyelids o'erflowing,  
I knelt 'neath the sweet budding boughs,  
While, 'Leave us, no more,' sang my own cherish'd burnie,  
The sheep, and the kine on the knowes ;

And gazed through my tears on the wide-spreading branches  
Where sweetly the wild birds were singing :—  
'O fain would I rest,' now I cried, 'in the wood~~land~~  
With my own native minstrelsy ringing ;

'And revel again 'mong the scenes of my childhood,  
And join your loved songs as of yore,  
Contented to live in this solitude happy,  
And leave you, O leave you no more ;

'But my work is not done, I must e'en yet be toiling  
Up, up the steepest rugged of fame ;  
Yet far in the distance the halo of glory  
Enshrouding eternal my name.'

So onwards, regretful, through copeswood I wander'd,  
Yet feeling a deep solemn joy,  
For these were the pathways zig-zag in the woodland  
Where rambl'd I free when a boy.

Still by my own burn all fondly aye keeping,  
I pass'd through the wild rocky ridge  
Till I stood fond all trembling with wild deep emotion  
On the well remember'd old bridge ;

On the one hand reposing all snugly the village,  
And, clustering in keeping around,  
The quiet sweet manse, the church and God's acre,  
The mill with its soft rushing sound ;

The cartwright's shop, the green, and the smithy,  
The towering wild rich wooded hill :  
My own native village, though unknown be the wanderer,  
How I love thee—yes ! love thee still !

I looked o'er the bridge in the clear pool below me--

There photograph'd clear to my view,

A white-hair'd old man, his cheeks deeply wrinkled :

Ah ! well the sad visage I knew !

Hush ! hush ! I know the real end of these dreamings :—

An angel is whispering now :—

'Gone the bright sunny tresses so golden,

The snow deep of death on your brow ;

'They will bear you along in your coffin

To your humble yet favourite urn,

'Mong the graves and the bones of your kindred,

Down by your bonnie loved burn.

'Then 'midst the soft hymning of streamlets,

Of birds, and the music of psalms,

You will rest, O how gently, how sweetly,

'In your own dear village of Glamis.'



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